

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No. 2

OUR HERALDS OF STORM AND FLOOD

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS ACTIVITIES OF
THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU IN
SAVING LIFE AND PROPERTY

BY GILBERT H. GROSVENOR

Author of "Inoculating the Ground," etc.

THE entertaining and elucidating articles by Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, editor of "The National Geographic Magazine," on "Inoculating the Ground," in *THE CENTURY* for October, 1904, and on "The New Method of Purifying Water," in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1904, have created such a lively public interest that we are sure the announcement will be received with pleasure that Mr. Grosvenor is engaged for *THE CENTURY* on a series of similar articles having to do with the varied and valuable work of the Department of Agriculture of the United States government. This new series begins with the following article on the Weather Bureau, in which article will be found much that is novel to the general reader.—THE EDITOR.



WE Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal and iron, of our fat fields of corn and wheat, but few of us ever realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the cold wave which in summer and winter so often sweeps across the land and sends the ther-

mometer tumbling thirty degrees in almost as many minutes, we have a constant, a never diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave acts as a tonic, but, unlike any tonic made by man, it carries no reaction. No other land has cold waves like ours. To the cold dry air of this periodic cold wave, which brings extraordinary changes of temperature, we owe much of the keen,

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alert mind, the incessant, unrelenting energy of our American race. I had asked the talented chief of the United States Weather Bureau, Professor Willis L. Moore, what was the most remarkable feature of our climate, and that was substantially his reply.

When the amazed European asks us what makes the sluggish mind of the immigrant to stir and waken in the United States, and then to climb, at first hesitatingly, but soon with vigor and confidence, to the top round in the ladder of success, we are accustomed to reply, "It's in the air"; and we are right. The spirit which fired our fathers to cross the wide Atlantic, and which in less or equal degree still animates the thousands annually seeking our shores, is fed and fanned by the cold winds from the northwest.

The cold wave is born in the heavens miles above our heads, usually over the Rocky Mountain plateau. Suddenly a mass of bitterly cold air will tumble down upon Montana. It rushes down as though poured through an enormous funnel. As it falls it gains momentum, and, reaching the earth, spreads over the Mississippi valley and then over the Atlantic States, covering them like a blanket. It scatters the foul, logy, breath-soaked atmosphere in our towns and cities, and puts ginger into the air. We fill our lungs with it and live. New waves are always coming, following each other in regular procession like the waves on a sea-shore.

It is fitting, then, that meteorology, the science of the weather, should be a distinctly American product and that the people of the United States should have the best weather-service in the world. The United States government spends \$1,500,000 a year on its Weather Bureau, which is more money than all the governments of Europe combined spend for similar service. It has a staff of many hundred skilled experts and trained observers who in all parts of the country are constantly on the watch to see what the heavens will bring forth.

A DIVIDEND OF TWO THOUSAND PER CENT.

PROBABLY ninety-nine men in one hundred judge the Weather Bureau by the weather-forecasts which they read at the

breakfast-table in the morning paper. They execrate and ridicule the service when they are caught at their office or at the theater unprepared for an unheralded shower, and, as likely as not, unhesitatingly assume to themselves the credit when the forecast is right. Will it be fair or will it rain? How hot or how cold has it been to-day? They believe the Weather Bureau was created to answer these questions correctly and always correctly for their personal gratification. They do not know that the local weather-forecasts are only a fraction of the work and a very small and unimportant fraction at that.

Some time ago a skeptical insurance company determined to investigate the amount of property saved in one year by the warnings of the Weather Bureau. It was a company of conservative men whose estimate would be under rather than above the truth, but it found that on an average the people of the United States saved every year \$30,000,000 because of their weather-service. As the people contribute \$1,500,000 every year to its support, this means that they get annually a dividend of two thousand per cent. on the investment. An investment in which the original capital is paid back twenty times over in twelve months is extraordinarily profitable and well worth investigation. How does the Weather Bureau do it?

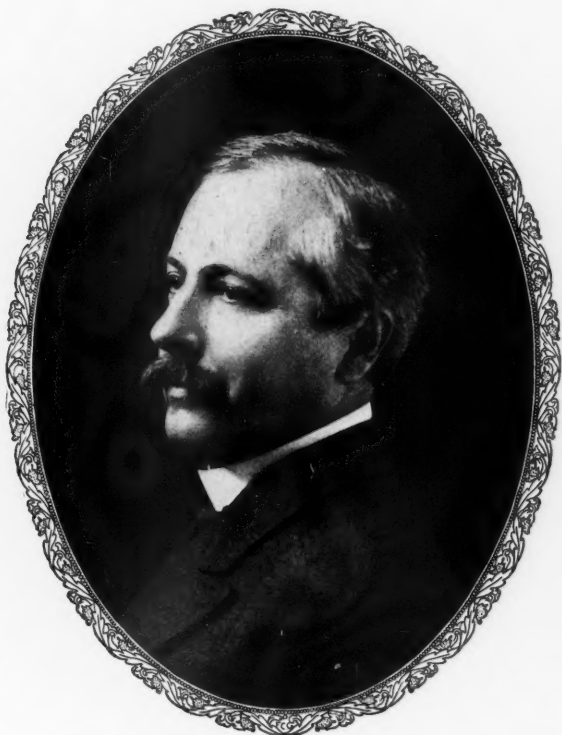
As it is impossible in one brief article to describe all the branches of the weather-service, which reaches intimately about one half of our population every day, I shall cite only a few of the more striking phases of its work.

WATCHING OUR TURBULENT RIVERS

THE eagle watch kept on our turbulent rivers to see that they do not catch unprepared the people living on their banks, or on the low-lying lands near them, is one of the most dramatic phases of the work of the weather-service. By long experience and close calculation, the weatherman has learned to read the symptoms predicting a rise or fall as accurately as a physician can count the heart-beats of his patient with his finger on the pulse; he has posted hundreds of rain-gages throughout the land feeding each river, which, like sentinels, tell him when the rainfall has been heavy and the exact number of inches

of rain that have fallen. To find the amount of water that will pour into the river is then simply a matter of arithmetic, as he knows the number of miles drained by each river. He knows how much water the river-bed can carry in a given time as nicely as his wife can judge the contents

exact time when the crest of a flood would reach New Orleans, and said that the height of the flood would be 21 feet. Punctually to the hour the flood came, and its crest was 20 feet and 7 inches, only five inches less than the height predicted. The immense ocean of water had started one thousand



From a photograph. Copyright, 1904, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

WILLIS L. MOORE, LL.D.

Chief of the United States Weather Bureau since 1895, President of the National Geographic Society

of her coffee-cup. He knows the strong and weak points of the river-banks, so that if the skies send more water than the river-bed can carry, he can predict where the waters will overtop or burst its banks and drown the farmer's cattle, or flood the city street.

One of the most remarkable cases of flood prediction on record was the warning of the disastrous floods of 1903. Twenty-eight days in advance of its coming the forecaster at Washington announced the

miles away. It had dropped from the skies over a territory six times larger than the State of New York (over 300,000 square miles); but the weather-man knew its rate of march as surely as the engineer, with his eye on the indicator, knows the speed of his locomotive. The people at Memphis were warned that the waters would rise to 40 feet and overtop their levees, and they were given seven days' notice. The people of Cairo were told to prepare for a height of 50 feet; but as they were nearer the start-

ing-point of the flood, they received only four days' notice. Such seasonable warning gave time to the people to prepare for defense. Thousands of men were set to work to raise and strengthen the levees and embankments, to clear the wharves and river-banks, to remove women and children, to drive the cattle to places of safety. When the flood arrived, the people were ready for it. Comparatively few lives were lost, and the damage to property, while terrible, was millions and millions of dollars less than it would have been if the people had had no sentinel to cry out the march of the waters.

The devotion of the dike-watchers of Holland has been the theme of children's stories for generations, but the sleepless watch of the hundreds of Weather Bureau observers when a flood threatens the land passes unnoticed and unpraised. The scientific precision of American science has made the work appear so simple that it has been robbed of its romance.

FROST AND COLD-WAVE WARNINGS

MUCH of the care of the Weather Bureau has been devoted to developing a perfect system of frost and cold-wave warnings. A blighting frost or withering cold wave in early spring or autumn may leave behind blackened orchards, wilted vegetable-gardens, and empty pockets. In a night it may destroy the prospects and hopes of the year. The cunning and tireless perseverance of modern science has found some ways of thwarting the malicious designs of King Frost. The orange-grower of Florida has devised dresses to wrap around his orange-trees; the cranberry-grower of Wisconsin has learned to flood his cranberry marshes and thus keep them warm; the truck-growers of Norfolk cover their early strawberries and late lettuce and celery with spreads of cheese-cloth or screens of slats; the grower of sugar-cane in Louisiana also has his methods of frost protection.

But all these shields against the biting of the frost are worthless unless the farmer is warned in time to prepare for the icy visitation. The Weather Bureau aims to give him this warning at least twenty-four hours in advance, and to this end it has developed one of the most perfect organizations in the world for distributing knowledge. When the weather-observer scents a frost in the

air conditions of a certain region, or sees a cold wave marching to invade a certain section, he immediately telegraphs to the principal town or city in that region. Thence the warning is sent by special messengers, by telegraph and telephone, to every producer in the threatened region. Telegraph, telephone, and railroad companies join hands with the weather-man to help distribute the warning. More than one hundred thousand telegrams alone are sometimes sent within a few hours. Freight-trains are placarded with giant signs which farmers can read far off; in some regions the farmers are warned by a code of whistles from the passing locomotive. In the cold wave of 1898, \$3,400,000 worth of fruits was saved by the weather-forecasts.

STORM-WARNINGS

UNDOUBTEDLY the features of the Weather Bureau work which yield the highest returns on our investment are the storm-warnings sent to masters of steamers and sailing-craft in our ports. We who live in tight city blocks and but rarely venture on the ocean know little of the terrors of a storm. The wind that whistles down the street, snatching off our hats, or that rattles our blinds most provokingly at night, may mean a gale at sea of from forty to sixty miles an hour. Between October and April our coasts are swept repeatedly by mighty storms which are hungry for victims, while often during August and September a West Indian hurricane may tear up the coast. The captains of the hundreds of sailing-ships, coal-barges, and coastwise craft that carry ice, coal, fruit, and lumber from port to port, know too well the dangers of being caught in such a storm, for our coast-line contains more than one Cape Fear, pointing like a dagger at every passing vessel. The Weather Bureau learns from its outposts as soon as a storm enters the horizon of the United States, and sends warning to the ports in the threatened region. Storm-signals are hoisted on the watch-towers. The seamen and ships keep snug in harbor while the tempest rages outside. An idea of the commercial value of the warnings may be gathered when we remember that during every year not less than seventeen thousand vessels, most of them small, and many of them easy prey for storms, leave our ports between Portland and New Or-



Drawn by Jay Hambridge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

AT THE COUNTRY STORE—THE SEAT OF HONOR FOR THE WEATHER-PROPHET



From a photograph by H. C. Frankenfeld

WRECKAGE AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, AFTER THE SUBSIDENCE OF
THE KANSAS RIVER FLOOD OF 1903

leans. These storm-signals are also posted in all the ports of the Great Lakes, which are noted for the fury and suddenness of their storms. Formerly seventy-five per cent. of the loss in shipping on the Great Lakes was wrought by storms, whereas now, owing to the efficiency of the storm-warnings, less than twenty-five per cent. of our annual loss can be attributed to the work of storms. Forty-five minutes after the dictation of a storm-warning by Chief Moore at Washington, the warning is placed in the hands of every sea-captain in every lake and ocean port of the United States.

THE RECORDS—A MURDERER DISCOVERED

THE records of the heat of summer and of the cold of winter kept by the Weather Bureau serve a useful purpose. Builders of giant steel bridges or steel sky-scrapers consult them to see how much they must allow for the expansion and contraction of the steel used. Lawyers consult them to establish or to break down a witness's testimony. Not long ago a man was on

trial in Illinois, accused of murdering an aged woman. He was unable to prove an alibi, and it looked as if he would be convicted. The principal evidence against him was that of a laborer who, on the day of the murder, had been digging a ditch opposite the house where the murder was committed. The laborer stated that he had climbed out of his ditch about eleven to take a drink from his bucket; he remembered the exact hour because he had looked at his watch at the same time to see how near it was to dinner-time. Glancing across the street, he was horrified to see, through the open window, the prisoner striking the woman. Before he could get to the house the assassin had fled, but his identification had led to the arrest and was now threatening to hang the man.

The evidence was straightforward and seemed conclusive. The prisoner's lawyer, however, shrewdly consulted the records of temperature kept by the weather-station, and found that on the day of the murder there had been a cold spell of such severity that if the bucket of water had remained out

all the morning, as it did according to the witness's story, the water would have been a solid chunk of ice by eleven o'clock. This discovery led to the acquittal of the prisoner and subsequently to the arrest of the ditch-digger, who, it developed, was the real criminal.

CROP BULLETINS, BALLOON RECORDS, ETC.

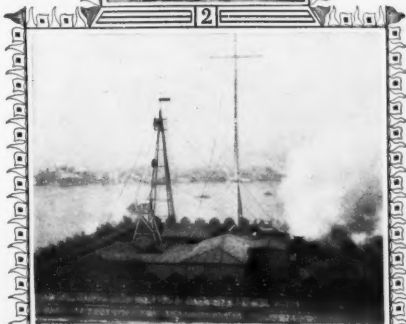
THE Weather Bureau is doing much work that there is not space to describe. It issues weekly crop bulletins, summarized from the reports of many thousand observers, telling how the rain or drought, or cold or heat, has affected the wheat, corn, and other crops. It issues snow bulletins in the West, telling how much snow has fallen in the mountains, and hence how much water may be expected during the summer for the irrigation works. It publishes special rain-forecasts in the raisin districts of California, which give the farmer time to get his trays of dried raisins under shelter before the deluge. It has recently made plans for the exploration of the upper air by balloons. A self-recording instrument of extreme lightness, invented by

Mr. C. F. Marvin of the bureau, is attached to a small rubber balloon and set loose. The balloon shoots up four or five miles, getting larger and larger as the pressure of air diminishes, until it finally bursts. The fall immediately opens a parachute, upon which the instrument floats down very slowly, recording the character of the air as it descends. The plan is to liberate several hundred of these balloons simultaneously in different parts of the country. As a reward is offered for their return, and as they make very conspicuous objects in the

sky, the Weather Bureau hopes to recover most of the instruments, and thus obtain facts about the upper-air currents which are most important and little understood.

Chief Moore also plans through the development of wireless telegraphy to get weather-reports from steamers in mid-ocean. He has for years urged the countries of Europe

to take simultaneous international observations; for meteorology is not bounded by political geography, but is an international science. He also wages a ceaseless war against the so-called "long-range" weather - prophets, the charlatans who



From photographs

1. A TYPICAL SIGNAL-TOWER OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU. 2. NEW YORK WEATHER BUREAU STATION ON THE ROOF OF THE AMERICAN SURETY BUILDING.
3. RESEARCH OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT WEATHER, VIRGINIA. 4. MAIN BUILDING OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



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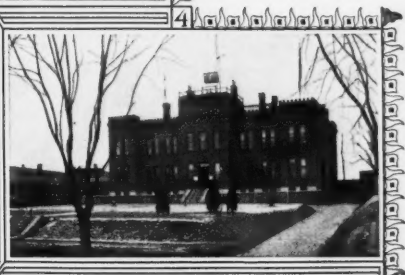
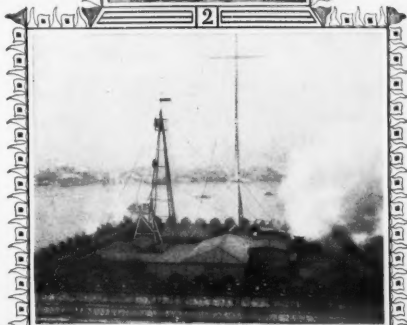
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are continually humbugging credulous people.

Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, entered the service in 1877. He began at the bottom. By hard work, study, and natural ability he won steady promotion, and in 1895 was appointed head of the service by President Cleveland.

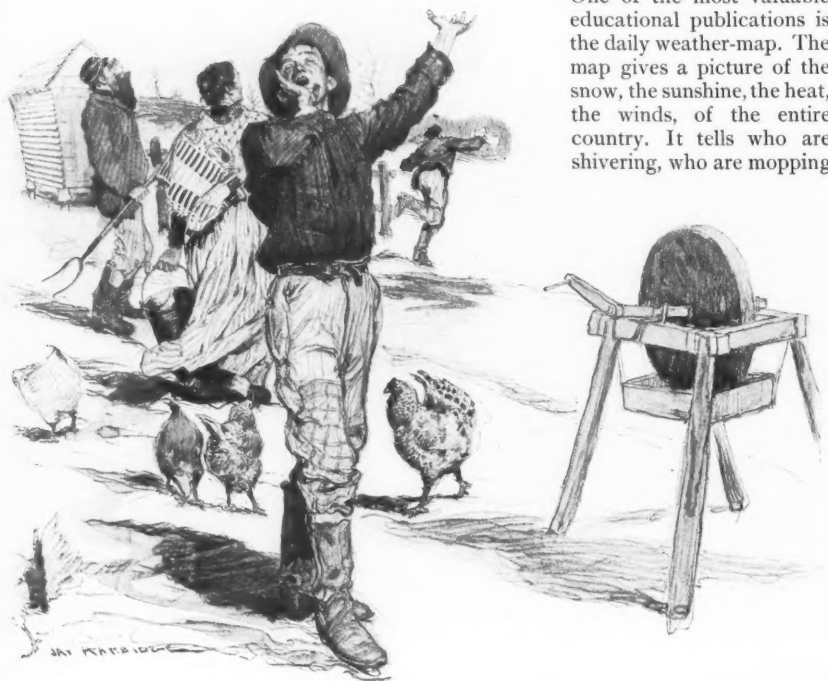
We are more interested in, or at least we talk more about, the daily weather—the health of the earth, it might be called—than of any other subject. "It's rather windy to-day, is n't it?" is the salutation of one gracious lady to another at the afternoon tea. "A fine morning," shouts one teamster to his fellow. The weather plays a most important part in our feelings and is very often the key of our high spirits or of our deep depression. All of us recognize this influence of the weather, and this

is probably the reason why every one, of high or low degree, be he savage or civilized, passes a remark about the day to whomever he greets.

But though the weather is the most general subject of conversation every day in the year, though we hear more remarks about this topic daily than about any other, most of us are absolutely ignorant of this great, mysterious, fascinating force.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN WEATHER-PROPHET

THE Weather Bureau is educating the people to a better comprehension of the weather. It puts forth scientific treatises, of course, but it goes further, and publishes popularly written accounts and interpretations of the weather phenomena. These it distributes widely, as far as its appropriation will permit. One of the most valuable educational publications is the daily weather-map. The map gives a picture of the snow, the sunshine, the heat, the winds, of the entire country. It tells who are shivering, who are mopping



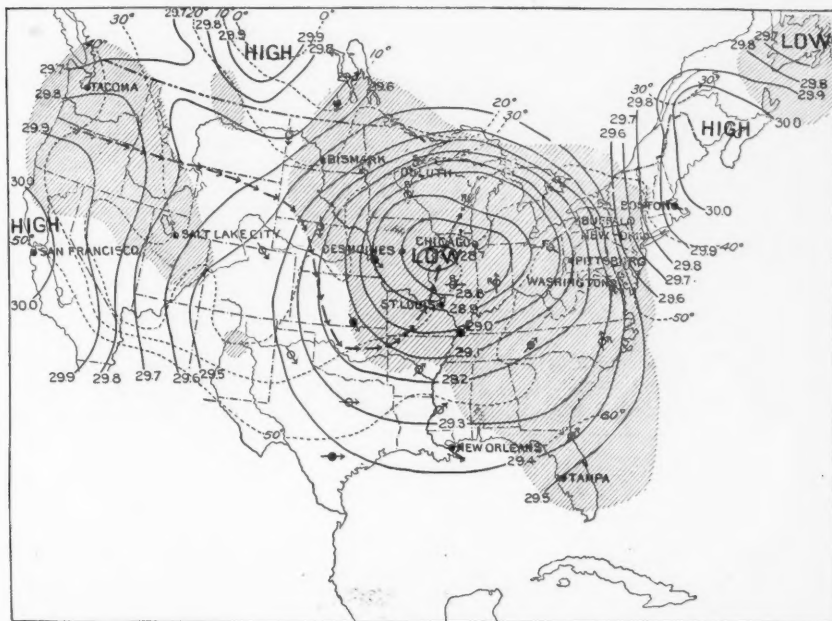
Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE FALL OF A WEATHER-BALLOON

their brows, who are carrying umbrellas. By reading the conditions, the movements on the map, we can tell for ourselves when our turn to shiver or swelter will come.¹

The weather-map is an instantaneous photograph of the weather of the three

This map or photograph is the basis of all of the forecasts and of all of the work of the Weather Bureau, and knows no Sunday and no holiday. Washington is the central station from which all the principal forecasts are sent out. From six substations,—Chicago, Boston, New Or-



A TYPICAL WEATHER-MAP

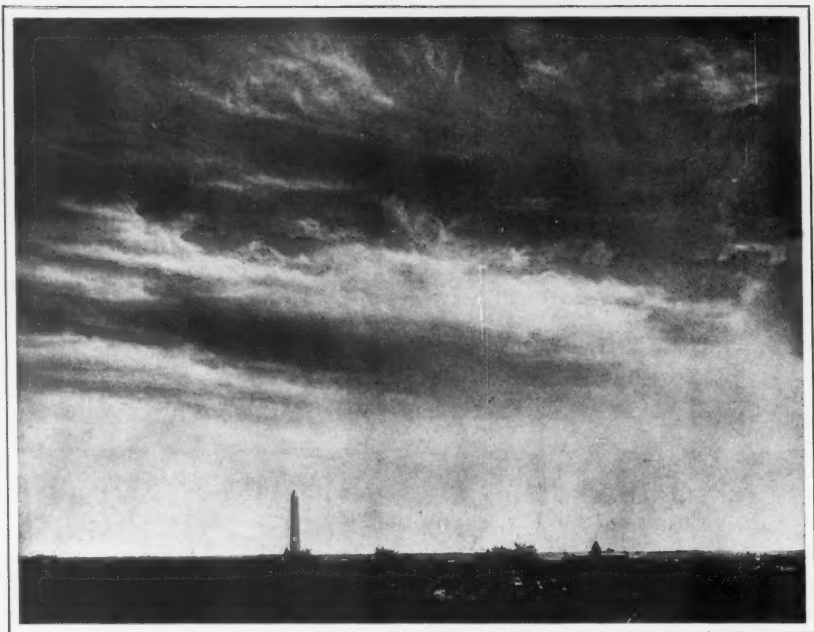
The solid lines are isobars; the broken lines are isotherms. The shaded portion of the map indicates the area over which precipitation has occurred during the twelve hours preceding 8 A.M., 75th-meridian time. The arrows point in the direction the wind is blowing.

million square miles of our United States. This photograph is taken every morning at 8 A.M. (75th-meridian time) and every evening at 8 P.M. Precisely on the hour an observer at every one of the two hundred stations scattered over our States makes his barometric, thermometric, wind, rain, and other observations, and prepares his report for his section. By half-past eight all these reports are speeding to Washington, with right of way over all telegraphic business. The experts at Washington, on receiving them, at once develop the photograph.

¹ The United States Weather Bureau has recently published an interesting little book entitled "Weather Folklore and Local Weather Signs," by Professor E. B. Garriott, which in simple language gives much information about the weather

leans, Denver, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon,—local forecasts are issued. The forecasts, made for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, are sent to all the daily papers, morning and afternoon, and are published in every one of our twenty-five hundred daily newspapers. They are also telegraphed to more than two thousand principal distributing-points, whence they are again telegraphed or telephoned or sent on postal cards to thousands of business exchanges, post-offices, public libraries, etc., where they are posted in prominent places. In the Middle West, from Ohio to Ne-

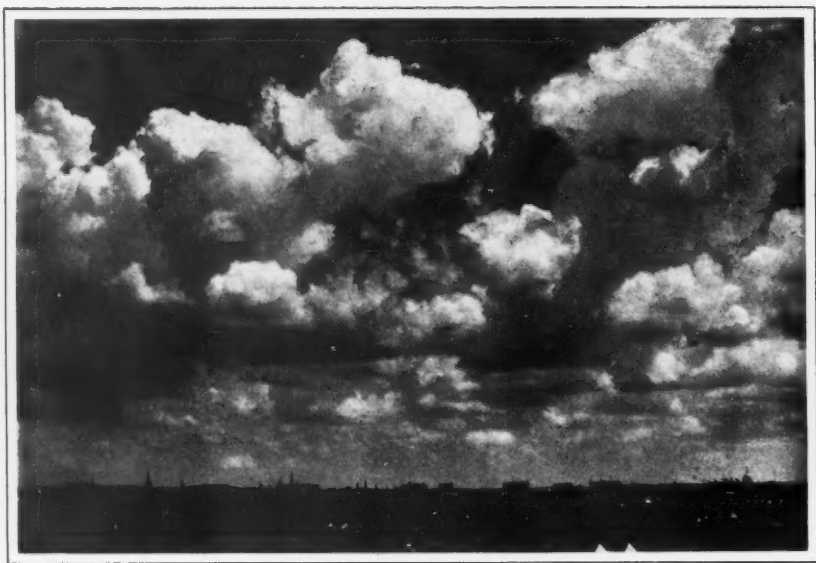
and the means by which the public may forecast the weather. It contains also a collection of weather proverbs. The book may be obtained from the Weather Bureau (Washington, D. C.) for thirty-five cents.



From a photograph by Professor Alfred J. Henry

CIRRUS CLOUDS MERGING INTO CIRRO-STRATUS

This is a transitional form often seen when rain or snow is approaching. The cloud layer gradually thickens until the sky is obscured.



From a photograph by Professor Alfred J. Henry

BROKEN CUMULUS CLOUDS

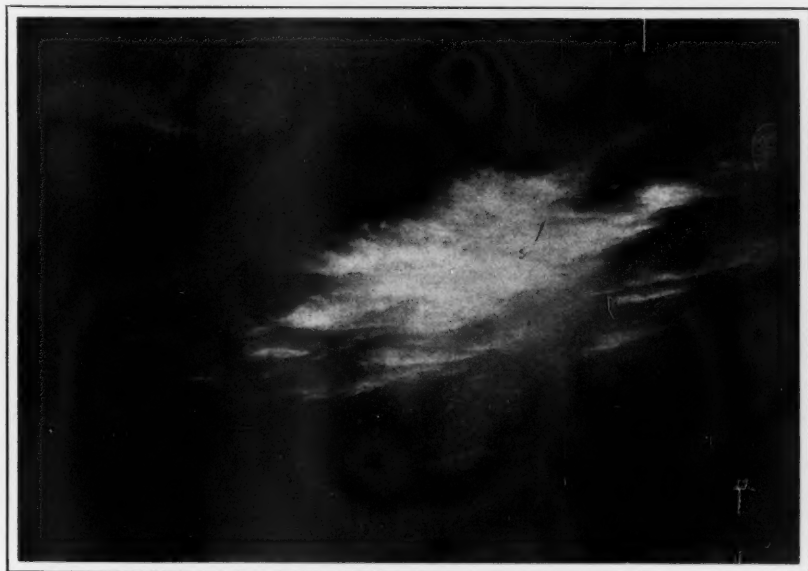
These are signals of unstable atmospheric conditions.



From a photograph by Professor Alfred J. Henry

CIRRO-CUMULUS CLOUDS

These are typical fair-weather clouds, and are usually seen at an elevation of four or five miles.



From a photograph by Professor Alfred J. Henry

CIRRUS, THE HIGHEST-FLYING CLOUD

Clouds of this nature float at an elevation of from four to ten miles. When they look like plumes with frayed and torn edges, increased cloudiness and rain or snow may be expected.



From a photograph by Professor Alexander McAdie

OCEAN FOG POURING IN OVER THE HILLS UPON SAN FRANCISCO

braska, six hundred thousand farmers obtain the morning weather-forecast by telephone thirty minutes after it is issued. The experiment of sending the forecasts to farmers by rural delivery has been successfully begun. Already more than one hundred thousand farmers daily receive the weather-reports in this way in less than six hours after the forecast is issued.

By studying the daily weather-maps distributed by the Weather Bureau, any one can learn a great deal about the weather,

and in a short while can become a fairly good weather-prophet. Take the accompanying weather-map as an example. The storm represented on this map was one of the most remarkable that ever swept across the United States. It was born and nursed in the mid-Pacific until it grew to immense proportion. Thence it dashed upon our Western coast, almost simultaneously striking California, Oregon, and Washington. It swept over the Rocky Mountains as if they were a five-foot fence, dashed over



From a photograph by Professor Alexander McAdie

SEA FOG LIFTING AND CHANGING TO CLOUDS, SAN FRANCISCO BAY



From a photograph by Professor Alexander McAdie
A SEA OF FOG OVER SAN FRANCISCO

Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Illinois, and Wisconsin, and finally disappeared in the Great Lakes four days after its entrance. A storm like this revolves all the time it is advancing. It moves like a spinning plate

flung across the room,¹ or like the top which the small boy shoots spinning across the sidewalk; in fact, the storm is a gigantic top about a thousand miles in diameter and several miles high.

This map illustrates perfectly the differ-

¹ The cyclone revolves in a direction opposite to the hands of a watch.



From a photograph by E. B. Calvert
"THE SUN DRAWING WATER"



From a photograph by Frank Woodmancy

AN OAK-TREE SHATTERED
BY LIGHTNING

ent kinds of weather that such a great cyclone will bring. As the storm advances, it brings a deluge of rain or snow, but it restores the sunshine before it disappears. The reason is as follows: the wind in the front half of the cyclone is from the south, and as this warm wind comes into colder



From a photograph by T. V. Chamberlain

A WATERSPOUT, COTTAGE CITY,
MASSACHUSETTS

and by noting their altitude and rapidity of motion.

"STORM-SIGNALS OF THE SKY"

It has been well said that "clouds are the storm-signals of the sky." The amateur, by watching the clouds scudding or drifting miles above, can very often make a pretty sure guess of the coming day. The pictures accompanying this article illustrate the principal kinds of clouds and their significance. They are very remarkable cloud photographs, and were taken by Alfred J. Henry, Professor of Meteorology of the United States Weather Bureau, and one of the most successful forecasters in



From a photograph

LIGHTNING-FLASHES

latitudes, it cools, and the moisture in it is condensed, so that we have rain- and snow-storms. The wind in the rear half of the cyclone is from the north, and is thus

cold; as it comes into warmer latitudes, it grows warmer and is able to absorb the moisture in the air, so that we have clearing weather.

Such a cyclone may be generated by the clashing of two antagonistic currents of air, one current coming perhaps from the south and the other from the north. As the two currents wrestle, they are caught by the never-ending stream of atmosphere, which is moving easterly miles above our heads, and are swept across the continent as an eddy is borne along on a river. The Weather Bureau is learning a great deal about these important upper-air currents by studying the different types of clouds,

the government service, and by E. B. Calvert, the chief photographer of the Weather Bureau.

The "highs" and "lows" marked on the weather-map are the life of the weather. A "high" is an area where the air presses with such weight on the barometer that the mercury column stands high, while a "low" is an area where the pressure of the air is light, so that the mercury column falls low. The expert who makes the weather-map connects all points of equal pressure, just as the draftsman of a topographical map connects all points of equal height. The isobars of the weather-map correspond to the contour-lines of the ordinary map. "Highs" and "lows" are thus aptly called the mountains and valleys of the weather-map. As air seeks its level just as water does, the air from the "high" is always flowing to fill up the "low." The would-be weather-prophet, as he consults his daily weather-map, should remember that the "lows" as they advance from the west bring warmer weather and sometimes rain or snow, while the "highs" following in their tracks

bring cooler and probably fair weather. So long as the center of the predominating "high" is north of the prophet's latitude, the weather will be cool; but as long as the "high" is south of his latitude, it will be warm.

Just as a stone rolls downhill fastest where the grade is steepest, so the wind is swiftest where the difference in pressure, the barometric gradient, is most marked. Therefore, when the isobars are close together on the map, we know that the wind is rushing with greatest violence. The smaller the diameter of a storm the more violent do the winds become. A cyclone is usually about 1000 miles in



From a photograph

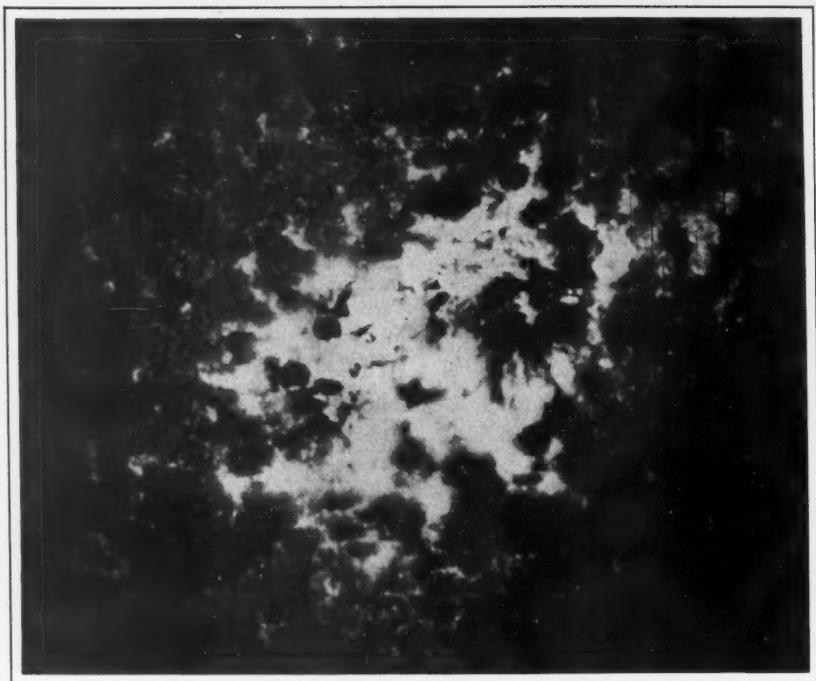
BUILDINGS BURST OPEN BY THE EXPLOSIVE EFFECT OF A TORNADO, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—THE WINDOWS AND WALLS FLYING OUTWARD



From a photograph

THE JUMPING CHARACTERISTICS OF A TORNADO, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—THE BUILDING IN THE CENTER OF THE BLOCK IS SHATTERED, WHILE THE ADJOINING BUILDINGS ARE BARELY TOUCHED

diameter. West Indian hurricanes have a diameter of from 100 to 500 miles, while a tornado, against which forests and brick walls are helpless, is measured not in miles but in feet, and is from 100 to 1000 feet across. The fury of a tornado is so great that it drives straws and chips into trees, buries spades in tree-trunks, and plucks the feathers off a chicken. The center of the tornado is a partial vacuum.



From a photograph by Dr. George E. Hale, director, and Mr. Ellerman, Yerkes Observatory

THE GREAT SUN-SPOT OF OCTOBER, 1903

In the usual photograph of the sun, a sun-spot appears as a dark blotch on the bright sun-field. In taking this photograph, Dr. Hale, by an ingenious use of the spectroscope, switched off all the rays except those due to hydrogen gas, and then took the photograph with hydrogen rays only. As a result, the sun-spot appears very bright, which supports the hypothesis that sun-spots are caused by great outbursts of hydrogen from the interior of the sun. The area shown in the picture is approximately one tenth of the diameter of the sun.

Sometimes in its curious jumping motion the tornado swoops down in such a way that a house is caught exactly in this vacuum center; the house bursts open, the windows and walls flying outward. The pictures illustrate some of the freaks of tornadoes.

THE BREATHING SOIL

LET us imagine that two men, carrying equal loads, are to have a race, and one is to pass through a "high" area (with an average barometric reading of 30 inches) and the other through a "low" area (with an average barometric reading of 29 inches). The man traversing the "high" area will have to carry a load about half a ton heavier than the man passing through the "low" area, because the air pressing upon him in the "high" is more than 1000 pounds heavier than the air pressing on his riva. in the "low" area. But the "high" man, instead of being handicapped,

really has the advantage, and, everything else being equal, should win the race. This seems a strange statement, but the fact is that the air of a "high," though heavy, feels light. It is cold, crisp, and bracing. It seems charged with electricity and imparts a portion of its own energy to every animal within reach. On the other hand, the air of a "low," though light, feels heavy and is apt to be most depressing, being muggy and moisture-laden. The air in a "high" is condensed and contains the elixir of life, while the air in a "low" is thin, rarefied, and partly emptied of its life-giving qualities.

"Highs" are always chasing "lows," for a "high" abhors a "low," just as nature abhors a vacuum. But the energy of a "high" is usually soon spent. It melts under the rays of the sun.

The soil breathes like a human being: a change of air in the soil is as essential to its plant life as it is to human lungs. When a "high" rests over the land, the

earth is filling its lungs with pure, sweet air; while in a "low" it expels from its breast the devitalized air which has passed through its lungs.

STUDYING THE SUN

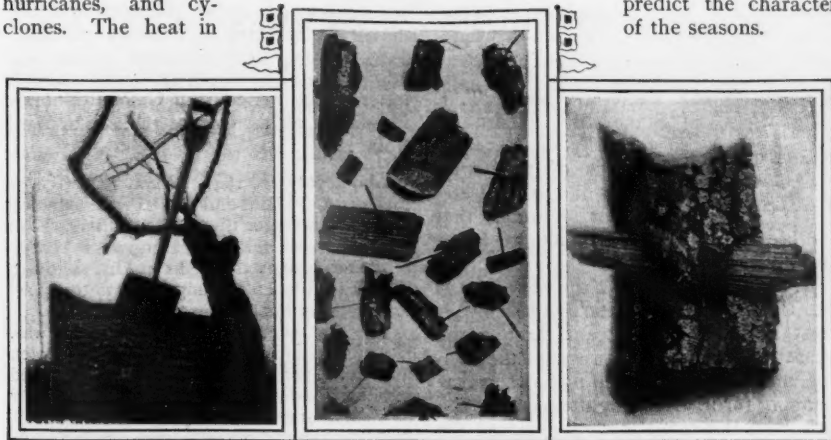
NOT a single storm has swept across the United States or up or down its coast-line within many years that has not been heralded hours or days in advance by the Weather Bureau. Nor has the service allowed a cold wave or a flood to catch us napping. But the Weather Bureau is ambitious to do more than this. It feels that its present knowledge is too much like that of a man who sees a wild engine tearing down the track and telegraphs ahead for everything to keep out of its way. It desires to know why these great cyclonic storms are conceived and the processes of their conception. But before it can get this knowledge, it must obtain a better understanding of the sun, which is the initiating cause of all movements of the atmosphere affecting the weather.

The sun is the prime cause of every change of weather. The sun determines whether the earth shall be hot or cold, just as our hand turns on or off the register. Absence of sun's rays makes the North Pole a continent of ice; plenty of sun's rays makes the equator a furnace. The sun's rays, by heating one land more than another, cause winds, hurricanes, and cyclones. The heat in

the sun is so terrible that our iron ores, gold, silver, copper, and diamonds, exist as gases there. The rays of this heat travel at the rate of 11,600,000 miles a minute and reach us in eight minutes. Such speed is inconceivable. The swiftest cannon-ball is motionless compared with such rapidity of motion. There are storms on the sun compared with which our Galveston hurricanes and Mont Pelée eruptions are like the breathing of an infant. Are the storms periodic? Do they follow some sequence, some law?

The sun is much brighter and hotter at certain periods than it is at others. Professor S. P. Langley tells us that during 1904 there was a notable decrease in the amount of heat received from the sun. The same report comes from Italy. Why the sun has been stingy of late we do not know; whether its generosity is periodic or incidental is a riddle to us. If we did understand its moods and their reaction upon us, we could predict the weather for a season in advance. Now, the sun is the creator of all life, of all force and motion on the earth except the tides. Every act of it is so orderly and systematic that we must believe that the processes going on within it are also systematic; that the changes we think we see in it follow each other in regular succession as our spring follows winter, but probably at much longer intervals. Solve the order of the changes on

the sun, and we can predict the character of the seasons.



From photographs

FREAKS OF TORNADOES

A spade driven into a tree—Straws driven into trees—A splinter driven into a log.

Strange as it may seem, the sun has rarely been studied in its relation to weather. As a rule, astronomers have paid little attention to the weather, while meteorologists know little about the sun.

Realizing that the further development of our knowledge of storms and of weather generally depends in large measure upon a better understanding of the sun and its relation to the meteorology of the earth, Congress recently, on the recommendation of Secretary Wilson, gave the Weather Bureau a sum of money to found a meteorological solar observatory. The constant procession of storms that sweep across the United States makes our country a particularly good place to study the relation of sun and weather. The site chosen was an unnamed peak in the Blue Ridge, sixty-five miles from the national capital. The weather chief christened the peak by the fitting name of Mount Weather. Sub-

stantial buildings are being erected there, equipped with telescopes, magnetic instruments, bolometers, and every appliance man's brain has yet devised to catch the secrets of the sun, and here the meteorologists will study the sun and try to find out how it governs our rain and sunshine. Speculators in wheat and cotton may find it to their profit to watch the observations of the Mount Weather Observatory and thus perhaps anticipate dollar wheat and sixteen-cent or six-cent cotton months ahead of the market.

Without question the plan of the Mount Weather Observatory is the most important ever undertaken for the advancement of meteorological science. The sun holds the key to the weather. The Weather Bureau will search for this key, and with it, we hope, unlock the mysteries of cyclones, of droughts, and of torrential floods, and thus foretell the years of plenty and of famine.



A PUPIL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON

BY THOMAS M. SEMMES



HE name of General T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson is so generally associated in the minds of men with the deeds of a great strategic leader of armies that his life as a civilian has almost fallen into oblivion.

In the summer of 1842 the cadetship at the United States Military Academy at West Point became vacant through the refusal of the appointee to accept the position, and it was suggested to Jackson that he apply for it. He caught eagerly at the idea, with the result that he obtained the appointment and proceeded at once to West Point, matriculating in July, 1842.

The following extract is taken from a

letter to the writer from General Dabney H. Maury, a classmate of Jackson at West Point:

About July 10, 1842, Birkett Fry, George Pickett, A. P. Hill, and myself were standing under the stoop of the old South Barracks at West Point, when the cadet sergeant in charge of the newly arrived cadets came by, escorting an awkward-looking young fellow to the quarters assigned him.

The boy seemed older than he really was. He was a sturdy fellow, clad in gray woolen homespun garments, wore a broad-brimmed wool hat, coarse, heavy shoes, and had a pair of weather-stained saddle-bags over his shoulder. He tramped along by the sergeant's side with an air so determined that I said: "That fellow has come to stay."

Upon learning that the youth in question

was Cadet Jackson of Virginia, I felt drawn toward him and sought him to endeavor to be kindly and sociable, and to explain to him what my experience had taught me was to be expected and encountered. It was all thrown away. He looked at me with his leaden eyes, and I left him with a doubt in my mind as to whether he distrusted my motives or was simply devoid of sense.

His performances in the riding-school were painful to him and fearful to see. With less aptitude for equitation than any of us, he would still venture the most desperate feats in the most awkward and fearless way. In cutting at a head on the ground with his saber, he would fling himself almost off his horse and make us hold our breath; but he would strike the head and manage somehow to scuffle back into his saddle.

Young Jackson soon proved that lack of sense could not be imputed to him, for by hard work and patient industry he climbed slowly but surely from the bottom of his class to the grade of seventeen. With this grade he was graduated July 1, 1846. He was appointed brevet second lieutenant of artillery, and soon thereafter was ordered to join Captain John B. Magruder's light battery, then serving in Mexico. The distinguished gallantry of Jackson in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, and Chapultepec procured for him an almost unprecedented promotion, and in September he was breveted a major of artillery.

His course in Mexico had brought his name prominently before the country, and naturally excited the pride of all Virginians in the career of their gallant young fellow-citizen. It is not surprising, therefore, that when his name appeared before the board of visitors of the Virginia Military Institute as one of the nominees for the chair of natural and experimental philosophy and artillery, the board unanimously selected him to fill the chair, notwithstanding the fact that such men as George B. McClellan, J. L. Reno, W. S. Rosecrans, and G. W. Smith appeared as contestants.

Jackson was appointed professor on March 28, 1851, and entered upon the duties of his chair on the 1st of the following September.

His form was tall, gaunt, and angular. His feet and hands were large, and his walk was singularly ungraceful. He always spoke quickly, in short sentences devoid

of ornament, but to the point. A habit of "batting" his eyes added no little to the peculiarity of his appearance. His eyes were gray and ordinarily dull and expressionless; but when excited by drill, which always seemed to rouse him, especially when charges were fired, the whole man would change, as if he were transported by the roar of the guns to the exciting scenes of an actual field of battle.

Upon one occasion, during a rest at artillery drill, as a number of us cadets were gathered about him asking questions concerning his campaigns in Mexico, one of our number said:

"Major, do you like to fight?"

After pausing a moment, he replied:

"Yes, Mr. —, I love to fight; but I am principled against it."

His posture in class was always stiff and apparently uncomfortable—bolt upright, his back rarely or never touching the back of the chair, his feet close together, and his eyes ordinarily gazing straight to the front. This position was so rarely changed that the writer does not recall having seen it altered for a moment. His voice was peculiar and was pitched upon a somewhat high key. In calling upon a cadet to recite, he invariably accented the last syllable of the word "Mister."

He would hold a lead-pencil in his left hand, and whenever a recitation was made by a pupil he would gently slide his hand downward about half an inch for each mistake, so that the pupil could estimate approximately what mark to expect by the length of pencil above his hand. Idlers claimed that no allowance was made by him for accidental slips. When asked for explanations as to the drift or meaning of a question, he invariably repeated the original form, and no amount of coaxing or pumping could induce him to alter it. He was faithful and laborious, strict and unswerving in discipline, yet incapable of fixing the attention of his classes or of preserving order in the class-room. His deafness, with a consequent difficulty in determining the exact direction from which sound proceeded, was one cause of this.

The writer remembers having seen a cadet stand for fifteen minutes before Major Jackson while reciting, and slowly turn the cylinder of a small music-box concealed beneath the cape of his overcoat. The boy maintained his gravity, and

it was amusing to see the major's efforts to discover whence the sound proceeded, without for a moment suspecting the culprit.

Some of his peculiarities were marked, as will be shown by the following anecdotes.

The class being engaged upon the subject of electricity, the major asked:

"Mr. —, if you wished to send a telegram from here to Staunton, how would you do so?"

The pupil answered by telling all he knew of the generation of electricity, the processes of establishing and cutting off the current, etc. The major listened attentively to the end, and then replied:

"No, Mr. —; you would n't do that."

"Well, major," answered the cadet, "I don't know what I would do, then."

The major said slowly:

"You would put up a telegraph line *first*, Mr. —."

When at drill or on military duty, his ideas of soldierly decorum were peculiarly rigid. The writer has more than once seen mischievous boys throw small pieces of sod at him when his back was turned — on one occasion a small sod struck him exactly on the back of the head. He merely shook his head, did not turn around, and showed no consciousness of having been struck. But woe to the varlet caught *flagrante delicto*. Nothing availed; no excuse, however plausible, however humble, was accepted. He was immediately turned over to the tender mercies of the superintendent and punished accordingly.

To show his ideas as to the strict observance of military duty, it is remembered that once at artillery drill a thunder-storm suddenly arose and burst upon the battery before he was aware of it, so much absorbed had he been in the duty of the hour. He immediately dismissed the battery to barracks, but, intending to resume the drill as soon as the storm had passed, took his stand under a tree situated on the parade-ground, and there remained, although invited to take shelter in the house of a professor not fifty steps distant. There he stood like a statue during the entire storm, much to the amusement of us boys, comfortably housed. As soon as the storm was over he ordered out the battery, and finished the drill in his saturated clothing. Doubtless he had considered himself on duty the whole time, and it did not com-

port with his idea of discipline to seek the shelter of a roof.

If he once detected a pupil in what he supposed to be an attempt to trifle with him or to impose upon his good nature, he never forgot it. One who has since become a most useful man in the walks of science, having read the work of "John Phoenix," and wishing to have some amusement at the major's expense, asked him:

"Major, is Aries the hydraulic ram?"

"Where did you get that idea, Mr. —?" said the major.

"From a book I have been reading recently," replied the cadet.

"And what book is that?" asked the major.

The pupil, fearing to incur the displeasure of the major, hesitated; but as he paused a humorous classmate arose and said with great volubility: "Major, I happen to remember the name of the work: it is 'Phœnixiana,' by John Phoenix, alias Squibob, who says that Aries is the hydraulic ram; Taurus, the Irish bull; Gemini, the Siamese twins; Leo, the great African lion; Capricornus, the billy-goat."

The major lost his gravity and for once laughed heartily; but never afterward would he answer a question put by either of these boys.

A short time afterward the former of the above-mentioned cadets asked him to explain why a blue spot painted on a red ground on a card seemed to vibrate when the card was rapidly shaken.

"All your imagination, Mr. —; all your imagination," replied the major.

"But, major," said the cadet, "it is a fact. I have tried the experiment and know it to be true."

"All imagination, Mr. —; all imagination."

This terminated the discussion for the time; but the pupil, an excellent draftsman, after leaving the class-room drew a small red mouse on a blue ground, and the following day carried it to the major to prove to him the truth of his assertion. The major would not even look at it.

"All your imagination, Mr. —; all your imagination," he declared.

From that time neither of these boys ever obtained an answer to a question, even after one of them had been appointed an assistant professor and sought information for class purposes.

Upon the occasion of the execution of John Brown, December 2, 1859, the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute were ordered by the governor of Virginia to repair to Charlestown in order to form part of the military force assembled at that point to preserve order and to prevent any attempt at rescue. The corps of cadets was divided into an infantry battalion, under the command of Major William Gilham, and an artillery detachment, commanded by Major Jackson.

For some reason not now remembered, the artillery detachment took a route that compelled it to spend a night in Washington, D. C.

It happened that the writer and another cadet occupied the same room with Major Jackson and another officer of the institute. As we were retiring, the major said to the officer mentioned, "Captain, what do you do with your watch and purse when spending the night in a hotel?"

"Well," said the captain, "I have no fixed rule; but ordinarily I put my waistcoat, in which I carry them, under my pillow."

"I can tell you a much better way than that," said the major. "I always place my watch in one sock and my purse in the other, and lay them on the floor as if they had been thrown there carelessly. No one would think of looking into a pair of soiled socks for valuables."

We were up betimes next morning,—before daybreak, if I recollect aright,—and, having breakfasted, started for the wharf to take the boat. We had marched, possibly, a couple of squares when we were surprised to hear the major's voice giving, with his peculiar intonation, the command: "Detachment, halt. Place rest." Turning to see what was the matter, we perceived the major trotting briskly toward the hotel. He soon returned, and marched us to the boat.

Suspecting the cause of the stoppage, I approached him as soon as the boat had started, and said:

"Major, I was much struck by your method of concealing your watch and

purse last night, and think I shall adopt it hereafter."

A broad smile crept over his face as he replied:

"Well, Mr. —, if you do follow the plan, don't put on clean socks the next morning, and forget the soiled ones, as I have done to-day."

Just before the secession of Virginia, the young men of the school, like all hot-headed and thoughtless boys, were eager for secession, and inclined to condemn all who held contrary opinions. Many of the citizens of Lexington were at that time strongly Union in sentiment, and, to show their attachment to the government, raised a Union pole in the main street of the town.

This not coinciding with the ideas of the cadets, they determined to pull it down; but better counsels prevailed, and by the earnest persuasion of Governor Letcher and others they were induced to relinquish the plan and to return to barracks. Upon reaching the institute, the corps assembled in the hall and various speeches of a pacific character were made by the officers. Just before dispersing, vociferous calls were made upon Major Jackson for a speech. He hesitated for a time, but finally rose and said: "Young gentlemen, it is not the part of a soldier to talk much. Your State has not seceded. She has made no call upon you. When she does call for you to draw your sword, draw it and throw away the scabbard."

This was the only speech the writer ever heard him make.

On April 27, 1861, Major Jackson was appointed a colonel of Virginia forces, and ordered to take command at Harper's Ferry. This severed forever the ties existing between professor and pupil. With feelings of wonder and of pleased surprise we watched his upward course, and as each (to us) new and brilliant characteristic of the man burst forth under the pressure of action, we took no small shame to ourselves for our lack of penetration, and acknowledged gladly how greatly we had mistaken and underrated his endowments.



MISS SALLY AND THE ENEMY

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN CASSEL



THREE young women sat in a green and secret place by a spring, and sewed at a flag. About them were over-woods of straight pines and underwoods of laurel, azalea, and jasmine. Under these again was a fine texture of wild strawberry plants and trailing arbutus. Looking straight up, you saw a round patch of pale-blue sky, in the midst of which was suspended, as if by a string let down from heaven, a perfectly contented buzzard with fringy wings. The arbutus, the azaleas, and the jasmnesmelled to heaven; the strawberry plants and the laurel and the azaleas and the arbutus were pink. The strawberry blossoms were white with yellow centers. The jasmine was yellow and looked as if it liked to be yellow. It seemed also of an affectionate disposition, for it had delicious arms to twine about everything. The buzzard was a dirty gray. And of the three young women who sewed at the flag, two were black. There is no use denying it. They could not have denied it themselves. Their names were Polly and Sue. The third young woman was between peach-color and white. Her name was Sally, and she had blue eyes and black eyebrows, and brown hair, and a resolute little chin with a dimple in the middle of it. She had also a dimple in her left cheek (in exactly the right place); and she had a pair of red lips that said, "You must, because you can't help yourself," but a calm of blue eyes that said, "You would best not."

How long the three young women had been sitting in that secret flowery place, beside the sunken nail-keg full of sweet water, stitching at a flag (which was not the Stars and Stripes), I am unable to say.

Suffice it that the last stitches were going in, and the flag was pretty large.

"Honey lamb," said Miss Polly, "yo' pa gwine t' ca'y dis flag hisse'f?"

"I 've tol' you twenty times," said Miss Sally, "that cunnels doan't ca'y they own flags. Color-bea'ers ca'ies them, an' they goes fust; then comes the men ma'chin' by fo's, an' then the cunnels on they black wa'-horses swingin' they naked saybahs, 'n' then—'n' then comes victo'y o' death!"

"Behin' all dey udders?" asked Sue, with wide eyes.

"No, chil'," said Miss Sally, "victo'y o' death comes after *they* gets tha. Now spread it out smooth till we see how it looks."

The flag was spread out and admired. Suddenly Sally scooped it into her arms, crushed it hard against her breast, and kissed it over and over.

"Oh, you precious—you precious!" she said.

Polly and Sue rolled their eyes and, negro-like, were prepared to laugh, cry, scream, yell, dance, sing, or act in whatever way should seem most tactful. But Miss Sally disembraced the flag and spread it out again.

"Chilluns," she said, "I 'm goin' ter paddle. Who loves me follers me."

In less than a minute she was without shoes or stockings, and her pretty feet were delighting in the ribbon of water that trickled from the nail-keg down a favorite little valley of its own.

Polly and Sue, having been without pedigear of any kind since the breaking up of winter, hitched up their calico petticoats and joined her immediately. Delectable laughter arose, as when Nausicaa and her maidens, sporting on the beach, aroused

many-willed Odysseus where he lay asleep under a wild and a tame fig-tree.

Presently was heard a movement among the underwoods, and the petticoats went down and the laughter ceased. Silence. Again a sound of stealthy moving. Miss Sally left the water and sat down (with her back to the noise) and began to put on her shoes and stockings. Polly and Sue gathered up the flag.

"Must 'ave been—" began Miss Sally. And she finished with a gasp. For not two hundred yards away there was a sudden detonating crash of musketry, and the scream of a hit man. After that there was more firing, but the sounds of it receded until they became like the popping of corks. After a long time there was again complete silence. Miss Sally, who had not moved since springing to her feet at the first crash, now looked to right and left, and found that, like those of Casabianca, her companions had fled. Faithful to death, but not valiant, Polly and Sue, squealing and making great time, had disappeared from the face of the wood.

Presently Miss Sally did a bold thing. She raised her voice and called as loudly as she could:

"Is anybody hu't?"

She listened intently and thought that she heard a groan. She marched straight for it. She nearly trod upon a rabbit. A quail thundered up from her nest. The groaning was very plain now.

An enemy in blue lay on his back in the wood, staining the strawberry blossoms red. He had a jovial, tanned face that twitched with pain and emitted groans. Miss Sally knelt beside him.

"My dear young lady," he said, "believe me, I would n't have groaned if I had known that anybody was listening."

"Where are yo' hit?" said Miss Sally.

"The hit is nothing," said the enemy, who was now smiling; "and I am happy to say that it is in front, somewhere or other. But when the order was passed to advance, I regret to confess that in rising to my feet I was so gauche as to sprain my ankle."

"Have yo' still got the bullet in yo'?" asked Miss Sally, "'cause yo' sholy are bleedin'."

"Am I?" said the enemy, and he sat up and looked down at himself, as a person looks who thinks to have spilled food; and

as he looked he turned very white and swayed a little. But he turned his eyes to Sally and smiled a brave, friendly smile, and fainted dead away.

Sally had a pair of scissors slung to her belt, and she made quick work with the friendly enemy's tunic. She brought to light a greatly muscled breast as white and silky as her own, save where it was furrowed with a deep blackish furrow that bled copiously.

"That's what paw calls a scratch," said Miss Sally; and she stuffed her handkerchief into it. "It 'pears to me mo' like a gully. The po' man wants water." She was up and away on swift feet, calling as she ran:

"Po-o-ly! Su-u-ooo! come hee-ah!"

II

"'PEARED like I heard some one scream," said Miss Sally. The enemy's wound had been made to stop bleeding and his "po' sick foot" was coolly wrapped in leaves cold with spring water.

The enemy blushed.

"I told you I did n't know that anybody was listenin'," said the enemy.

"Then yo' did it?"

"Even so. And you despise me for it, don't you?"

"I don't know," said Miss Sally; "I never was hu't."

"Do you live far from here?"

"Not very."

"Do you think your people could be persuaded to take a man"—he touched his uniform—"of my color in for a few days, 'twel his po' sick foot can be stood on'?"

"They sholy would," said Miss Sally, totally unconscious of the enemy's mocking mimicry, "but my folks is scattered. There 's paw marchin' with Lee, an' Fred marchin' with Lee, an' maw—she 's dead. What 's yo' name?"

"Carrington," said the enemy—"first name Richard. What 's yours?"

"Sally May—middle name Calvert," said Miss Sally.

"And how about a roof to go over poor Carrington's head, Miss Sally?"

Miss Sally dimpled and mused.

"Fus' place," she said, "I 'm all alone excep' fo' oua niggahs. Second place, yo' 're my enemy."

"True, my friend," said the enemy.

Miss Sally laughed and mused and dimpled.

"Yo' could stay heah in the woods, an' I could sen' you a niggah to fetch yo' breakfus' in the mo'nin' an' heah yo' prayers at night. I could let you have a book to pass the time, an' I could let yo' stay heah an' catch mala'ya, an' chills an' fevers. But since yo' 's my enemy, my friend, I won't. 'Pears to me yo' better res' heah while I runs an' fetches a cyart. Is yo' po' foot mo' easy?"

"Good-by, Miss Sally—God bless you. It's much mo' easy. You come back, won't you? Don't send any old nigger."

There remained, when she had gone, the sun and the flowers, the arbutus and the jasmine, and the singing of the birds; yet the wood was less sweet, the spring less jubilant.

Carrington crawled off into the underbrush,—ten yards, twenty, thirty,—groaning as he went,—a hundred. Almost in his face a great gray bird rose flapping heavily and perched upon the lowest limb of a tree. The bird looked down at the man with selfish, cruel eyes.

A man in gray, old, stern, and gray, lay face up in the spot which the bird had quitted. The man had the shoulder-straps of a colonel in the Confederate army. A bullet had smashed his knee—hence the scream; one more merciful had broken his heart. Carrington went through the man's pockets. No papers, no date, no nothing, only a leather case containing a daguerreotype. Carrington looked a moment at the face in the picture, and as he looked something mightily like a sob shook him. The face was that of Miss Sally.

Carrington placed the case in the dead man's pocket, then he looked upward:

"Almighty God," he said, "have mercy upon me for having shot this man! But I could n't know, could I—could I?" And he broke down and began to cry.

"YON he is."

Carrington crawled behind a thick hollybush and effaced himself. Four soldiers in gray came quietly through the forest. Each walked at a corner of a stretcher. They halted by the dead colonel, and set the stretcher down. One of them knelt by the body.

"Hit two times," he said. "Ketch a-hold."

They lifted the dead man upon the stretcher.

"No hurry," said the man who had knelt.

They lifted the stretcher and moved away quietly.

Carrington crawled back to the place where Miss Sally had first found him.

"HAVE yo' rested since I left yo', Mistah Ca'ington?"

"Yes, Miss Sally; don't I look rested?"

"No; yo' look mighty sick. Thomas Jeffe'son, take this po' gen'l'man's shoulders; John Randolph, yo' take his feet—an' don' yo' hu't him. Yo' heah what I say, niggah?"

III

"BUT supposing this particular enemy was responsible for the death of somebody very near and dear, Miss Sally? Suppose she did n't know and he did. *He* could n't go ahead and make love to her, *could* he? He 'd be all sorts of a wrong kind of a man if he did."

"I don't know anything at all about it," said Miss Sally.

"I know of such a case," said Carrington: "the man—not a bad sort; the girl everything that is charming. In a battle the man killed the girl's father. He did n't know it was her father, of course, but he killed him. That was before he knew the girl. Afterward he met her and loved her, and she cared about him—and just then the man found out who it was he had killed, and he had to tell her—and—then, of course, he had to go away."

"Of co'se," said Miss Sally.

Miss Sally was singularly silent that lovely morning; indeed, a kind of spring lassitude possessed them both. Carrington, still very weak, reclined in a big chair and looked out upon a space of roses inclosed by box. Miss Sally sat on the steps at his feet and looked beyond the flowers—deep into her mind's eye. I think that what she saw there was herself and Carrington simply going on and being happier and happier together. Miss Sally was sixteen.

Every now and then Carrington looked from the roses to Sally. He could see a pink cheek, the tip of a nose, the shadows about an eye, the tilt of a chin, and the



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THREE YOUNG WOMEN SAT IN A GREEN AND SECRET PLACE BY A SPRING,
AND SEWED AT A FLAG"

warm, soft brown hair. She seemed much sweeter to him than the roses. And the sweeter she seemed, the more he tried to steel his distracted heart, the more he tried to make up his mind to go. Sally he saw, and the roses; also he saw the man in gray. He looked at Sally, and saw only Sally.

"Miss Sally," he said, "is it true—what we believe up North—that you young ladies of the South are made love to from the time you are born till the time you die?"

Miss Sally smiled mockingly over her shoulder.

"You mus' judge for yo'self," said she; "yo' 've had the privilege of contemplating me fo' six weeks, and yo' can bes' say if anybody has made any love to me."

Carrington bit his lip and laughed. But the laugh was hollow, for he felt that he must not make love to Miss Sally. And he wished to very much; for it seemed to him that it would be very sweet to marry such a girl and be happy forever.

"Miss Sally," he said, "did you ever hear of Nausicaa?"

Miss Sally never had.

"She was the daughter of a king," said Carrington, "and she went with her maidens to the mouth of a river to wash her purple and fine linen, and there she found a man named Odysseus, who had been shipwrecked and cast up by the sea. And she took him to her father's house, where he was made much of by everybody, and clothed and fed and given presents. And poor little Nausicaa fell in love with him and would have liked to follow him to the ends of the earth, but she could n't because Odysseus was a married man and had a wife, Penelope, at home in Ithaca; and although he had a tenderness for Nausicaa, he was faithful to his wife. And after a while he went away."

"What did she do?" asked Miss Sally.

"She? The book does n't say—but you know, because she was so sweet and good that she did n't break her heart, but just went on doing her duty and being kind to everybody, and by and by, I suppose, a better man came along and she married him and made him happy."

"Did Odysseus know that she loved him?"

"Yes, Miss Sally."

"How?"

"He just knew."

"Did n't she let on?"

"I don't remember if she told him in words or not, but she let him know somehow."



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"PRESENTLY WAS HEARD A MOVEMENT
AMONG THE UNDERWOODS"

"Can men always tell if a girl loves them?"

She had turned so that Carrington could look straight into her calm eyes.

"Yes, Miss Sally," he said.

Her glance never wavered, but her eyes seemed to dilate as they looked into his.

"Well?" she said.

It was Carrington's glance that fell, his cheek to which the red mounted, his heart

that began to go like a trip-hammer. Out of the storm of emotion that had suddenly possessed him he wrenched by strength of will a kind of calm. His eyes wandered to the roses.

"Miss Sally," he said, "one thing is sure: I'm not doing my duty staying here, and I'm well enough to go. Can I have the gray horse? I will send him back to you. And—oh, Sally, you've been so good to me that words are no use at all."

"But you can't go," said Miss Sally.

"No?" said Carrington.

"No," said she; "yo' 're my prisoner."

Carrington thought for a moment, and as he thought he smiled at her very tenderly.

"But if I'm strong enough to break my arrest?"

"If yo' are strong enough," she said, "yo' can sholy go."

"I must, Sally."

"Then yo' may have the gray, Richard."

"Thank you."

There was a silence.

"Tell me one thing," said Miss Sally. "Was—is it true about the—the wife—about Penelope in—in Ithaca?"

Carrington did not answer at once. He was weighing the two answers that it was possible to make.

"Yes, Sally," he said cheerfully; "it 's quite true."

IV

THEY sat side by side on the steps of what Sally called "the po'ch." The gray horse was being brought from the stable.

"This girl's father," Sally was saying, "owed a lot of money which he could n't help owing—it was n't his fault—to an old skinflint that everybody hated; so that if the money was n't paid, the girl's father would be ruined and disgraced. And he could n't pay up, noway. But the old skinflint said if the girl would ma'y him he would let the debt go. An' the girl was so little an' young that when the ol' skinflint told her the fac's she said she would ma'y him. And she gave him her word an' never let on about it to her father. But as she got older an' bigger, an' got to know about love, it 'peared to her she could n't keep her word to ol' skinflint, even if she could n't ma'y the man she loved with all her po' heart an' soul."

"And what did she do, Sally? Did she keep her word?"

"Ought she?"

"No," said Carrington; "she ought not."

"But it was her word—her word of honor; and she gave him her picture to ca'y in the wa', an' she said she would ma'y him when there was peace."

"She gave him her picture to carry, and he was old, and in the army. Was he a colonel, Sally?"

"He sholy was a cunnel."

Carrington's heart was leaping as it had never leaped before.

There was a sound of a horse galloping. A tall man in gray, mounted on a sorrel stallion, came thundering up the road. At the gate the horse stopped in his tracks. The man slipped to the ground, vaulted the gate, and came running up the path. Sally bounded to meet him, and the man cried in a great voice, "Sally! Sally!" And the girl cried in a shrill voice:

"Thanks be to Gawd, here 's paw!"

They met with something like a shock, and in a moment Sally's feet were swinging clear of the path and her head was buried in the man's shoulder. Then they held each other at arm's length, then came together again. When the rapture was over they stood with their arms about each other and both began to talk at once.

It did not seem possible, but when the colonel came to Carrington he seemed possessed of all the circumstances of the latter's case.

"Captain Ca'ington," he said, "do you feel well enough to join me in drinking a julep to our future amity?"

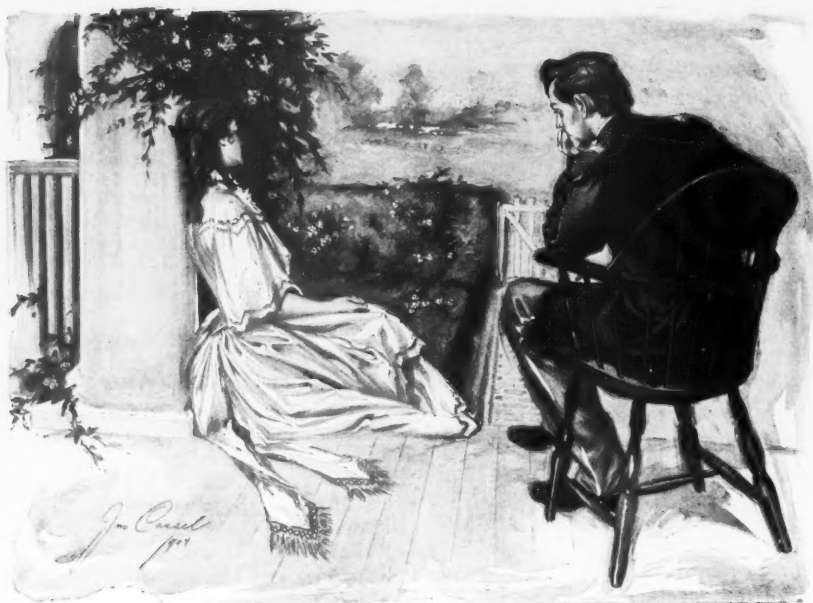
Thomas Jefferson was already bringing mint from the garden.

The gentlemen left Sally and stepped into the cool dining-room.

"Colonel May," said Carrington, "before we go further there is something on my mind." And he told about the man whom he had shot in the wood, and the number of the man's regiment, and the look on the man's face, and the fashion of his hair. He went further and told about the skinflint to whom the girl had given her picture and the promise of her hand.

The colonel turned quite purple when he heard that.

"And he had a picture," said Carrington, "and the picture was of Sally, and—God help me—I thought it was you that I



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MISS SALLY SAT ON THE STEPS AT HIS FEET"

had shot. And, of course, I would have gone away, but I—I could n't. I came down with fever and was very sick, and I thought your death was on my conscience, your blood on my hands; and Sally was so good to me that—that there were times when I thought I would shoot myself."

"It was old Cunnel Skinflint Skimms," said the colonel; and something like a smile played about his mouth. "Old Skimms gone to squa' his accounts befo' Almighty Gawd. Captain Ca'ington—let us drink to oua country."

"Our country!" Carrington could not help ejaculating.

"Yes, suh—" A shade of bitterness crossed the old man's face. "It was Gen'l Lee's desire when he laid down his arms that we gentlemen of the South should lay down oua animosity to yo' gentlemen of the No'th. To oua country: May Almighty Gawd bless her and heal her wounds."

"SALLY, your father tells me that Lee has surrendered—surrendered a month ago.

And we never heard off here in the woods. We're not enemies now, are we?"

"But you'll be going home, I suppose—to—to Ithaca."

She tried hard to be cheerful and brave.

"Sally, I have two pieces of news that may interest you."

"Two?" mockingly.

"Yes, Sally"; and, very gravely, "Colonel Skimms is dead."

She said nothing.

"Your father has just told me."

"And the other news?"

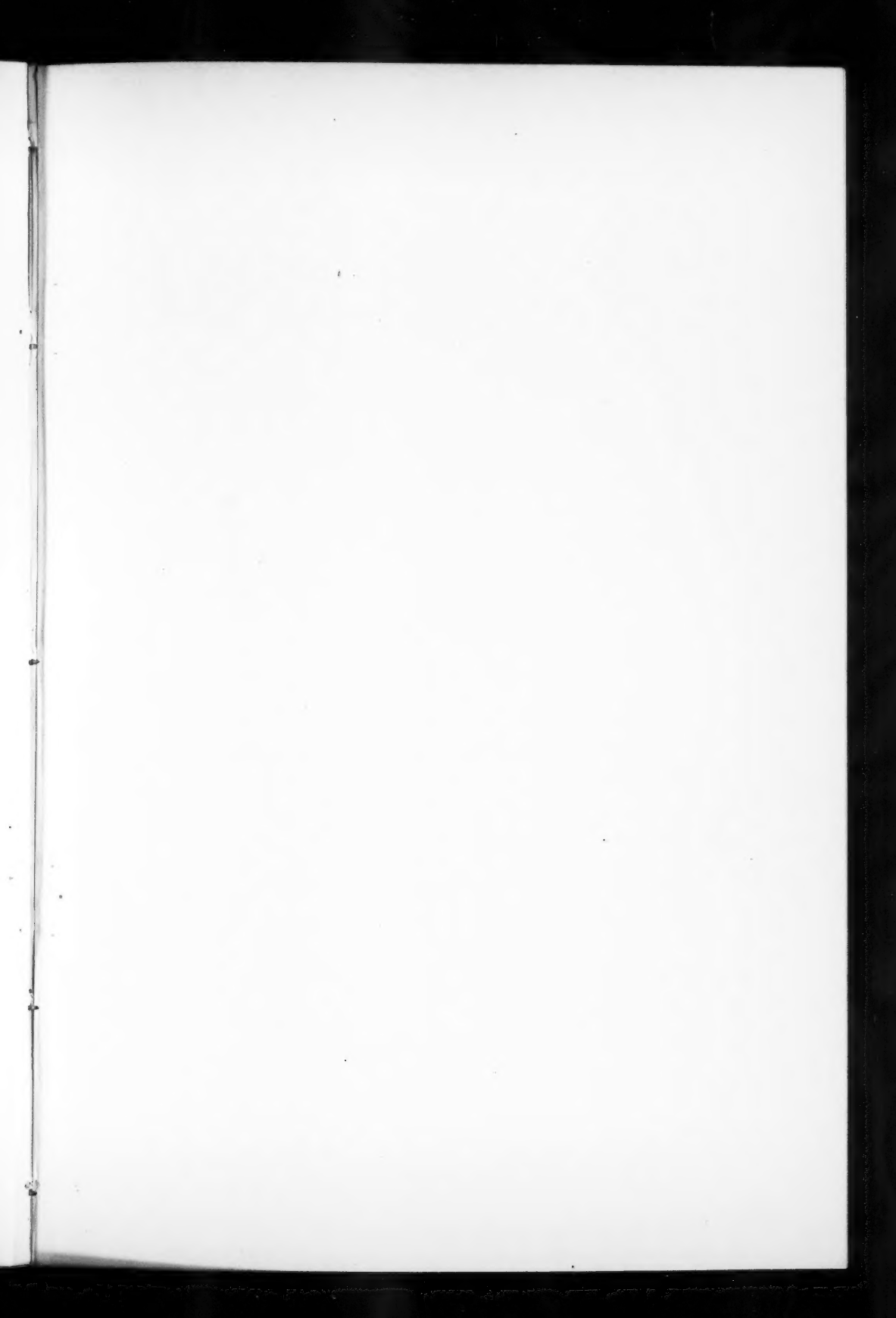
He took her two hands in his and looked her straight in the eyes.

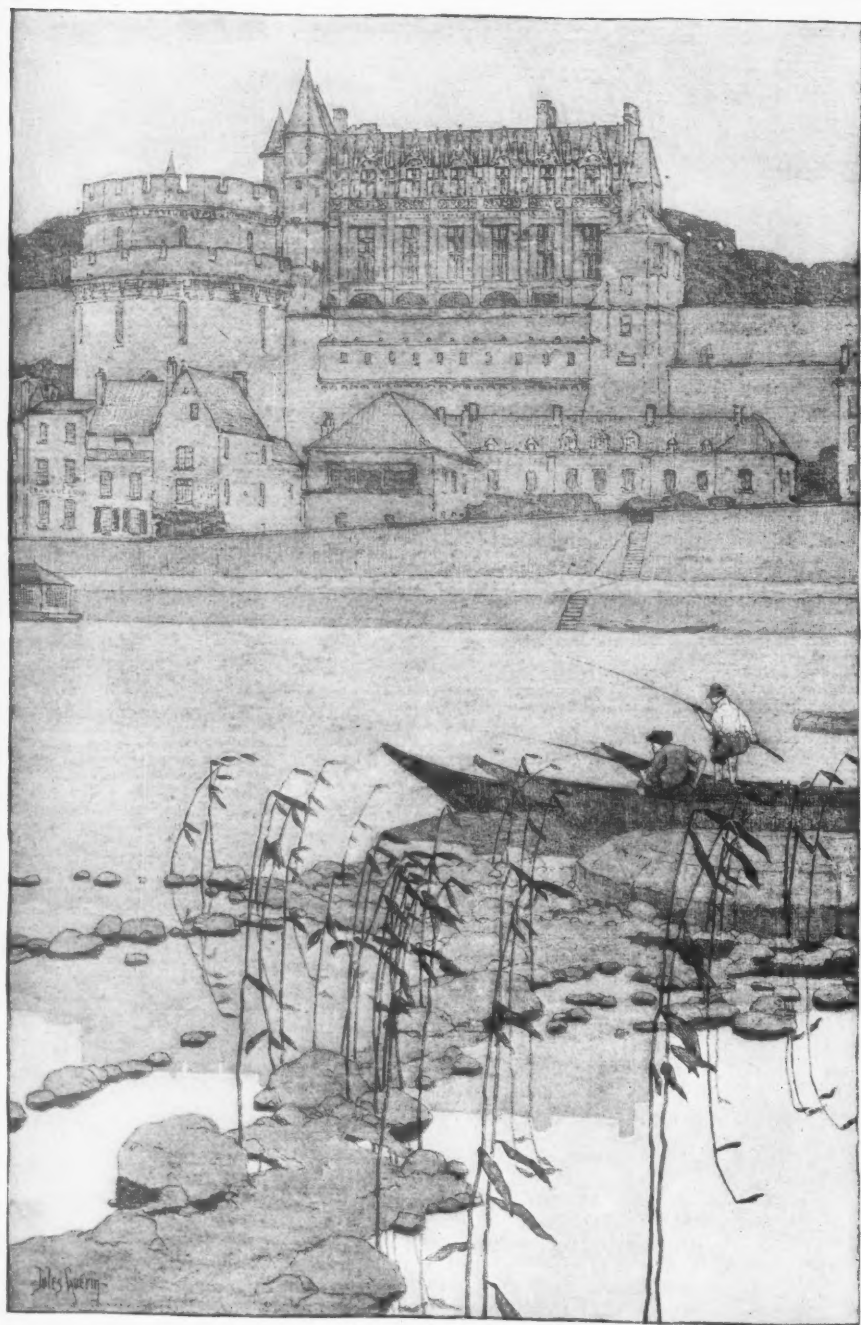
"Penelope is also dead," he said—"and always has been."

Whether Carrington was using force or whether Sally was moving of her own volition, it is impossible to say. One thing is certain: she came closer to him.

"'Pears to me," she said, "that yo' 're lookin' mighty pert—considerin'."

A moment later she proved that a blue shoulder is just as sweet for a happy little face as a shoulder of gray.





Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF AMBOISE—VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE LOIRE

THE CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE

THIRD PAPER: BLOIS—AMBOISE—CHEVERNY

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Yellow Van," etc.



CASTLE on the summit of a hill, overlooking a river in the distance, and a town at its feet—a town now big enough to invest the castle at need: that is Blois. The difference between present and past is that once the town lived for the castle, and now the castle lives for the town. In spite of its manufactures, and of its headship of a department, Blois might find it hard to maintain its present air of prosperity without the château. The visitors come to the place from all parts, and the hotels manifestly live by them. The motor-cars are housed, after a fashion, in the old, narrow courtyards where once the berlins and the diligences of earlier travel used to stand. There is more bustle, probably, than ever before, and no doubt quite as much chatter in that fine old-fashioned French of Rabelais, which makes every peasant a sort of classic in spite of himself.

The old town,—the upper one,—like so many places that lie at the feet of these châteaux, seems to have changed but little in the course of centuries. The streets are still built at all sorts of elevations and at all sorts of angles. And, just for the sake of old association, they still keep themselves badly lighted where they fail to catch the gleam from the leading thoroughfares, for, of course, they are now intersected by fine streets. As I sat one evening, taking my coffee out of doors, I was greatly edified by a process of shutting up shop in which a druggist was engaged on the other side of the way. He heaved ponderous planks into their places, clamped them with solid bars, fastened

these with the most massive padlocks, and all for what? Surely a man whose stock is in pills and poisons may whistle in the face of the thief! It was a survival, like so much else here.

The château is the dominating fact for the tourist. There it is, with its immense front facing the town, with the bold sweep of its topmost galleries, the pillars of which bear the roof, and with all its gargoyles on the grin at mankind below. It is an aspect of Blois that suggests old Martin's pictures of heaven—or the other place. The best part is the great wing of Francis I; but there are older bits. Of course the fortress started with a donjon in the middle ages, but of this, I believe, no trace remains. At any rate, I saw nothing of it. One Thibault, the trickster,—that was their way of putting it,—an old Norman bandit, built something here to make good his hold on the Loire. A later period has left its trace in a chapel which Joan of Arc must have entered for the consecration of her banner. There is a beautiful interior court, built by Louis XII, the predecessor of Francis, with the founder's equestrian statue over the porch. It is not, of course, the original statue,—that was smashed on general principles during the Revolution,—but it appears to be a faithful copy. The latest part is the one built by the architect Mansard, at a time when French taste had purified itself into mere rigidity. When people had grown tired of windowless walls they copied Francis. When they had grown tired of that, they followed Mansard in the style that was exclusively his own, omitting all boldness of detail, all riotous felicity of

ornament, and trying to reduce an entire stone front to a simpler decorum. And the dreadful thought is that, but for an accident, this mere emphasis of balance might have taken the place of the great wing. There is still a rugged line of masonry between the two, which marks the advance of Mansard, creeping catlike on his prey, the glory of the Renaissance. But Providence bestirred itself, though only in the nick of time.

It has been largely restored within, and why not? Successive occupations, not all of them friendly, had left it in piteous state. This gives offense to some who like their architecture moldy. For others it has the interest of a restoration of social conditions. It shows how the place looked to those who lived in it. We must remember that they built for newness, and for the delight of newness, just as one does to-day. The freshness was part of the charm. No doubt,



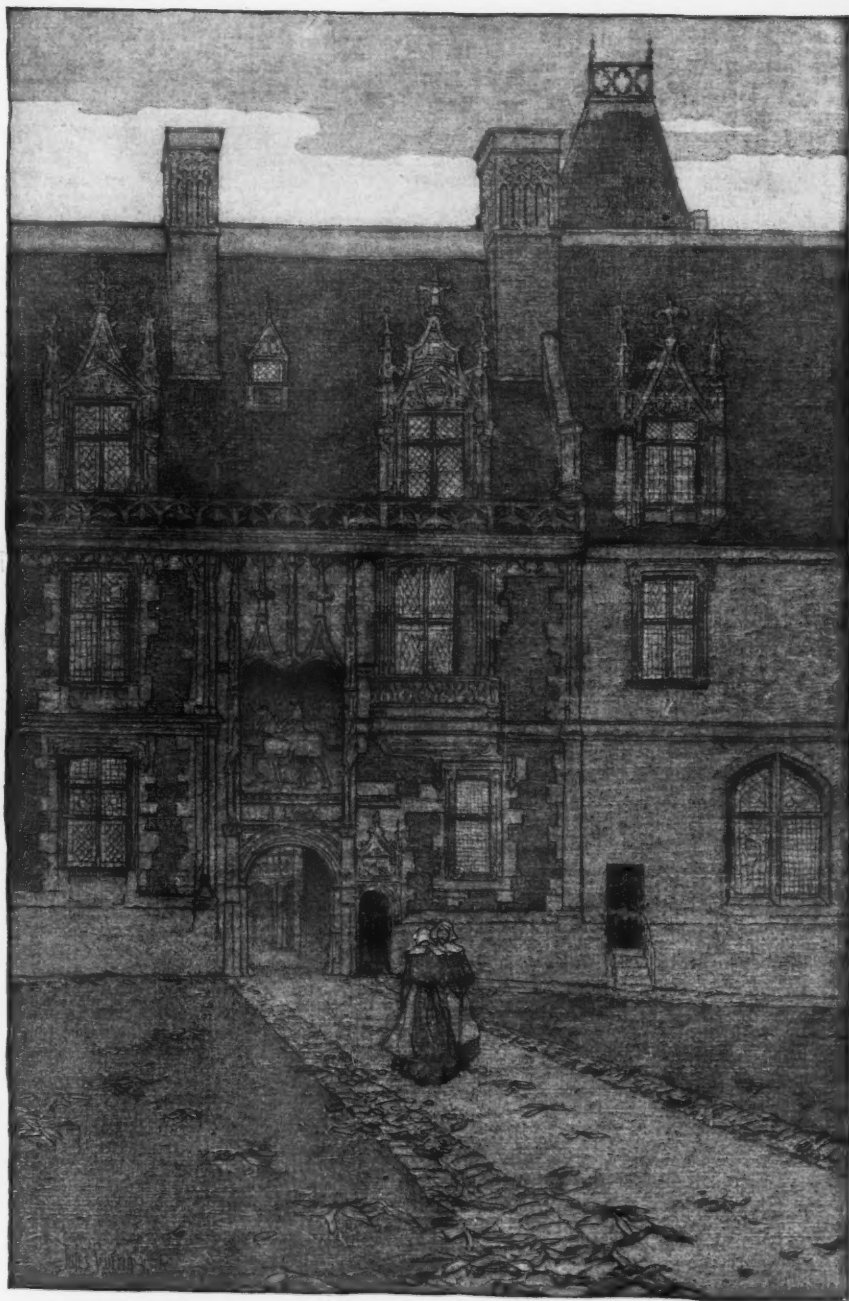
From a photograph by A. Giraudon

COURT OF THE CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS

On the left is seen the wing of Francis I, with the famous staircase; at the corner the ancient Salle des États; at the back the Galerie Louis XII, through which is the entrance to the castle (see the opposite page); and on the right the chapel.

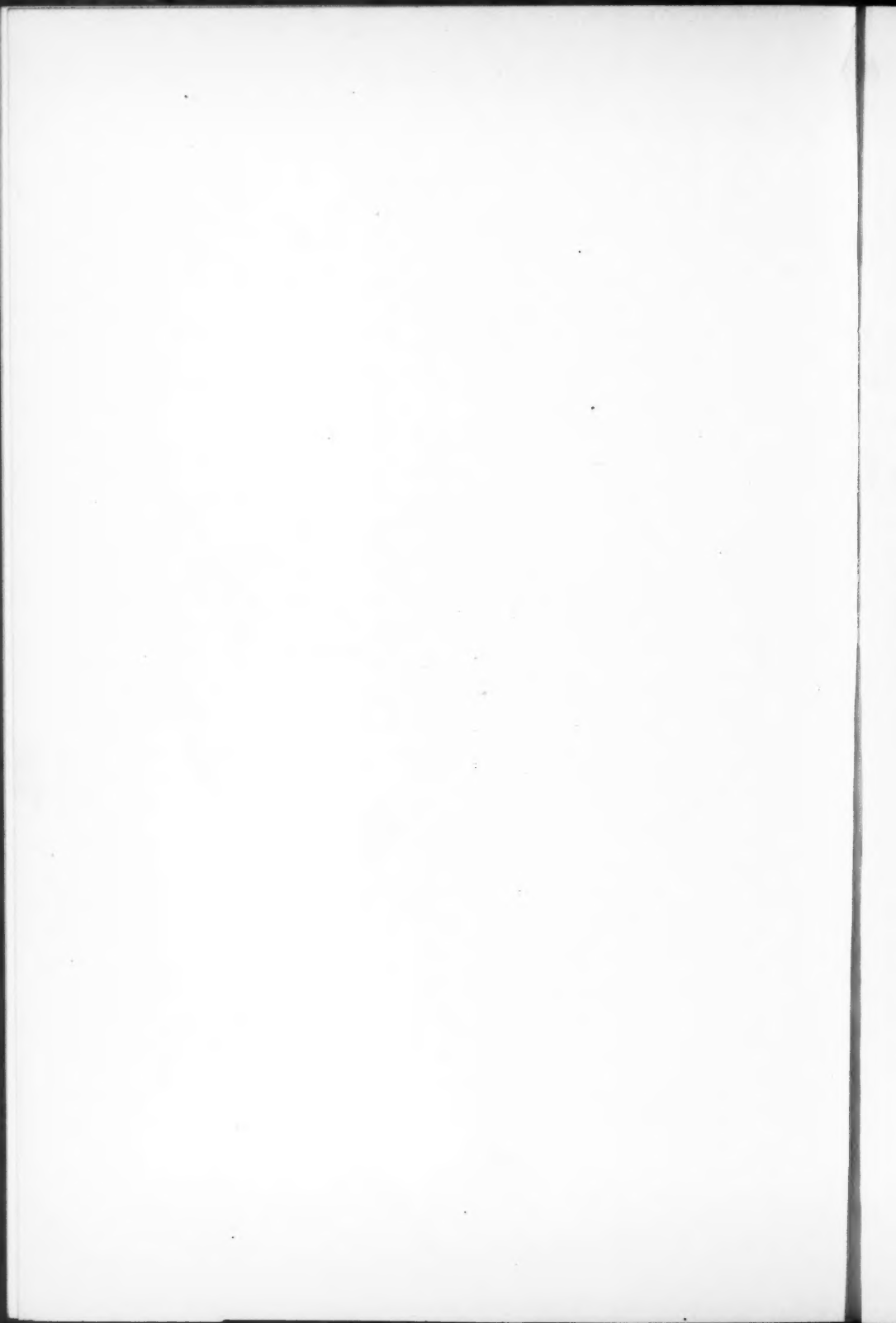
How describe that wing of Francis I? Well, to put it in a word, it seems to be a wing in good spirits. It is that much-misunderstood thing—the joy of living expressed in stone. It contains implicitly no small part of the personal history of the king who built it and of the artists who worked under him. They were all happy, as with the sense of a new time and of new and greater opportunities. The thing is, all over, an efflorescence of the most beautiful art. It is carved as exquisitely as a cameo, manifestly for the pleasure of an opulent and a splendid court.

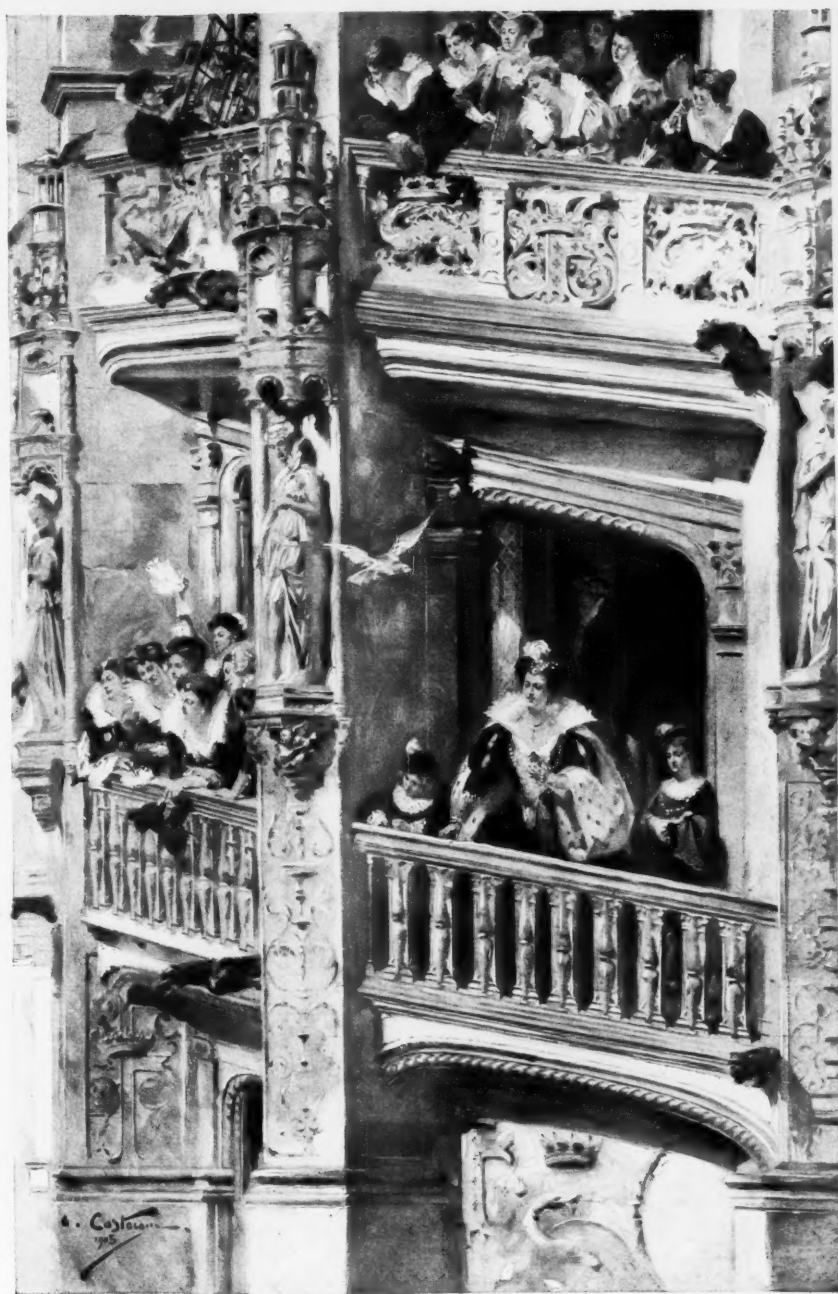
if the people who worshiped in Gothic cathedrals could see them as we see them, with their stone of any color but that of a clean face, and much of their ornament chipped out of all recognition, they would instantly complain to the local authority. For them, at least,—and they ought to have been good judges,—one charm of a building was in its stainless perfection, in the lines of arches that never swerved by so much as a hair's breadth in their passage from column to roof, in the gem-like nicety of ornament, the exact geometrical fit of all the parts. Viollet-le-Duc's restora-



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

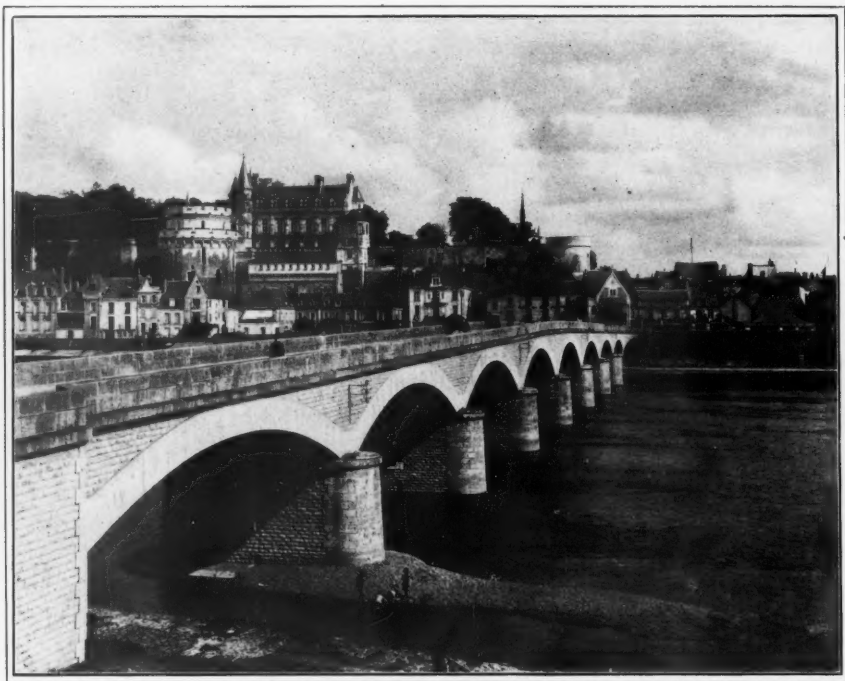
ENTRANCE TO THE CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS (FAÇADE OF LOUIS XII)





Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE OUTSIDE STAIRCASE OF BLOIS—A SCENE IN THE TIME OF HENRY III:
"THE KING IS COMING!"



From a photograph by A. Giraudon

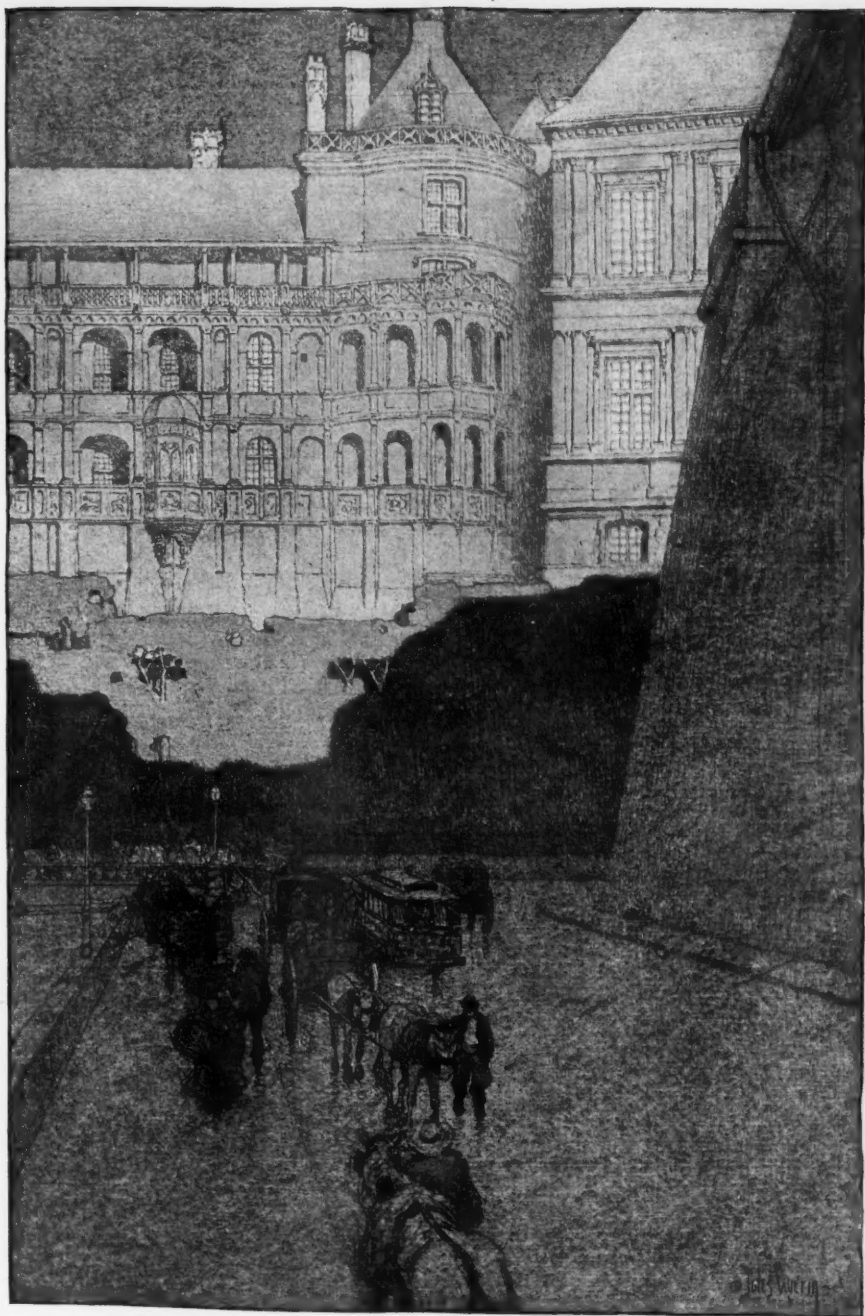
THE CHÂTEAU AND TOWN OF AMBOISE, AS SEEN FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE LOIRE

tion of an ancient fortress, a marvel of exact knowledge of the work of a bygone epoch, chills and repels us because it looks like something of to-day. But exactly like this it must have looked—and to their very great satisfaction—to the people who lived in it, and who had to defend themselves against the assaults of their enemies. The crumbling stone and the rubbish in the moat would have had no charms for them. So the halls of Blois now glow in blue and gold; and as this was certainly one of their beauties in the eyes of Francis and the Medici, it need not be a blemish in ours.

New or old, Blois is an amazing achievement of the human brain and the human hand. The great staircase in the courtyard, an outside one, forming an essential part of the elevation, is, of course, the masterpiece of wonder and delight. There is nothing like it in the world, and probably there never will be. The staircase of the Paris Opéra—an interior one, by the way—would have everything to fear in the comparison. The other is a mass of the richest and of the purest ornament, with a

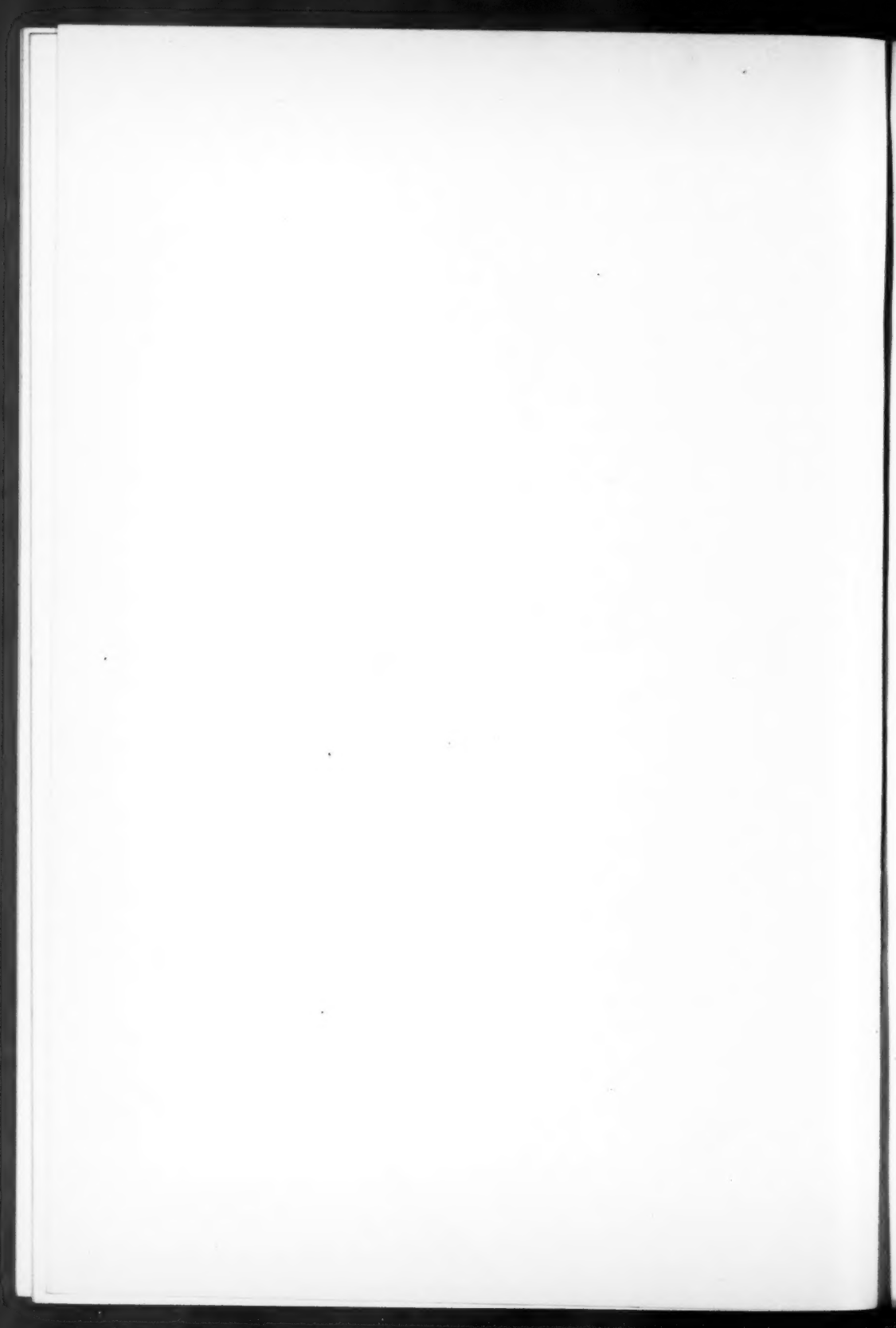
beautiful proportion between its shadows and its lights. It is characteristic of the spirit in which such work was done that it is not always easy to give due gratitude to architect or to stone-carver. Mr. Cook, in his admirable "Old Touraine," shows good reason for the suggestion that Leonardo, who was certainly in France at the time of building, may have invented the structural scheme. And he believes that Jean Goujon, or nobody, did the two canopied statues above the door. He also points out that the spirals of the staircase follow the lines of a beautiful shell.

As for the ornamental detail, one cannot help returning again and again to that; for, in spite of the fine general proportions, it is still the supreme charm. The staircase and the whole wing are decorated with a nicety that here and there warrants the use of a magnifying-glass. The fireplaces are not mere places to burn wood in; they are positive fire-temples, with façades and massive superstructures, and unimaginable wealth of carver's work. In the king's and the queen's courts they vary not only



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS, VIEWED FROM A STREET OF THE TOWN
(WING OF FRANCIS I ON THE LEFT)



from one another, but sometimes even from themselves. In the care that has been taken to avoid mere repetitions, while still preserving the general balance, one or two of them might almost have been the life-work of a man. We cannot do that now, or, at any rate, we do not do it. It "won't run to it" in time and money, or in both, in the palaces of kings, or even in the palaces of millionaires. The mere emblems dotted all about—the porcupine for Louis XII, the ermine for Anne of Brittany—are studies in natural history. One of the porcupines is particularly fine in freedom, every quill on end, as if he had just heard of the latest murder up-stairs. Even the salamanders look as genuine as the rest. You might advertise for one as a pet. A door of the queen's court, though small, has an elevation worthy of a great building, and is picked out all over with ornament that might have been wrought with an etcher's point.

The wickedness of Blois pits itself against the wickedness of Loches. Henry III seems to stand forth in the narratives of the guides as even more of a moral derelict than Louis XI. There is probably nothing worse in all human history than his murder of the Duc de Guise, the great show memory of Blois. They take you to the rooms in which it was done, to the rooms in which the people prayed before doing it, and prayed after; and are altogether proud, as guides should be, of the sheer unsurpassable infamy of the whole proceeding. Henry III was jealous of the Duke of Guise, and with good reason. The duke was fast becoming a sort of king *de facto*, by the popularity he had won as head of the Catholic League for the extirpation of the Reformed religion. The king *de jure* naturally wanted to stand at the head of the league, and, in any case, he had an equally natural wish to be master in his own house. There was a memorable sitting of the estates of the realm in a great hall, which is one of the sights of the castle, where the duke quite o'ercrowed the king, and, when the business was over, made no secret of his contempt for him. It was all true: Henry was an utter noodle; he spent most of his time in toying with pet animals; and he had all the spite and vindictiveness belonging to the poltroonery of his nature. The last drop in the cup of his impotent wrath was Guise's headship of the Catholic League.

So he saw nothing for it but that Guise must die. He set about getting him killed in the most matter-of-fact way. All was ready about Christmas-time of 1588. A body of the king's friends were in it, each one with his part to play. Henry got up at four on that fateful winter's morning to give a last look round the scene of the coming murder. Every man had his post, and nothing was wanting at last but the victim. He came in the ordinary course of business, walking over from his own apartments in the château, and nibbling sweetmeats as he stood warming himself at the fire. The conspirators quietly closed around him, as yet without giving a sign. But signs were not wanting, if he had known how to read them. He had received warning after warning. He had paid not the slightest attention to any, feeling sure, no doubt, that he had the whole game in his hands, and that he would very soon be able to give a new dynasty to France. Even as he entered the council-chamber a paper was thrust into his hands, but he crumpled it up and threw it away with the rest. When the king had finished his little tour of inspection, he retired to his cabinet, probably for the sake of being out of the way of the actual scuffle. He then sent lying word to the duke that he wished to see him in another room.

The duke walked out of the council-chamber, turning at the door to bow to his butchers, and, with one or two of them following him, went through the narrow passage which led to the shambles. Then and there he got his first stroke, a fearful dagger thrust, which made him gasp forth one of those deep chest sobs that usually mark the infliction of an unexpected wound, and that, once heard, are never forgotten. As the weapon lets the light of truth into his very vitals, the pride of life fades out of the bravest, and he says "a plague o' both your houses" to all the pomp and glory of the world. Guise was run through with a sword; and other blows rained thick and fast, until, not knowing which way to turn, he fled to the bedchamber of his deadly enemy. The king was now ready to come and 'ick him, as he lay propped up there in his white suit, with his head resting against the bed, and the room all in confusion. And, as his Majesty kicked, he said something opprobrious and disgusting about the size of the carcass. While this

was doing, the duke's brother, the cardinal, was being done for in precisely the same way—in another chamber, likewise on the guide's list of attractions. It is a gloomy little cell, with the holes of the oubliettes that led to the moat still visible. The cardinal—who had been arrested—was summoned forth like his brother; and, as he stepped over the threshold, he found the slaughtermen waiting for him behind the door. They made a clean job of it: the bodies were taken into the courtyard and burned, and the ashes thrown into the Loire.

We know what happened afterward when Henry III went to besiege Paris, which was holding out against him in the ultra-Catholic interest. He was stabbed by a monk, in a sort of modest imitation of his own masterpiece.

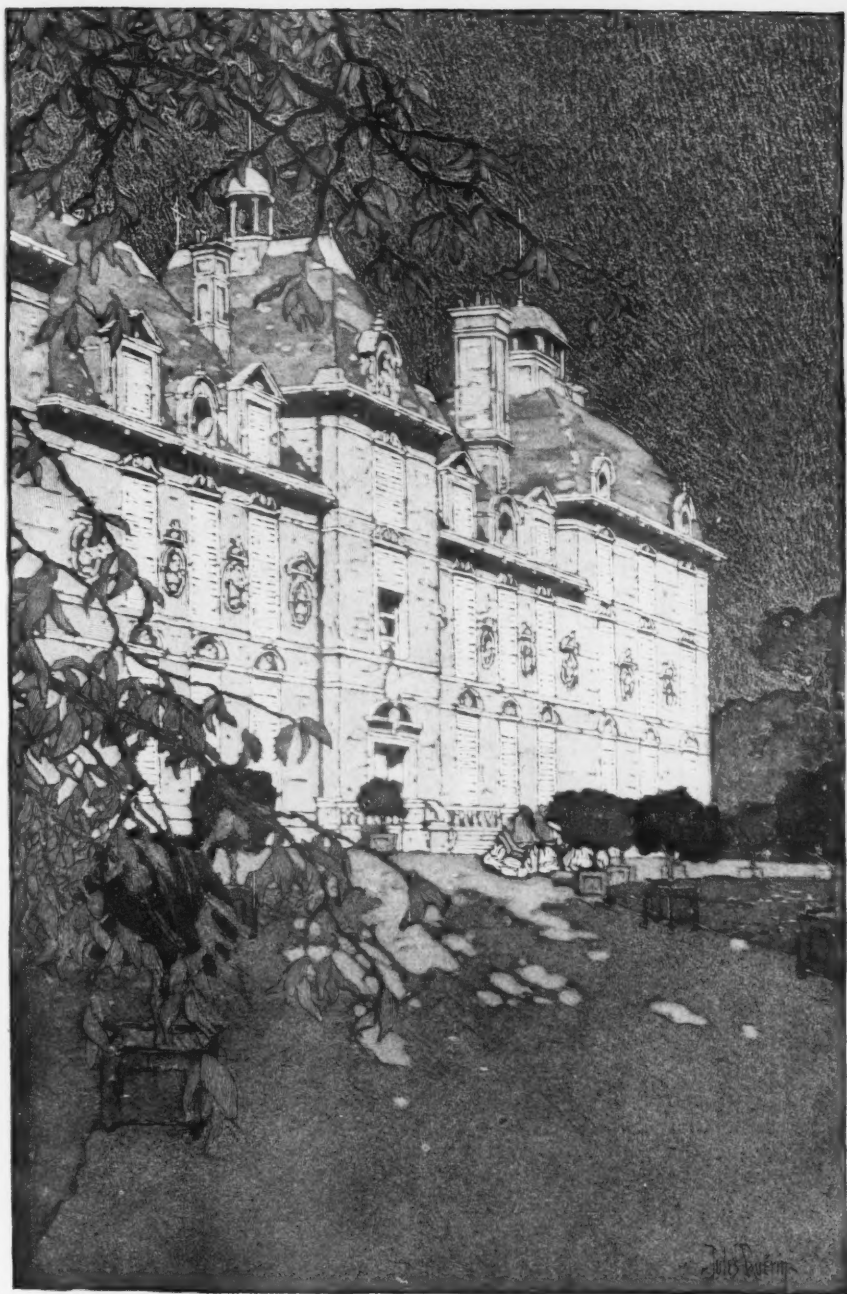
The council-chamber, and the narrow passage leading to the king's bedroom, divide the honors of curiosity at Blois with the apartments of Catharine de' Medici, the queen-mother, whose connivance in the murder of Guise may be said to have been her last exploit. These form a suite of bedroom, dressing-room, oratory, and study. If mere apparatus could do it, anybody might be good in such a snuggery. There is a place for everything tending to the culture of the spirit, including an altar and improving books, with hangings of price, and painted windows to keep out the cold lights and the cold winds, which sometimes put the mind out of sorts. The library is a masterpiece in oak paneling, all covered with devices delicately carved. One of the panels opens secretly, and this was for the queen's poison-pots.

My visit to Amboise was a day of "fine confused feeding" in nature, art, and history. The old château stands magnificently, as nearly all do, perched on a hill, and the views—in such a region as Touraine, in summer-time—may be safely left to the imagination. It is a specially quiet, sleepy old place, and not all of them are exactly that. You may, if you are lucky, fancy that you have it all to yourself. It has been restored, but restored without desecration. One of the bastions is magnificently crowned with the chapel of Charles VIII, a gem of art worthy to rank with the best in the world. Here lies Leonardo: he died at Amboise. There is a bust of him in the grounds, done in his

old age, and with a sadness in the expression which seems to speak of a certain sense of failure. It could hardly have been otherwise with one touching the life of the mind at all points. The bits of fine Renaissance workmanship are simply endless. Parts of the structure belong to the best period, when France was not altogether under the intellectual dominion of Italy, but was interpreting the new discoveries of the new spirit in her own way.

The mere doorway of the chapel is massed out in compartments, each a decorative scheme. The main thing here is the legend of St. Hubert; but, after all, that is only a sort of beginning of it, for, in the spaces above, there are other exquisite compositions, just as delicately done. And inside, in a limited space that still suggests ample distances by reason of its multiplicity of fine things, there is a detail of a sort of lace-work which is, in its way, altogether beyond anything else ever done in stone. I am not sure that it is a very good way. It may have marked the beginning of the passion for verisimilitude in trifles to which we owe the futilities of the cheap Italian sculpture of to-day. The chapel stands at an angle of the battlement, on a height of masonry giving a sheer fall into the moat, with not a twig to clutch at on the way down. Amboise is all delight—château and town. The interior of the main building culminates, in stately restoration, in a hall in which the Algerian chief Abd-el-Kader was confined as a prisoner of state under Napoleon III.

But this is only one of the "memories"; a far more gruesome one is the massacre of Amboise. The massacre is another bloody incident of the long struggle between Catholic and Protestant, and one of the landmarks of history. It marked an earlier stage of the troubles than the murder of Guise, when the Huguenots hoped they might do something by constitutional agitation. Francis II was king, with Mary of Scots for his wife, and the Guises ruled him with a rod of iron. His weakness made him a sort of plaything in their hands. The Huguenots were foolish enough to think that if they could secure his person, in a tender, care-taking sort of way, they might rescue him from this evil tutelage, and put a stop to the persecutions that threatened the country with ruin. There was a plan for seizing Guise, but



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF CHEVERNY—FROM THE GARDEN



Guise got wind of it, and seized the others instead, first luring them into the castle by a solemn promise of a safe-conduct, to which one of the princes of the blood swore on "the damnation of his soul." Of course, when once they had passed the gates, they were seized and thrown into limbo. Then their unhappy followers, lurking in the neighborhood to carry out the patriotic plot, were killed at sight in woods and byways, in a hunt that lasted a whole month. When this was over, Guise turned on his prisoners, and had them brought out for execution on the banks of the Loire. Stands were put up, tier upon tier, to make as brave a show for a deed of death, no doubt, as the lists of Palamon and Arcite:

That swich a noble theatre as it was,
I dar wel seyn that in this world ther nas.

The whole country-side came to look on: the trembling king, Mary Stuart, Catharine, and the entire court had places of honor in the gallery above. You may walk in that gallery now and enjoy one of the finest views in all France. On that day what a scene! The leaders, men of the highest position and personal character, came with great dignity to their death, singing their Huguenot psalms, and generally making a most beautiful end. But imagine it as a sort of spectacular performance for the woman who was afterward to rule Scotland as queen!

Cheverny, another day's holiday, is easily reached from Blois as a center. So is Amboise, for that matter, only you must take the train. Cheverny is an easy drive. You pass the great bridge over the Loire, and revel once more in the everlasting repetitions of what may literally be called the local color—the white villas, the blue stream with its sands of golden bronze, the blue sky above, flecked with white clouds. With such omnipresent suggestion, the tricolor, as a national emblem, was inevitable. You find its red, white, and blue everywhere. In Paris, for instance, the names of the streets are written in blue and white; so are the names of the shops, except in the leading thoroughfares, where the gold is almost obligatory.

The country on the far side of the Loire is a good example of rural France at its best. Its landscape is nothing like so trim as the English; it has not that peculiar air

of having been brushed and combed every morning; but it breathes prosperity everywhere. There is an all-abounding cultivation, as by profitably busy persons who have no time for finishing touches. Fields, fences, and hedges are sometimes ragged, but the root of the matter is there. To pursue the comparison with England, I should say that the great difference is in the signs of growth in the villages. In England, as a rule, the village cannot grow; it is denied that luxury. Its population is limited as by unwritten law, for the landowners have only to keep down the number of houses to keep down the number of residents. Even the child as it comes into the world has a sort of notice to quit, in the very circumstances of the case. As soon as it is old enough to be packed off to one of the great towns, it will have to go, for sheer want of house-room. The landowners will give no facilities for the rise of simple industries. Any kind of manufactory is quite out of the question; the village remains just what it was when first its natural growth was stopped. It is now but an item in the decorative scheme of an estate held by persons who make their money elsewhere, or have made it, by mine and ranch and railroad, and who want their domestic landscape clean and pretty to the view.

It is all so different here. Rural France is also, in its spare time, manufacturing France. Hundreds of industries are carried on in the villages during the long winter, and in other times of leisure, by men and women and children. They turn out everything, these farming folk, from celluloid combs to fancy knitting and fine lace-work, and their earnings as manufacturers add considerably to their earnings as tillers of the soil. They can get water-power when they want it,—steam-power, too, for that matter; in some instances even electricity,—and their work makes a huge fraction of the national wealth.

The château came in view presently. It is the inhabited house at last—the house built for nothing but shelter and the joy of living, without a thought of defense. It was a sort of second chance for Mansard, for he built it; but, having no temptation to rivalry with a masterpiece, he made a better job. It is not too big for virtue. Beyond this scale of the mere country-seat,—it is hardly more, though once a seat of kings,—you must run into danger by aspir-

ing to the lordship of the race. There is no reason why a resident of Cheverny should regard mankind as natural enemies or as creatures to be brought to heel. The interior is delightfully habitable in its tapestries, panels, fine old fireplaces, and the foolish nothings of taste and fancy that no doubt lie all about when the family is in residence. There is fine carving everywhere, and plenty of color, though much

of it is too manifestly the work of the modern paint-brush. It is all so peaceful in suggestion, so urbane, that the occasional armor looks out of place, even in the guard-room. For the guard-room is now a place to live in, like the rest. Some of the pictures are good: of the "Don Quixote" series in the gallery and dining-room, the less said the better, as works of art.



THE TANAGER

BY ISABEL MCKINNEY

[SEE FRONTISPIECE]

I SAW a scarlet flash to-day;
Was it a poppy blown away
Into the cherry-tree?
Was it a bird?—that sprite of fire,
Drop of sun's blood, heart of desire—
Summer's epitome?



UNDER ROCKING SKIES

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY M. J. BURNS

IV



ETTY had spread a shawl on the forward end of the house, and, with her arm resting on the slide of the companion-way, sat with an unopened book in her lap and looked out across the shining sea. It was three bells or more, and the morning sun was warm upon

her face, and painted with rainbow hues the spray that the fresh northwest wind clipped from every toppling wave. The brig was sliding down the seas like a boy let loose from school, now dipping her nose into a long roller with chuckling hawse-pipes, now sinking into the blue hollows, sending the sheeted spray outward for yards as her counter came home with a jarring thud. The spars whined unceas-

ingly, but the sails, bellying in the steady breeze, made scarcely a sound, save when a sudden lurch spilled the wind from the canvas, and it snapped like a great whip.

The scene, with the vividness of its new sensations, now for the first time experienced, impressed itself upon Drew's mind as something wholly mysterious and strangely moving. After the first night, when there had been no sea, he had remained steadily below, too ill to rise; but the sickness had now passed, and it was with only the uncertainty of gait of one not yet accustomed to the motion of the vessel that he had made his way to the deck and looked out over the watery world.

With a sense of aloofness, of absolute separation, from all that he had ever known, he gazed about him. The words,

"Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien,"

flashed through his mind: the perfect poem seemed strangely interpretative of his mood. Then his gaze came back from the notched and leaping horizon to the silent figure of Hetty, and with the lifting spirit of a mind released from the oppression of a strange and portentous solitude, he clumsily made his way to her side, glad for companionship.

She looked up brightly.

"Oh," she said, "I was wishing for some one to enjoy it with. I tried to get my mother, but she would not come up. She said she could *feel* it; that was enough for her. I hope it is not enough for you."

"No," he answered; "there is more in seeing it: it is strange and overwhelming. I am inland-bred, you know: I feel as if all known things had passed away."

"To me it is like coming home," she declared. "I cannot remember when it was not familiar. Now it is like lifting the latch of the door at home after a long absence."

He shook his head, smiling.

"I cannot imagine any one thinking of it as companionable, as a part of actual experience. I need hills and old trees and remembered turns in roads to feel the intimacy of the world. This is strange and beautiful, but leaves me an alien. It is like a kaleidoscope: nothing is twice the same."

"I do not care for things that are twice the same," she told him. "Here something is always likely to happen. The only cer-

tain thing I know of to-morrow is that we shall have plum-duff." She laughed.

He looked at her, gravely smiling.

"A certain noble discontent—you know the thought—is well; but—" he was thinking of her mother's concern, and her words carried him toward it; yet he hesitated, doubtful if it might not be too soon to speak—"but constant change means lack of purpose, does n't it? If you set your heart on something,—something vastly different from anything you have ever known,—it will be fruitless of good unless persisted in—unless it wears grooves in your life. A mere impulse for change is to be distrusted." He smiled and added: "Don't think that I cannot give over preaching."

"I know what you mean," replied the girl, looking seaward with troubled eyes. "I suppose mother has told you what I wish. But it is n't a mere desire for change, and everybody's disapproval only makes me more eager to go. Is n't that a proof that the desire is something to be obeyed—a real call? How can I be sure that it is not, unless I try? Do you think me a silly person?" She looked at him with a suggestion of defiance, but smilingly, too.

"I should be the last one to think that," he told her. "Only look at it from all sides—that is all your friends can ask."

"Not father," she answered laughingly.

"If I can be made to look at it from his point of view, he will willingly spare me the rest. Poor father! But let's not speak of it," she went on. "Look! the Mother Carey's chicken!"

She pointed to the bird, the black-and-white little creature which always seems to be hurrying home, wherever it may be. Far to the southeast a trail of smoke from an unseen steamer blotched the white sky. On the main-deck the second mate and a sailor were patching a topsail; from the galley drifted aft the cheerful whistling of the steward, like a flock of blackbirds, and the homelike sound of rattling pans. Only the man at the wheel was aft, now bending to the spokes, now glancing at the binnacle, and now turning his eye aloft to the luff of the mainsail. It was the morning of the third day out.

Drew was silent so long that she turned a troubled face to him.

"You must not think that I do not care for your advice," she said gently; "I do—shall, some day. Just now I cannot bear

to speak of my disappointment. It was n't a sudden impulse; it was a part of my life, and it must be given up, perhaps. After a little, when I can collect my scattered forces, if you can help me—" She smiled uncertainly.

"I know, I know," he hastened to say. "But I was really thinking of something quite different—that three days ago I had not even seen you; now our lives seem intimately near. Only at sea could that happen."

"Yes," she agreed; "people grow into friendship quickly at sea—and grow apart as quickly. I have heard my father say that it is a reason for the cruelty and harshness on shipboard—that men's tempers become warped when they cannot escape from one another and they find no common ground for companionship. He says there have been times when he fairly hated a mate of his. On shore they might have been intimate for years without an unpleasant thought."

"Let us hope that we may escape that disaster," he said, with a smile.

He wondered if Medbury had been in her thoughts. They had scarcely spoken, he had observed. He himself had seen little of the younger man, and he was quite prepared to rate him her inferior, in spite of his physical attractiveness. He seemed a mere boy in his impulses; he doubted not that he would keep his boyishness to the end of life. Certainly, he told himself, he was lacking in her capacity for growth.

Meanwhile his own first opinion of her beauty had not changed; it was as apparent as ever, he told himself, and had taken on an added grace with his widening knowledge of her many changing moods. As he gazed at her now he had an impression of distinction, but distinction united with a certain gentleness that, he told himself, was rare. Her face was in profile, and the mouth, clear-cut and undrooping, had the softness of outline that he associated with good temper. Her eyes, though now sad, had the same gentle look. He liked her thick brown hair and the clear oval of her face: they gave him the impression of harmony. In spite of his first feeling of attraction for Medbury, he felt that the girl hesitated wisely; he could see no road by which the two could travel as equal companions. That Medbury's hopes seemed destined to be shattered did not

move him greatly; for rarely to the masculine onlooker is the disappointed lover a tragic figure. One has seen him play his game and lose; now let him bear the loss manfully.

They did not speak of her desire again that day; indeed, eight days passed before he ventured to refer to it. Meanwhile they had become great friends. The pleasant weather had held, and they had rolled down the long, smooth seas, which daily seemed to grow bluer, under a sky that remained cloudless.

It was morning again, the morning of the eleventh day out, and they sat in the same place, with much the same scene about them, though now with a tropical softness flooding the world, and less heeded as their thoughts turned more to themselves. He had been reading aloud while she worked at some trifle, but suddenly he closed the book.

"That is enough of other men's dreams," he said. "What of yours?"

She did not even look up as she replied:

"Mine are poor enough; I prefer those of others. Besides, I have scarcely thought of them for days."

"Are they less insistent?" he asked.

"Don't!" she appealed. "Don't! I am not yet ready to face them. I have lost my courage."

"I will say no more," he said; "but I had thought that you seemed different—ready to surrender. I had hoped so."

She looked up now.

"Are you against me, too?" she demanded.

"Can you believe that?" he asked. "I had thought that I was for you—as we all are."

She smiled.

"You are all making it very hard for me," she told him.

A step sounded on the forward companionway, and Medbury appeared. He glanced past them to the man at the wheel, looked aloft, then walked slowly to the break of the deck. Suddenly he came back and seated himself on the corner of the house near them. Apparently he had wearied of self-suppression.

He was manifestly trying to appear wholly at ease, and he began to talk at once, and very rapidly, like one repeating a speech that had been learned by heart. He spoke of the wind and the run of the

vessel, and he told them that they had not touched a sheet for more than sixty hours. He said he hoped that it would last, though he added that he doubted it.

"When ought we to get out, Tom?" asked Hetty. She bit off her thread as she spoke, and, spreading her work on her lap, examined it absent-mindedly.

"If the wind holds, in four or five days," he answered; "but I'm afraid it won't. The sea's beginning to look oily now; the snap has gone out of the wind. We'll be slatting and rolling in a dead calm by the middle of the afternoon. I noticed the change in my bunk, and could n't sleep."

"I thought sailors could always sleep." This was Hetty's contribution to the conversation as she still studied her work.

"Well, I could n't," he answered.

"Then we may be three weeks going out," said Drew. "It seems like a long time."

"I was a hundred and twenty days on my last voyage—from Singapore," said Medbury.

"I am beginning to grasp the reason for the sailor's rapt, far-seeing look," said Drew. "It is not strange that he never loses it, with his constant study of invisible signs and meanings. But a hundred and twenty days! What changes may take place in that time!"

"We find changes enough," Medbury answered. "Sometimes I think we sailors are the only things that do not change, except to grow older and sadder. We always hope to find everything just as we left it, but we never do."

Hetty looked steadily seaward, and a fine flush came to her face; but Drew was struck with the philosophy of the situation.

"That surely ought to be true," he acquiesced—"that the sailor is the most unchanging of men. One should come back wiser in sea-lore, but solitude and the singleness of his purpose should keep him untouched by all the distractions that change other men. I've noticed in Blackwater the freshness of spirit, almost boyishness, of old men."

Hetty's face was turned forward, and now she leaped to her feet.

"What is that, Tom?" she exclaimed. "We are running on a sand-bar!"

A hundred yards ahead of them stretched a great golden-brown field that looked like a salt-meadow in April. Above it wheeled a flock of sea-birds.

Medbury scarcely turned his head.

"Sargasso weed," he answered, and grinned. "It's always waltzing about in these latitudes."

The girl walked to the main-rigging, and, leaning across the sheer-pole, watched the yellow plain with wondering eyes. A moment later, as they plunged into it, she caught her breath; it seemed incredible to her that there should be no shock.

Instantly the sounds of the sea were hushed; there was only the soft hissing of the weed as it swept past the side of the brig.

"Come up to the fore-castle-deck and see it pile up on the bow," Medbury said to the girl.

She did not stir.

"Won't you come?"

"No," she answered.

He leaned across the sheer-pole with her a moment in silence. The bell forward struck four sharp strokes; it was like a cry in the night. Then a sailor came lurching aft to relieve the man at the wheel.

"Is it always going to be like this, Hetty?" Medbury asked her in a low voice.

"I suppose so."

"You want it so?"

"I said, 'I suppose so.'"

"It's the same thing," he remarked drearily, and sighed.

The sigh seemed to irritate her, for she turned upon him suddenly.

"Why did you speak like that—before a stranger?"

"Like what?" he asked in astonishment.

"About coming home unchanged, and finding nothing as you had left it. Of course he knew what you meant. And it was n't true, for I have not changed. I could have sunk through the deck for shame."

"Oh, that," he replied. "He did n't understand; he thought it was a text."

"A text!" She turned away in scorn.

A moment he stood looking outboard with unseeing eyes; then he stooped and drew a boat-hook from the slings beneath the rail.

"Would n't you like to have a piece?" he asked, pointing to the seaweed.

She hesitated a moment, and then came back to his side.

"Yes," she said.

He drew in a great bunch and spread it

at her feet, and she picked up a bit with dainty fingers.

"It's no longer beautiful," she said in disappointment, and dropped it on the house.

"No," he answered soberly, and tossed the weed back into the sea.

V

THE wind died out, as he had predicted, and all the afternoon the brig rolled on the long swells, which hourly grew heavier. They leaped against the horizon, swung onward beneath the keel, and swept past with the unrelenting persistency that seemed the embodiment of vindictive hate. A gale can be combated, but, in the grasp of a calm, man is helpless. Every part of the vessel cried out in protest. The canvas slatted and flapped like the wings of a huge bird vainly trying to rise from the waves; every block rattled and croaked; the main-boom, hauled chock aft, snatched at its sheets with a viciousness that threatened to part them at every roll and made their huge blocks crash; from the pantry below came the constant rattle of crockery; and the blue sea, dipped up through the scuppers, swashed back and forth across the main-deck. By eight bells every stitch of canvas had been furled or clued up to save it, and the brig lay rolling in the dark hollows like a drunken sailor reeling home.

At dusk Hetty made her way to the forward companionway, and seating herself on the sill, with her hands clasped about the guard-rail, looked out across the watery waste. The line of her eyes, parallel with the deck, saw the stars fly downward till they seemed to vanish in the sea, which suddenly seemed to tower like a huge black wall above the brig; then suddenly it dropped away, and the stars flew up again, and she saw them fairly overhead. Out of the swashing flood of the main-deck, in a momentary lull, Medbury appeared.

"Is that you, Hetty?" he said.

"Yes," she answered. "It's awful, is n't it?"

"It's a nasty roll, and no mistake. There's dirty weather knocking about somewhere."

"You mean a storm?"

"Yes."

"Shall we get it?" she asked.

"We may and may not," he answered.

"It's hard to say."

"Could it be a hurricane coming?" she asked with awe.

He laughed.

"Have n't you ever heard the sailors' rhymes about hurricanes in the West Indies?" he asked.

"July,
Stand by;
August,
Look out you must;
September,
Remember;
October,
All over."

That anchors March squarely in the middle of the safe months; so we're all right, you see. No, it is n't a hurricane."

He seated himself on the deck, and leaning against the door-jamb, braced himself to the roll. For a while they sat in silence, and watched the long rollers unfold them—three great ones, then a succession of lower ones, in an ever-recurring sameness that moved the girl with a growing nervousness. At last she turned to him and said:

"I wanted to explain to you that I had no reason to be ugly this morning. But what is the use? Father would always oppose; besides, I am not sure myself. I want to be friends, nothing more."

"Well! that is a wooden tale," he said disappointedly.

"I never said anything different at any time, Tom," she protested.

"Oh, I know. You always had a pair of skittish heels, Hetty." He turned his face to her suddenly. "Is there any one else?"

"No," she said.

"All right," he answered; "I'll hope on. I've been doing that a long time; I'm not going to stop now." He was silent a moment, and then he said: "Do you know how long that's been, Hetty? Fourteen years. We were in school then, and it began the day of that big snow-storm, when I drew you home on my sled. You wore a red jacket, and your cheeks were almost as red. I can see you sitting there now, and smiling whenever I looked back. You were the shyest little thing! When we reached your gate, you just



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
"THE BRIG WAS SLIDING DOWN THE SEAS LIKE A BOY LET LOOSE FROM SCHOOL."

slipped off and ran into the house without turning."

"Oh, do you remember that!"

"I've thought of it under every star in the sky, I think. I guess that's the way it will always be with you—slipping away and not looking back." He laughed a little dolefully.

"I'm not like that," she said in a low voice. "I may go away, but I shall look back. I am no longer a child."

"Then don't go away," he said eagerly; but she stopped him.

"Don't, Tom!" she pleaded. "Don't speak of it any more—now. Just be friends."

"All right, Hetty. It will be as you say. I don't nag my—friends." He smiled forlornly.

In silence they watched the swells racing in. They were like living things, of incredible speed, insatiable, pitiless, rushing on to infold them. As the brig rolled in their grasp, the girl instinctively moved her body against the roll: it was as if she thought to lessen the awful dip of the deck with her puny weight; and whenever the great rollers passed, and the vessel, like a tired thing, lay for an instant almost at peace in the lower levels of the sea, an involuntary sigh of relief escaped her. Medbury heard her and looked up.

"You're not afraid, Hetty, are you?" he asked. "It's disagreeable; that's all."

"No, not *really*, I think," she answered; "but I wish it would stop."

"It's a regular cradle—as peaceful as that," he assured her. "Only we're a little old for cradles, I guess," he added.

"I am," she said.

Over them the stars raced back and forth; for there were no clouds, only a soft haze that made the stars seem large and near, but without brightness. Close down to the sea a whitish film seemed to spread, making the curtain of the night above it intensely black. Once, as they dipped to port, Hetty's eyes caught sight of a deep-red glow suffusing the lifted wave near the bow. She clutched at Medbury's arm.

"What is that, Tom—there—like blood?" she gasped.

"That? Why, the reflection of our port light. You poor thing!" he said pityingly. "Had n't you better go below? It's queer, but on a night like this, or in thick weather, if you once lose your nerve, you

see the queerest things. Come, you'll be all right below."

She dropped her face to her hands and laughed.

"No," she said; "now I will stay. There!"—she straightened herself and looked at him smilingly,—“now, I'll be sensible. Why do you look at me like that?” she asked abruptly.

He turned his face away.

"Can't I even look at you? A friend could do that."

"But that was different," she answered.

"It was—" The look of yearning love upon his face moved her strangely. She felt the impatient tears flood her eyes. Meanwhile he hastened to speak of other things.

"Do you remember how you used to tie your hair up in two tight little braids?" he asked—"always tied with red ribbon?"

"Mother did that," she answered promptly. "I hated it. I used to tell her they made my head ache. I've forgotten now whether they did or not. But it was n't always red ribbon."

"Was n't it?" he asked. "That's what I remember."

"Some things you've forgotten, you see," she told him. "It is easy to forget, after all."

The door of the passage below them opened, and some one stumbled toward them. It was Drew. Medbury slipped away, vexed at the interruption, but Hetty turned a relieved face to the newcomer. In this difference lay the measure of their love.

Reaching the deck, Drew almost dropped in the place where Medbury had been sitting. He removed his cap from his head, and passed his hand across his forehead. From the fore-castle floated aft, above the jangling noises of the brig, the faint strains of an accordion.

"Just at this moment I have no higher ambition than to sit out there and play like that," said Drew, turning his head to listen.

"It sounds rather nice at sea," said the girl. "Maybe it's because I've always heard it there that I like it."

"Oh, it is n't that," he replied. "It's the care-free touch I envy. Care-free—with all our fixed beliefs tumbling about us! See those stars! And we have been taught to call them steadfast!"

She laughed, and looked at him mischievously.

"You're seasick again," she said. "I knew it by the way you dropped to the deck."

"I am," he promptly admitted.

"Well, you're honest; you ought to be proud of that," she told him. "Most men refuse to confess to seasickness until the fact confesses itself." She laughed.

"I might be proud of being honest if I were not too much ashamed of being ill. The lesser feeling is lost in the greater."

"You would feel better if you would not watch the rail. It's the worst thing you can do."

"You are watching it," he said.

"But I am never affected," she replied.

"Besides, I'm feeling reckless to-night."

He turned and looked at her smilingly.

"You reckless! You are self-control itself," he declared.

It is strange, but there are times when to be called self-controlled is like an accusation.

"That sounds like calling me hard and unfeeling," she said.

"Rather say it's calling you happy. I think there is no happiness without self-control," he replied.

"Do you call it happiness," she cried—"rolling like this? I think it is dull."

"All happiness is more or less dull," he declared. "It's the price it pays to discontent, which is supposed to know all the ups and downs of life."

"I should not like to think that," she said soberly.

"Then I hope your whole life may prove it false," he answered.

In the silence that followed, his eyes, searching the night with the fascination in the thought of discovery that the sea gives even to the sighting of a sail, came back to her face and lingered there. For a moment he looked at her with the intent, impersonal gaze that he had directed toward the horizon. She was leaning against the guard-rail, with her hands clasped over her knees, and her eyes turned up to the stars. Her head was uncovered, and her hair looked black above the gleaming whiteness of her face, which wore the intense look of abounding vitality that pallor sometimes gives in a larger measure than vivid coloring. As he watched her face in the dim light he became distinctly alive

to a new impression—the impression that he was becoming strangely drawn to her. The knowledge came upon him suddenly, like a ship looming above him in the night.

It was inevitable that his first thought should be of Medbury; but whatever he might later come to think of his own ethical implication, in this first moment of self-discovery the thought was little more than that he should have a care. In a rush of mental restlessness he rose to his feet and walked to the rail. He could hear the second mate as he tramped steadily back and forth on the quarterdeck, passing like a shuttle from darkness to light as he crossed the glow from the binnacle-lamp. The thump of the wheel jumping in its becket was almost continuous; it irritated him as the louder noises of the sea and the vessel had not done. In the east a red light shone and vanished; again it appeared for a moment. He called Hetty's attention to it, but she did not rise. When it appeared again it was farther to the north.

"It's a steamer going home," she said.

"It's like your happiness—just a dull light moving uncertainly through darkness."

"You must n't think that," he said gently.

"Oh, it's true," she persisted; "I can see it's true. I wanted to go away, but it was only discontent. If I had gone, it would have been the same. I should have been broken in the first struggle."

"To-morrow the wind will blow again, and you will see things in a different light. Nothing will matter then," he assured her.

"Do you think I should have succeeded if I had gone?" She turned toward him sharply while she waited for his answer.

He had seated himself again, and he paused a moment before he replied.

"I think you would have put your whole heart into your work," he said at last. "When we do that, we need not think of results—or fear them—need we?"

"I shall always feel that it was right for me to go," she said, after a pause. "The regret will remain."

"It is hard to say what is right, we owe allegiance in so many ways. A week ago your going was simply an interesting thought to me. Now I cannot bear to think of it."

She caught her breath sharply.

"There's your steamer again," she exclaimed. "It's almost gone."



"'YOU WILL NEED THE PATIENCE,' SHE SAID"

It came to him vividly, with her conscious refusal to follow his leading, that he was not having a care; and he added in haste: "I can see the tragic significance of such a decision, now that I am no longer a stranger—this putting away of all your old life—your father and mother. Think what it means to them! Life has many facets: we've got to look at them all."

"Yes," she said slowly, as if she were looking at them all in turn; then she continued: "But if we study them too closely, is n't there danger of being simply irresolute and accomplishing nothing?"

"To crown the present hour—might that not be the hardest, and therefore the noblest, task?" he asked smilingly. "A nature that is overwhelmed by its first dis-

appointment will not be likely to succeed in any path. That is not yours, I am sure."

"It is easy for you to say that," she answered with a touch of impatience; "you have found your chosen work; I must stay at home. What can we women in seaports do? We tremble through storms, and then wait in fear for the marine news." She laughed at her own exaggeration.

"It makes strong, hopeful women," he declared stoutly.

"Is that all you ask of your work—to be made strong and hopeful?" she demanded. "It makes me think of life as a gymnasium."

"No," he answered frankly; "but I have not found my chosen work, or, rather, my chosen field."

"May I ask what that is? Do you mind telling me?"

"I shall be glad," he replied. "It is simply to work among the poor in a large town or city. I cannot go among the little children of the crowded streets without a heartache. That is where my work calls me. I love the people of Blackwater, and I can be happy there when I can forget for a time; but I am not needed. Sometimes I feel that no one is needed, they are so firmly fixed in their beliefs, so hopelessly certain of themselves. But the little children of the crowded streets!" He broke off suddenly.

They heard the bell forward ring out sharply. Both counted the strokes in silence.

"Eight bells," she murmured as it ceased.

The forecastle door opened, and a shaft of light flashed like an opening fan along the wet, shining deck. Shadowy forms began to move about, and vanished in the darkness. Then the door was shut, and the deck was dark again; only the clamor of the rolling vessel and the sea about her went on unceasingly.

"I am glad you told me," Hetty said at last in a low voice that had in it a tremor of exaltation. She did not turn to him as she spoke, but kept her eyes fixed upon the lines of whitened waves glimmering in the dark.

"It was little to tell," he said, with a laugh.

"It was much to know," she answered gently.

He wondered at the touch of feeling in her tone, for he could not know that, hav-

ing condemned him for a seemingly Laodicean contentment with life, with as little reason she was now prepared to exalt him unduly, seeing in his desired course a form of martyrdom at once moving and heroic. It was in the line of her own desire, and the thought flashed upon her that here was something even she might be permitted to do.

They had come tremblingly to the heights of emotion: a little thing might send the streams of their life together, or bear them farther and farther apart.

VI

DAY was breaking when Drew came on deck the next morning. The noises of the vessel, which had clanked and whined all night through his broken sleep, seemed to him to take on new life as he reached the deck; but the brig, as she lay rolling in the trough of the sea, had the gray, tired look of ships coming home from long voyages. There were no clouds in the sky, but the stars had faded out, and even as he gazed the rim of the sun appeared above the sea, flattened out on the horizon, then rose in an elongated ball. For an instant a red pendant seemed to cling to the far edge of the ocean; then it vanished, and the sun, round again and red, had broken free. Day had come.

The ocean had the glassy aspect of the preceding day; as far as the eye carried not a cat's-paw darkened the surface. In every direction the white sails of the Portuguese men-of-war rose and fell on the long blue swells. Fifty yards astern the triangular dorsal fin of a shark moved slowly across their track. Drew watched its silent progress with the fascination that the landsman, seeing it for the first time, bestows upon it as the embodiment of the cruelty and mystery of its abode.

He turned at the sound of a footstep, and seeing Medbury beside him, greeted him, and then nodded astern.

"It's a shark, is n't it?" he asked. "I never saw one before."

"Yes," replied the mate. "It's queer, but everybody seems to know them right off. Sort of natural dislike, I guess."

Medbury watched it a moment and then looked aloft to where the fly hung limp.

"It beats all," he muttered; "there is n't air enough to float a soap-bubble." He walked to the pennant halyards, and, untying them, jerked the fly free from its staff.

"It has n't lifted an inch in fifteen hours," he said. "Confound it! I believe the world has died overnight!" Then he laughed at his own ill-nature. "It gets on my nerves—weather like this," he explained to Drew.

He turned and walked to the other side of the vessel as Captain March came on deck. He also looked aloft, glanced at the binnacle from mere force of habit, and then swept the horizon with half-shut eyes. His face was inscrutable, and absolutely without emotion. "It's going to be hot," was his only remark. Then he walked to a camp-chair, and, drawing it to the rail, sat down, and began to whistle softly.

A moment later Medbury crossed over to where he sat.

"I guess I'll rig up the triangle this morning and scrape the mainmast," he said. "It's a good chance."

The captain squinted aloft, but said nothing.

"I'll start at the foot," continued the mate, as if in answer to unspoken criticism. "Maybe it'll breeze up before the men get much above the deck."

"All right," said the captain, and went on whistling.

"There is n't a breath of air," said Medbury. "I believe everything's dead."

"Nothing dead about this roll," replied Captain March.

"Well, it ought to be," replied the mate, and walked forward.

"I don't know as the crew's going to rise up and call him blessed when he orders them aloft on that job in a swell like this," said the captain to Drew; "but then, as I said, I don't know."

Then the barefooted crew came aft with buckets and brooms to wash down the decks, and he and Drew went below. When they came back to the deck, after breakfast, two men were at the grindstone sharpening their knives, and a third was scraping a bright pin-rail forward. Medbury sat on the forward end of the house, making double-crown knots in the ends of new man-ropes. He did not look up as Hetty and the minister came and stood over him, watching his work. Captain March came by in his morning walk.

"You're not going to scrape the mainmast, eh?" he said as he went by. His eyes twinkled.

Medbury did not look up as he answered:

"No; I guess I'll keep them on deck."

Hetty looked aloft at the mast thrashing through a wide arc.

"I knew you would n't," she said. "It would have been—unlike you."

Medbury glanced at her with a shame-faced smile, but he made no reply.

Drew laughed.

"Do you know, I had heard so much of the harsh treatment of sailors by their officers that I came on this voyage prepared for something of the sort, and dreading it," he said in his slow, deep voice; "but I have seen nothing but consideration."

Medbury's mouth twitched with scornful amusement; it almost seemed to him that Drew had unknowingly called him pusillanimous. He was by no means a hard man, and was popular with his crews; but he was young and a certain amount of swagger seemed amusing, while, in addition, he had all the contempt of the American sailor for the stolid alien creatures who more and more were finding their way into the forecastles of ships that carried his country's flag.

"I don't believe in being a brute," he began; "but—"

"Yes," broke in Hetty, eagerly; "it is only a brute who will take advantage of his power. I have been going to sea all my life, but I have never seen cruelty. All the sailors I know are the largest-hearted of men. I hate the tales that blacken them."

"I have known them only ashore," said Drew, "and I certainly never knew a more joyous, open-hearted people—hardly the sort to make tyrants-of." He turned to Medbury: "But you were going to say—?"

Medbury sharply drew the strands of his rope through the outer walling of the knot as he replied:

"Oh, nothing."

"I fancy," began Drew, "that sailors are too practical a race, too constantly surrounded by danger, not to know the value of self-restraint. It is wise to keep far from one the passion that fires the mind beyond the point where the every-day work of living is accomplished with the least friction."

Medbury looked up as he spoke, and caught the look that Hetty fastened upon the speaker. There was nothing in the quiet gaze beyond interest and the sympathy of kindred convictions, but it gave

Medbury the curious sensation of standing apart from them, of being irrevocably alone. He turned away with a new pain about his heart. He was still thinking of Hetty's look when Drew, busily erecting his card-house of the sailor's life upon a foundation of calm philosophy, asked him if he had ever seen cruelty on shipboard. His tone was the confident one of the philosopher who, having formulated a theory, calmly awaits the facts that will establish it.

"You two might call it that," Medbury answered, not without a touch of resentment in his voice; "I should n't. It's easy enough to talk about self-restraint, but when it means letting things go to the dogs, and maybe putting your vessel in danger—" He thrust his fid between the strands of his rope with an energy that seemed to him adequately to complete his meaning.

Drew was dimly aware that the situation had somehow become charged with feeling, and remained silent; but Hetty, with clearer instinct, recognized the cause of Medbury's heat, and resented it, while she recognized its potential force, feeling that she had unwittingly been drawn from the calm current of broad discussion into an inner vortex of personal emotion. That she had become unduly interested in Drew—she clearly saw that the thought was in Medbury's mind—she indignantly denied to herself. She turned toward the sailor with resentment shining in her eyes; but at the sight of his head bowed above his work, there flashed over her a strange revulsion of feeling. It was not tenderness, though compounded of tenderness, pity, and the memory of many things. His loyalty to her, which had lived on through long years in spite of varying encouragement, had sometimes provoked her vexation, sometimes her complacency; at this moment it suddenly appeared to her to be a beautiful thing. His hair waved a little about his brows; his face, though sad, showed the old fine courage. She saw his close-shut lips held nothing of harshness. His hands, brown and sinewy, revealed strength and skill, and were as yet uncoarsened by hard contact with hemp and canvas in cold and wet and sun. "After all, *he's* a man," she thought, with tears welling in her eyes. She turned and looked out across the shining sea, feeling its immensity, its power in the moving waves,

to be somehow strangely like the life that inclosed her and swept her on without the power of volition. She did not turn as Drew spoke.

"Shall we finish our book?" he had asked her.

From time to time in the last few days he had read aloud from the "Idylls of the King" while she worked at some trifle, or sat with hands clasped in her lap and watched the waves in a pleasurable emotion to which his fine, unaffected voice had contributed quite as largely as the words of the poet. At this moment his question, in its abrupt withdrawal from the general interest, seemed tactless. For an instant she made no answer.

"No, not now," she said at last. "Just at present it seems too unreal, too far away, to move me. I don't believe I am an imaginative person; life appeals to me too strongly."

She had turned to watch Medbury's work while she was yet speaking, and Drew, lingering a moment, had gone away with the impression of dismissal. This she felt, and was troubled by it, and vexed at finding herself troubled. Her vexation had the effect of bringing her nearer in spirit to Medbury.

"I believe I could do that," she said as she watched him.

He looked up with a flush of pleasure.

"Want to try?" he asked, and jumped to his feet. "I'll get a piece of manila and teach you."

He brought her a seat, and together they sat down and laughingly began the lesson.

"I always envied the things boys did," she said. "I know how I used to watch them, but was too afraid of being called a tomboy ever to attempt anything. It's hard to be ambitious and sensitive, too."

"I know you could run when you were a child," he said, smiling. "Do you remember the time you snatched my hat and I did not catch you till you got to Martha Parsons's gate? Then you turned and looked so serious that I did not dare to take it."

"Yes," she answered, with a laugh. "And I remember how frightened I was when you followed me. I thought I had done the boldest thing. And when we stopped and just looked at each other I was sure that you thought so, too. Finally I said, 'Here's your hat,' and you said, 'Oh,' and

took it. I don't remember now how it ever ended."

"I do," he said promptly. "I took it and went away; afterwards I went back, but you had gone. Then I thought of all the things I ought to have said and done when it was too late."

"Well, it was silly enough," she said. "I don't know what made me do it."

He had unlaidd the strands of the rope while they talked, and now, placing it in her hand, he showed her how to make a bight with one strand and pass a second around the first, and a third around the second, and up through the bight of the first, forming the wall.

"Now you try," he said, and, undoing the knot, passed the rope to her.

In a moment she held it up triumphantly.

"What do you do next?" she asked.

"Now we will put on the double crown."

"It is hard," she said after a moment more. "It looked simple enough while you were doing it." She held the rope in her hand and looked at him in smiling despair. "I shall never learn."

"Yes, you will," he assured her. "You only need a little patience."

"You will need the patience," she said.

"Have n't I always had it with you?" he asked in a low voice.

"Is that right?" she demanded, holding up the knot.

"Yes; now run the end—no, this end—through the bight. That's right; now pull it taut. You have n't answered my question, Hetty."

"You have n't asked any," she replied quickly; and then added: "What next?"

"Pull it tighter," he answered, and, leaning forward, drew it taut, for an instant covering her hands with his own.

She drew hers away quickly and dropped them in her lap.

"It's no use," she told him; "I shall never learn."

"Try!" he urged.

"No; I cannot even try." She looked about her with restless eyes. Something in her face stirred his foreboding.

"Do you mean, Hetty—"

"Oh, I mean nothing," she cried. "I wish the sea would go down. It's dreadful."

She sprang to her feet, and, moving to the rigging, leaned against the sheer-pole and watched the blue sea rise almost to the

line of the deck, then fall away with appalling swiftness. Medbury followed her there.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Why don't you whistle for a wind?" she asked him. "Why don't you? I think I'll go below until you do."

"Is n't it pleasanter here?" he said. "You would call it a beautiful day at home."

"Yes, I should," she acknowledged. "It seems like April—April at home. I can shut my eyes"—she shut them—"and see just how it looks: the big willow by our gate growing green in a night, and the grass, and the sunlight on everything—or rain; only that makes the grass greener, and you don't mind the rain at all, as you do at other times."

He had watched her while she stood with eyes closed, but when she opened them suddenly and looked at him with a smile, he turned away in confusion, as if he had been caught watching her when he knew she would not care to be seen.

"That's the way your face always looks to me," he said with the boldness of embarrassment.

"What do you mean?" she asked. Her lips parted as if to smile, but closed again in a neutral line that was neither smile nor frown, but might easily become either when she had heard his explanation.

"Like April—your face is like that. It's always changing. I like it always, but best when you smile, of course."

"I cannot smile at that speech," she said, and turned a serious face from him.

For five minutes he kept his eyes turned from her, and then looked to see if her April face had changed again. It had not, and a sigh escaped him.

At the sigh her face had become severe, but almost immediately he saw her lips twitch, close firmly together, then part in a laugh.

"There!" he cried triumphantly, and laughed with her.

"Oh, Tom, you're ridiculous!" she cried, and struggled against her laughter. But her face became serious again at once, and she added: "I do not like such speeches. They sound silly."

"All right," he replied, but not in the tone of one cast down.

Captain March's keen eyes, as he walked the deck, looking aloft, saw a slightly

frayed spot in the maintopsail-halyard. Crossing the deck, he stopped by the side of his mate.

"Looks as if that halyard would n't stand much strain," he said. "Better look at it before long, Mr. Medbury." He pointed to the place as Medbury looked up.

"I will, sir," answered Medbury.

"Hawkins never did look after the little things," the captain went on, with gentle grumbling. "Good man, but did n't seem to have any eyes sometimes. Still, I was sorry to have him go ashore sick. He can't afford to lay idle long. Same with John Davis. I thought he'd jump at the chance to take Hawkins's place. I did n't think it so strange in Bob Markham's backing out: he'd promised his wife to stay ashore. But Davis—I don't understand about him. I never knew folks to act so. Davis seemed pleased when I asked him, and hurried right off to get his things; but before I'd hardly turned my head, back he galloped and said he'd changed his mind. It made me a little provoked; and when I asked him why, he just winked. Well!" He walked away, still grumbling.

Medbury had not lifted his eyes from his work as the captain had talked, but now he glanced up, to find Hetty's eyes watching him keenly. Something in the intensity of her look stirred his foreboding. He was not wholly unacquainted with the intuitive divination with which women often flash upon the secrets men would withhold from them, and now he braced himself for the question that he knew was coming.

"Do you know why they would not come?" she asked. Her voice was tense.

He tried to show surprise at the question, but knew that he failed.

"I suppose they did n't want to," he answered.

"Don't you know?" she demanded.

He hesitated, and she sprang to her feet.

"You need n't tell me," she cried with suppressed passion. "I know. I know you got them to. They'd do it for you. You seem to have obliging friends. Oh!" She turned away, but came back immediately. "And now I suppose everybody in Blackwater is laughing over the story. And laughing at me! I did n't want you to come; but if I'd known this, do you think I would have set foot on this vessel

while you were aboard? I'd have died first." She walked to the rail, but came restlessly back. "Well, it's over now. Do you think I could go back home and have people know that your—your trick had succeeded? There have been times when I have thought that I could care for you in the way you wish, but I could n't be sure. If my face is like April, as you say, I think my mind is, too. I cannot be sure. Sometimes I think I do not care for anything; I think I have no heart. And then, when I see you watching me, and I know what you are thinking, I almost hate you, and want to go away from everything I've ever known. But now, after this, it is ended. Oh, you make me ashamed!"

He had heard her in a tumult of contending emotions—shame and sorrow for hurting her, pity, remorse. Heartsick, he rose to his feet.

"I did n't mean to hurt you, Hetty. Good Lord! you know that! You *must* know it!" he exclaimed. "And no one will know. You need n't care."

"Oh, need n't care!" she cried in scorn.

Then, manlike, because he was sorry, but had no answer, he became angry.

"You are a hard woman," he said in a sudden letting-go of all self-control—"a hard and heartless woman."

She shrank from him as if he had struck her, and her face grew white.

"I wish you would n't," she whispered passionately—"would n't speak to me. You hurt me."

He did not understand, and his face hardened, and his eyes grew hot with impotent anger. It was as if all the conventions had dropped away from him, and he had become the primitive man. He could crush her with one hand, he blindly told himself; yet she mocked him and his strength. All his life he had loved her, followed her in devoted service, but to what end? To be shunned, eluded, mocked, and scorned. He gripped his hands tightly together in his revolt against his enforced inaction because she was weak and a woman. But for once he would speak.

"You've hurt me for many a long year," he answered hotly, "but you'll hurt me no more." With that he walked away as Cromwell must have gone from the Long Parliament.


(To be continued)

A TRAGEDY OF THE SNOW

(STORIES OF JULES OF THE GREAT HEART)

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

HEREWITH begins a group of stories giving incidents in the life of Jules, a "free" trapper in the Hudson Bay region in the early days. Jules's outlawry is somewhat of the Robin Hood type, he looking upon the "Company's" servants as the real intruders, and waging a fierce warfare with them, a price resting on his head. His expertness, his prowess, and his magnanimity are traits that give cumulative interest to these fresh studies of the wild by a young writer who since childhood has been thoroughly familiar with the ground.—THE EDITOR.

ANOU stopped on a snow hill, and looked back over the way he had come; then, steadying himself against the heavy northwest wind, he took off his snow-shoes. The little steel-like particles of crust, eddying about with the force of the gale, stung and bit him, and his six "huskies" crept under the lee of the sledge and huddled together.

He chafed and pounded his aching feet, untying the thongs that bound the moccasins, his face drawn with pain; then he sat down beside the dogs and shoved his feet among their warm furry bodies. They growled and snarled, as if resenting this attempt to take some of their precious heat from them, but he paid no attention. Continually his head turned to the back trail, and he watched eagerly in that direction. Nothing but snowy wastes met his eye, undulating on and on into the distance; not a sound could his ears catch but the crisp *rustle-rustle* of the frozen snow as it scurried over the ice-bound surface. The cold was metallic in its fierceness; drops of ice clustered under the edges of his fur cap, where sweat had congealed as fast as it appeared, and his breath froze on his lips as it came into contact with the bitter wind. He looked again at the back trail. "Ah-h-h!" he muttered. A black dot was coming over a distant ice ridge; it seemed strangely distorted in the snow haze, now

looming up to the full figure of a man, now dwindling to a dark speck against the whiteness of everything.

He drew on his over-moccasins and fastened his snow-shoes. "Mush! Mush!" he shouted to the dogs, cracking the long whip with pistol-like effect. Away they went, the bone runners of the sledge creaking sharply over the uneven surface as he strode beside it. He did not stop to look back now, but urged his team to top speed with whip and voice: "Musha! Ar-r-rr! Musha!" Obediently the leader swung into an ice ravine. It was downhill, so the man threw himself on the sledge. His weight added to its momentum, and the dogs seemed not to touch the ground as they raced ahead, striving to keep the traces taut. "Musha! Ar-r-ha!" The leader turned sharply to the left, and the man hung far out on the flying sledge to keep it from upsetting. At a steep decline now, he used the braking-stick, as the hind feet of the nearest dogs were rattling on the curved runners, though they were doing their best.

Back on the hill where Manou had rested was another man, keenly examining the scratches of the dog's nails on the crust. He was tall and gaunt, but with sinuous strength showing in every limb. At his feet were three dogs and a light sledge. He stood up, and, shading his

eyes from the sun-glare, looked ahead and saw Manou hurrying onward.

"Ah-h-h!" he growled, "seex dog, hein? Sacré dam! He t'ink he goin' get mes skins sauf to de compagnie, an' dat me, Jules Verbaux, let heem do heet sans bataille? We see! Mush! Allez!" The dogs leaped to their work, and he followed swiftly after, his snow-shoes sliding in long, easy strides.

Jules Verbaux was a "free" trapper in the Hudson Bay Company's territory. He was a thorn in the factor's side, as he stole fur from the traps of the Company's Indians, and they could never catch him to send him over the "long trail." Manou, a half-breed Indian, had heard of Jules's cache, where there was a lot of fur, and he had taken his dogs and sneaked off, hoping, for his own profit, to break the cache and get into one of the Company's posts, where he would be safe to sell the skins.

Jules came up on a drift and saw Manou going, going. "Ah, diable," he muttered; "he goin' win avec seex dog! V'at you t'ink me do? Jules, Ah have vone leet' plan; dat miserab' he not know exactement la place; Ah goin' fool heem! Musha! ai-i-i-i!" His voice trailed off in a nasal whine, and the dogs whirled about to the right and raced on.

Manou was so far ahead that he thought it safe to stop again; he put his dogs under the shelter of an ice clump while he climbed up on it. He could not find his pursuer on the back trail, and he chuckled for a moment. "Toi, Verbaux! Manou goin' show to toi 'ow to mush." Then he caught sight of Jules working off to the right. "Qu'est ça?" he muttered, and after fumbling about in his pockets he brought out a soiled and crumpled piece of paper. "Nor'ouest to ze hol' trail, den directement nor' to ligne two, den sud'est; cache marrke, cross hon piece of wood. V'y for he go dat chemin?" he asked himself, and looked again.

Sure enough, Jules was now far off to the right, and going on fast. "Zat dam' femme! She no tell to Manou correctement! Ah go now cut heem hoff zis chemin." He slid and tumbled down the clump. "Mush! ai-i-i-i!" and away he went in the direction calculated to bring him across the other's trail. As he traveled he pulled out an old pistol and examined

the cartridges carefully. "Ah feex dat Verbaux, den le facteur he mak' me vone big gif"—mabbe five dollaires—eef Ah breeng hees head cut hoff to la poste!"

Meanwhile Jules passed over the snow-barrens with tireless speed. Regularly his snow-shoes clicked as he lifted them, and unceasingly he plied the lash. "Allez—allez! Ho-o-o-p!" He shook his fist at the other when he saw that Manou had fallen into the trap and was trying to head him off. "Viens, scélerat! Ah goin' lead you in la territoire du diable!" He shouted aloud. The sound of his voice was whisked away even as his lips moved; he shook his fist again. "You know, garçon, zat Jules he have no gun; mais he have somme t'ing for you, Manou!" And he felt for the knife that rested in his belt. "Now, Ah go fas' et leeev ze beeg trail. You come, Manou, hein? You come!" And he darted on at even greater speed.

An hour later Manou came to Verbaux's trail. "C'est bien ça. Ah go fas' now; an' to-night, v'en he stop, Ah get heem." He caressed the pistol. "Mush! mush!" he screamed to the dogs, and twined the lash about their heads. "Musha!"

Manou had forgotten his aching feet, forgotten his direction, forgotten everything but the lust of gain and his hatred of the man he was now pursuing.

On and on he went, cursing the dogs, and lashing them till the blood oozed through their fur. Over ridges and across drifts, down gullies, and through ice ravines, following Jules's broad trail, like a bloodhound he flew, now and again getting a glimpse of his man ahead. Sometimes Jules slowed up and breathed his dogs, and Manou's eyes would snap when he saw him so close at hand; again Jules would put on an extra burst of speed, and Manou would curse horribly as he appreciated that the distance between them had increased.

The arctic day began to wane; the sun was pale and orange-colored as it sank toward the snow-bound horizon. Jules sped on through the long twilight; finally he stopped. "Now, Ah goin' feenesh you, diable! Ah, Jules Verbaux, goin' do it!"

He took off the dogs' harness and lashed the biggest of the team firmly about the body with the broad back-thongs; this done, he fastened the light sledge strongly on his own back, and then slung the wrig-

gling, snarling animal between the runners; he took off his snow-shoes and hung them over his shoulder, and then pounded the remaining two dogs into a semblance of docility and picked one up under each arm. "Viens donc, Manou! Ah see you to-morrow, mabbe." Shod only in his light moccasins, he turned to the left and disappeared like a shadow, leaving not the slightest track on the hard crust.

Manou came to the end of Jules's trail; it was almost dark, but he got down on his hands and knees, and with his face close to the snow, searched for the continuation of it. Finally he stood up.

"Night—dam'!—she protec' you, Jules Verbaux; but to-mor' Ah fin' ze track, an' den Ah come!" And he cursed again.

His dogs were nearly finished; they stood with drooping heads and half-closed eyes before the sledge, their hollow sides working like bellows as they panted hoarsely. Manou kicked and dragged them into a semicircle, then he turned the sledge sidewise for a wind-break, and, pulling out a blanket, curled up among the tired brutes. He was too frenzied by disappointment to eat anything, nor did he give the dogs any food. The sleep of utter exhaustion soon stopped his mutterings, and the huskies lay inert about him.

The stars twinkled and blinked in the dark-blue heavens; the wind had died away; everything was still. Manou slept, and the dogs did not move. The stars suddenly seemed to lose their luster; a little breeze sprang up, eddied about, and sank again. Another came—this time a stronger one; it ruffled the bushy tails of the huskies; it stirred the fur on the blanket; then it, too, sank. The stars seemed to recede into the farthest heavens, grow dim there and disappear. The breeze grew into a steady wind, the snow particles rustled again on the crust, and still neither the man nor the dogs moved.

The wind strengthened into a strong blow, and the particles began to huddle about the sleeping forms, covering them with a thin white sheet. One of the huskies lifted its head, sniffed a moment, and then whined—a long-drawn whine. Manou slept on. The blow increased to a gale, droning over the sharp ice-edges on the hills; the drift came fast and thick, threatening to cover man and dogs completely. Another husky awoke, sprang to its feet,

and howled dismally; Manou stirred, cursed the brute, and went to sleep again.

The gale grew into the awful Northern hurricane; it shrieked through the ravines, and hissed away among the sharp peaks; it grew wilder and stronger, and, dragging the fur blanket from the sleeping man, drew it to itself and carried it over the snow hills out of sight. The dogs were huddled in a solid mass, yelping and howling. Manou felt the cold and heard the raging of the wind. "Dieu! la tempête du Nord!" he cried in terror, and groped for the blanket; and, when he could not find it, began to sob and to scream curses at God and the storm.

He rose to his feet; the wind upset him; he rose again, and again the gale threw him. Then he started on his hands and knees to find the blanket. He crawled up the slope of the hill near by, thinking that it would have lodged on the side, but it was not there. He crawled farther on to the top. Here the wind was doubly strong; it seemed to shriek: "I got the blanket out of the valley! I have *you* here!" It buffeted and beat him along ahead of it, turning him over and over, Manou fighting and cursing all the way. He could not get back to the dogs; he dug his fingers into the crust until the blood ran and their ends were split. In vain! Inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, the wind pushed and hurtled him along. The frightful cold ate into his heart, his liver, the nerve-centers of his spine; he gave up fighting, and the wind rolled his body to a little precipice. He fell over its edge, down, down, until, with a soft thud, he struck a deep drift, and sank in. The white mass closed over his body like water, and filled his nose and his ears, choking him into insensibility.

Overhead the storm raged on for hours, until finally it sank as gradually as it had come, the gale dying to a strong blow, the strong blow into a steady wind, the steady wind into a breeze, and the breeze into little drafts that also died away. The sun rose from the snow-haze, and marveled not; it was used to these things—used to going down at night and, on rising the next morning, to seeing the barrens changed, a hill here where it was flat yesterday, a ravine there, where yesterday stood a hill.

About noon a figure appeared in the distance; it grew, and as it approached



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE SHOOK HIS FIST AT THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE HORIZON"

the tall, gaunt form of Jules Verbaux was recognizable. He came directly, unerringly to the spot where he had broken his trail the night before, and he laughed as he looked on the changes that had been wrought.

"Ma foi, garçon! La tempête du Nord she get you, hein?"

He prodded about in the drifts with his sledge-stick, and struck something hard; he dug in, and found Manou's sledge. He prodded farther, and found the bodies of the dogs buried deep.

"Seex chiens, poor beas! Mais Manou, Ah vondaire vere ees he?"

He searched round, and dug in several

places, but with no success. "Ah ben, he ees feenesh. Ah no have to faire dis!" and he drew out the long knife that glittered in the sunlight. He pried the bone runners from the other's sledge, and fastened them to his own, on top of the load of fur it now carried, where yesterday it had been empty.

"Mush! Allez! Mush!" and the dogs scampered on.

"Manou!"—and he shook his fist at the four quarters of the horizon,—“you took my wife, you vant steal my skins, and now le diable he have you! Ah 'm satisfy!”

And he followed on after the sledge with the same old easy stride.



VICTORIA FALLS

BY THEODORE F. VAN WAGENEN

IT was on the 22d of November, 1855, that the friendly natives with whom he was traveling brought Dr. David Livingstone for the first time within sight and sound of the wonderful cataract on the Zambesi River now known as the Victoria Falls. Before finding it, the good missionary had journeyed for nearly two years, and from his point of departure at Kuruman in Cape Colony had traversed quite four thousand miles of hitherto unknown country.

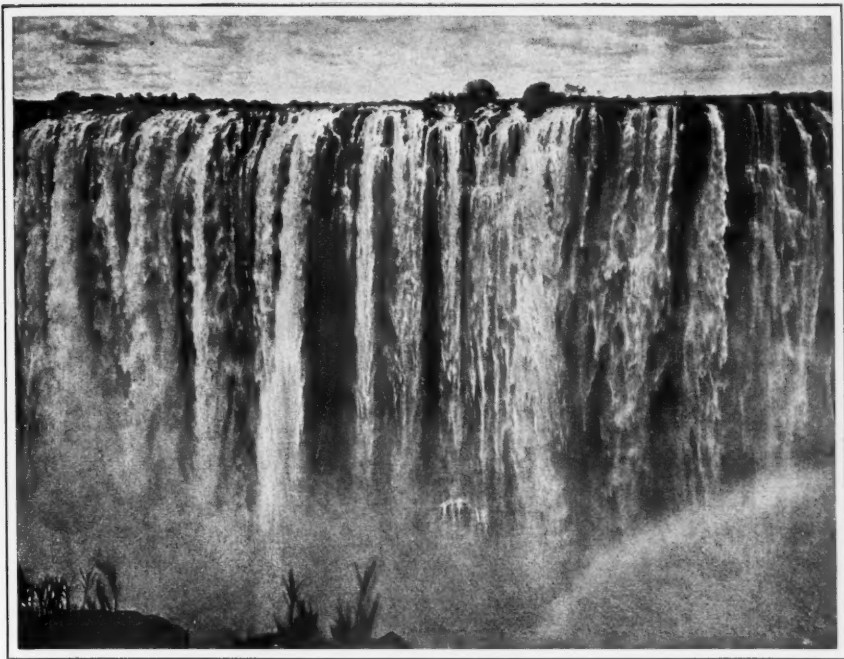
To-day, one takes the train at Cape Town on Wednesday, passes through Kimberley on Thursday, reaches Buluwayo on Saturday, and late in the afternoon of Sunday begins to see in the distance the rising pillar of mist from the great cataract.

The natives call it "Mosi-oa-tuni," meaning "the roaring smoke." Twenty miles away the spray thrown back from the depths of the tremendous cavern into which the river tumbles appears like a column of smoke rising from a burning village, and during the last mile of the railway journey the roar of the falling water becomes noticeable. Finally, when the edge of the chasm is reached, if the

river is in flood, the eye and ear are assailed by a combination of phenomena that probably cannot be duplicated as marvels anywhere else on the planet.

The first question that is asked of an American who has seen this African wonder generally is, "How does it compare with Niagara?" There is no possibility of comparison. The two are as different as day and night. Niagara is a perfect picture in a lovely natural framework. Every point and line and curve of motionless rock, trembling verdure, and gliding water is a touch of majestic beauty. Victoria is simply a phenomenon, a terrific gash in the floor of an apparently unending plain, which, as one gazes, simply swallows a river in a manner that produces almost a thrill of horror.

After one sees Niagara it is a temptation to conclude that nothing more perfect in the way of a scenic panorama can exist, that by no possibility could any finer sensations of eye and ear and nerve be excited than by it. But to the traveler who has seen both falls there comes the certainty that life would have been quite incomplete without the double experience,



From a photograph by L. Pedrotti

VICTORIA FALLS

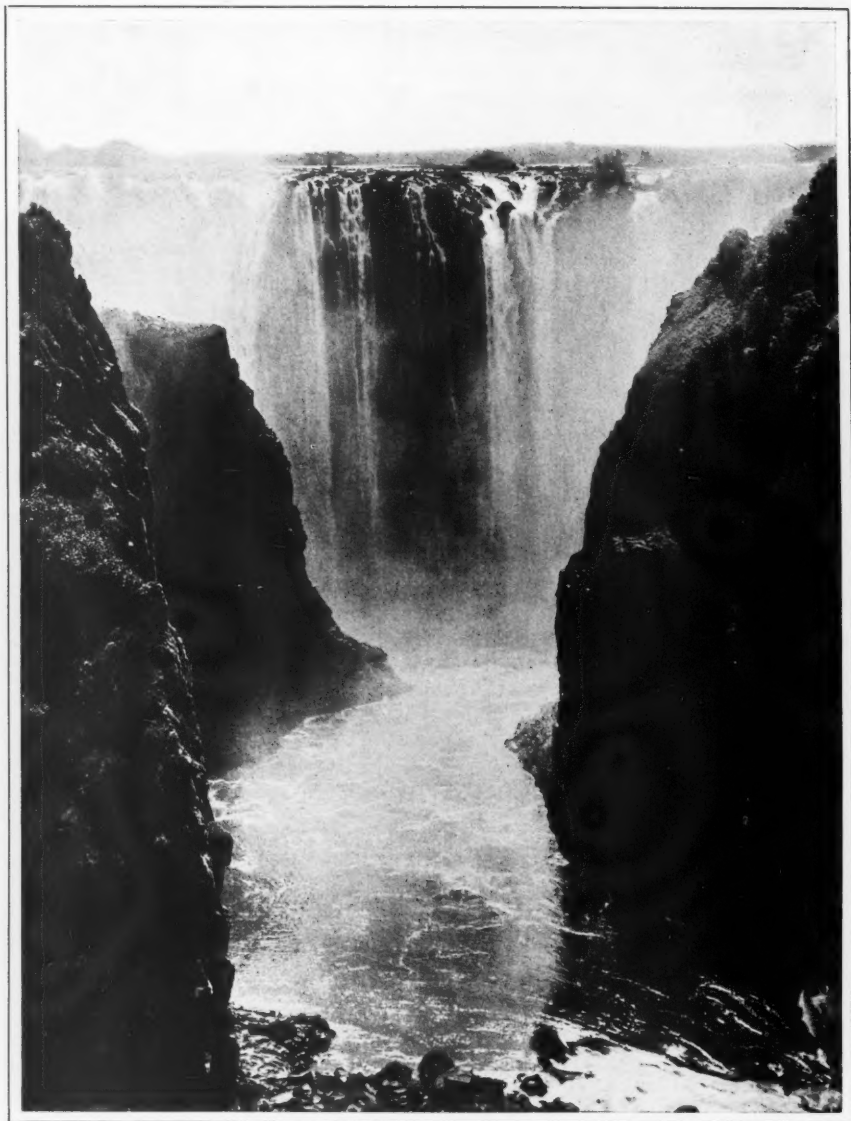
The photograph was taken in August, 1904, with a wide-angle lens, from a point on the eastern edge of the chasm just opposite the center of the falls. The Victoria Falls are 3000 feet wide and 360 high; Niagara is 4750 feet wide at the brink of the falls, the American Fall being 164 feet high, and the Horseshoe Fall 150.

that there are elements of wonder and amazement in the African falls that are totally lacking in the American.

The Zambesi valley, for a hundred miles or more in every direction from the cataract, is a rough and broken plateau, covered with low brush and stunted trees, with here and there an outcrop of somber basaltic rock, all thoroughly uninteresting. The herbage is but faintly green, and the tropical sky only faintly blue. It is a hazy half-tone landscape, wanting in clear-cut lines in every direction, and lacking above everything else that element we always unconsciously seek in a nature-picture—life. The absence of this produces in the mind a feeling of loneliness and often of fear. Across this solemn scene appears a river that in flood-time is perhaps half a mile wide. If a deaf man were following down one of its banks, he would notice little but the quiet water and the odd-looking column of smoke ahead. As this column was approached, he would expect to see the river-banks bending, and the

water flowing away to one side of the conflagration, and might glance to the right and left to note the direction taken. But the panorama changes as he gazes. The river is no more. And there, where it should be, is only the brown plain, as lonely, brush-covered, and monotonous as ever. One must go twenty miles farther before the vanished water and the surface of the land again commingle, before it will be possible to walk along the bank in company with the river. So sudden and startling is the transformation.

Meantime the pillar of smoke has resolved itself into a dense mist forced upward in terrible puffs from a yawning gash stretching directly across the bed of the river. This fearful abyss is every second swallowing thousands of tons of green-and-white water, and belching up blasts of mist that rise hundreds of feet into the air and hurry away with the winds as if rejoicing at their escape from the inferno below. And somewhere, nearly four hundred feet below, the entrapped river is



From a photograph by L. Pedrotti

VICTORIA FALLS

The photograph was taken in November, from a point on the south wall of the discharging gorge just opposite the exit from the chasm

fighting its way between sheer walls of black rock toward a narrow cleft in the eastern wall, whence it escapes, foaming and boiling, through the zigzags and curves of a deep gorge leading off to the eastward. One goes to an edge of this de-

livering chasm, and looks down upon the tossing waters, ever pressed from behind by other floods struggling out of the narrow black gateway, and perhaps the most prominent mental sensation is that of thankfulness that even in such a grim and ghastly



From a photograph by Ellerton Fry

THE FIRST ZIGZAG OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER BELOW VICTORIA FALLS

The water approaching on the left side of the picture flows away on the right side

way nature has provided a means by which the fearful slit of a throat above that has swallowed the stream can disgorge it again without causing an overwhelming catastrophe.

The Victoria cataract should be visited at least twice before one is competent to

pass an opinion upon it. When the river is in flood (July) the scene is simply terrible. One sees nothing but an enormous sheet of water disappearing into the bowels of the earth, with a noise as of mountains falling upon one another, while from the awful gash comes back in fierce gusts and



From a photograph by L. Pedrotti

THE EDGE OF VICTORIA FALLS AS SEEN FROM A DISTANCE

swirls the foaming breath of the tortured element below. But in December, when the water is low, the edge of the cataract shows as a long, creamy film of lovely lace; the rising mist flows softly away through the little rain forest below the cavern's lip; the gigantic vault itself becomes a wonderful spectacle, a dream of neutral tints, a cave of beauty. Far down in its dark depths the waters, gliding along the rocky walls, and bending gracefully around the corners toward the narrow outlet, pass gaily and laughingly to freedom. For a time the demon of the cataract is sleeping.

The rock of the vicinity is a dark and lusterless basalt that weathers, when exposed above the thin soil, into rough hummocks and unshapely ridges. There is nothing but this for miles in every direction. What caused the great rent in its heart that is now the cataract, and in what way the twenty-mile gorge from its bottom was cut out, are questions not easily answered. Next year it is promised that the British Association for the Advancement

of Science will hold its annual meeting in South Africa. If so, the falls will undoubtedly be most carefully studied by the geological section of the society.

At the present time a steel railroad bridge is being thrown across a narrow point of the gorge just below the cataract, from which, as the trains pass over it, the finest possible view will be obtainable. This bridge is expected to be open for traffic during 1905. Its length, in one light and graceful span, will be six hundred feet, and the height of its floor above the water something over four hundred. Already the continuation of the line is laid out for three hundred and fifty miles northward toward the foot of Lake Tanganyika, and grading has begun. Slowly but surely the "Cape to Cairo" route is coming into visible being. Perhaps by the end of the present decade the dream of the great empire-builder who lies sleeping in the heart of the Matoppo may be nearly realized, for in these days the world moves fast.



IN THE VIRGINIA ROOM

BY ARLO BATES



WHEN she pushed open the door and entered the Virginia Room in the Confederate Museum she thought herself alone. The heavy April rain kept most people away, and left the place almost deserted. In her yearly visits to Richmond, to come to this spot as to a shrine, she had once before been spared the presence of strangers, and with a quick sigh she remembered how great had been the relief. Now she threw back her heavy widow's veil with the free, proud motion which belonged to the women of her race and time—the women bred in the South before the war. She was an old woman, though by several years under sixty, for pain can age more swiftly than time. The high-bred mien would be hers as long as life remained, and wonderful was her self-control. Again and again she had felt unshed tears burn in her eyes like living fire, yet had been sure that no stranger had had reason to look upon her as more than a casual visitor to the museum; but to be able to let her grief have way seemed almost a joy. She felt the quick drops start at the bare thought. Life had left her no greater blessing than this liberty to weep undiscovered over the memorials of her dead.

At the instant a man came from behind one of the cases, so near that she might have touched him. Instinctively she tried to take her handkerchief from her chate-laine, and in her confusion detached the bag. It fell at the feet of the gentleman, who stooped at once to pick it up. As he held it out she forced a smile to her fine old face.

"Thank you," she said; "I—I was very awkward."

"Not at all," he responded. "Those bags are easily unhooked."

She raised her eyes at his tone and spoke impulsively, the bitterness of the old time coming over her like a wave. The room had carried her into the past, and after almost twoscore years she spoke for the first time as of yore.

"You are a Northerner!" she exclaimed.

She felt her cheek glow as, almost before the words were spoken, she realized what she had said. The stranger smiled, then grew grave again.

"Yes. Do not Northerners visit the museum?"

She was painfully annoyed. To be lacking in politeness was sufficiently bad, but to seem rude to one from the North was intolerable.

"I beg your pardon," she forced herself to say. "To come through that door is to step into the past, and I spoke as I might have when—"

"When a Yankee in the house of President Davis would have required explicit explanation," the stranger finished the sentence she knew not how to complete.

Even in her discomposure she appreciated both the courtesy and the adroitness of the words. Her instinct not to be outdone, least of all by one of his race, made her speak again.

"I was rude," she said stiffly. "To-day is an anniversary on which I always come here, and I forgot myself."

"Then I must have seemed doubly obtrusive," he returned gravely.



Drawn by Arthur E. Becher. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE . . . FIXED HER GAZE ON THE PATHETIC COAT OF GENERAL LEE"

He looked and spoke like a gentleman certainly, and he had good hands; but the North had all the wealth now, she reflected, while, so many of the descendants of old Southern families were forced to earn their bread by occupations unworthy of them. Their hands could not be well kept like those of the man before her.

"The museum is open to the public," was her cold reply.

She expected him to bow and turn away. Not only did he linger, but she seemed to see in his eyes a look of pity; no, more than pity, of sympathy even.

"Will you pardon my saying that I, too, came here to-day because it was an anniversary?"

"An anniversary?" she echoed. "How can an anniversary bring a Northerner here?"

"It is n't mine exactly. It is my son's. His mother is a Virginian."

She began to be aware of a growing excitement. She would have persuaded herself that it was anger against this man who had taken away a Southern girl, or that she was moved by pity for the Virginian mother who, like her, had so been robbed of her daughter; but she knew that deeper than all this was the passion of motherhood crying out for the child she herself had cast off for such a marriage. She could not shape the question which was in her heart, but she felt that it spoke from her eyes.

"We live in the North," he explained, "but she has long promised the boy that when he was eight he should see the relics of his grandfather that are here. She was not well enough to come, and as she wished him to be here on this special day, I brought him."

The Southern woman felt her heart beating, and it was almost as if another spoke when she said in a manner entirely conventional:

"I hope that her illness is not serious."

"I should not be here myself if it were," he answered.

"But the boy?" she asked, looking around.

The man's face changed subtly.

"My father," he replied, "was an officer in the Union army. I wanted to see this place first, to be prepared for Desborough's questions. It is n't easy to answer the questions of a clever lad whose two grand-

fathers have been killed in the same battle, fighting on opposite sides."

It seemed to her as if her limbs would fail under her at the name. She leaned for support against the corner of the nearest case, and fixed her gaze on the pathetic coat of General Lee behind the glass which showed her a faint wraith of the reflection of her own face. It was her husband's name, and it was the anniversary of his death; but she said to herself that these were only coincidences, and that this could not be her daughter's husband.

"Have you decided what to tell your son?" she heard her voice, strange and far off, asking amid the thrilling quiet of the room.

The stranger seemed struck by the note of challenge in her tone. He regarded her earnestly as he answered: "What I have always told him—the truth, as far as I can see it."

"And the truth that you can tell him here—here, before the relics of our dead, of our Lost Cause—"

She could not go on, but broke off, fearing lest her voice falter.

"He has never been taught anything but that the men of the South fought for what they believed, and that no man can do a nobler thing than to give his life for his faith."

She was sure now that she was talking to her son-in-law, although the ground of her conviction was no more than the one she had just rejected. The whole thing was simple. Her daughter knew that always on this day she was to be found here, and had meant to meet her, the son with his grandfather's name by her side. The question was whether the husband knew. Something in his air, something half-propitiatory, certainly beyond the ordinary deference offered to a lady who is a stranger, gave her a vague distrust. She was not untouched by the desire for reconciliation, but she had resisted that before, and least of all could she tolerate the idea of being tricked. The possibility that her son-in-law might be feigning ignorance to work upon her sympathy angered her.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded abruptly.

"I beg your pardon," he replied, evidently surprised, "but I have never been in Richmond before. I suppose you may

have been the wife of some Confederate officer so well known that a Virginian would recognize you; but I do not."

"Yet you seemed to wish to explain yourself to me. Why?"

"I don't know," he began hesitatingly, searching her face with his straightforward gray eyes. Then he flushed slightly, and broke out with new feeling: "Yes; I do know. You came just as I was going away because I could not endure the sadness of it; when every one of these cases seemed to me to drip with blood and tears. That sounds to you extravagant, but the whole thing came over me so tremendously that I could n't bear it."

"I do not understand," she returned tremulously. "You have such collections at the North, I suppose."

"But here it came over me that to all the sorrow of loss was added the bitterness of defeat. I felt that no Southerner could come here without feeling that all the agony this commemorates had been in vain; and the pity of it took me by the throat so that when I spoke to you, you were a sort of impersonation of the South—of the Southern women; and I wanted to ask for pardon."

She drew a deep breath and raised her head proudly.

"Not for the war," he said quickly, with a gesture which seemed to wave aside her pride and showed her how well he had understood her triumph at the admission seemingly implied in his words. "I am a Northern man, and I believe with my whole soul that the North was right. I believe in the cause for which my father died. Only I see now that if he had lived in the South, the same spirit would have carried him into the Confederate army."

"But for what should you ask pardon, if the North was in the right?"

"For myself; for not understanding—for being so dull all these years that I have lived with a wife faithful in her heart to the South and too loyal to me to speak. We in the North have forgiven, and we think that the South should forget. It has come over me to-day how easy it is for the conquerors to forgive and how hard for the conquered to do it."

"You do not understand even now," she said, her voice low with feeling. "Because we are conquered we can forgive; but we should be less than human to forget."

The room was very still for a little, and then, following out her thought, she said as if in wonder: "And you, a Northerner, have felt all this!"

He shook his head, with a little smile.

"It is perhaps too much to ask," returned he, "that you Southern women should realize that even a Northerner is still human."

"Yes, yes; but to feel our suffering, to see—"

"It has always been facing me, I understand now, in my wife's eyes—the immeasurable pathos of a people beaten in a struggle they felt to be right; but she has been so happy otherwise, and she never spoke of it."

"In the heart of every Southern woman," she said solemnly, though now without bitterness, "is always the anguish of our Lost Cause. We cover the surface, we accept, and God knows we have been patient; but each of us has, deep down, a sense of the blood that was poured out in vain, of the agony of the men we loved, of how they were humiliated, and of the great cause of liberty lost—lost!"

For long, bitter years she had not spoken even to her nearest friends as she was talking to this stranger, this Northerner. The consciousness of this brought her back to the remembrance that he was the husband of her daughter.

"Has your wife no relatives in the South who might have made you understand how we Southern women must feel?" she asked.

He grew instantly colder.

"I have never seen her Southern relatives."

"Pardon the curiosity of an old woman," she went on, watching him keenly; "may I ask why?"

"My wife's mother did not choose to know the Yankee her daughter married."

"And you?"

"I did not choose to force an acquaintance or to be known on sufferance," he answered crisply. "I was aware of no wrong, and I did not choose to ask to be forgiven for being a Northerner."

She knew that in her heart she was already accepting this strong, fine man, alien as he was to all the traditions of her life, and she was not ill pleased at his pride.

"But have you ever considered what it must have cost the mother to give up her daughter?"

"Why need she have given her up? Marriages between the North and the South have been common enough without any family breach."

She was convinced now that he knew neither to whom he talked nor what lay behind her casting her daughter off. She had a sort of wild inner exultation that at last the moment had come when she might justify herself.

"If you have patience to listen," she said, feeling her cheeks warm, "and will pardon my being personal, I should like to tell you what has happened to me. My husband was a colonel in the Confederate army. We were married when I was seventeen, in a brief furlough he won by being wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. I saw him, in the four years of the war before he fell at Five Forks, less than a dozen times, and always for the briefest visits—poor scraps of fearful happiness torn out of long stretches of agony. My daughter, my only child, was born after her father's death. Our fortune had gone to the Cause. My father and my husband both refused to invest money abroad. They considered it disloyal, and they put everything into Confederate securities even after they felt sure they should get nothing back. They were too loyal to withhold anything when the country was in deadly peril."

She paused, but he did not speak, and with swelling breast and parching throat she went on:

"At Five Forks my husband was killed in a hand-to-hand fight with a Northern officer. He struck his enemy down after he had received his own death-wound. I pray God he did not know the day was lost. He had gone through so much, I hope that was spared him. On the other side of death he must have found some comfort to help him bear it. God must have had some comfort for our poor boys when he permitted the cause of liberty to be lost."

She pressed her clenched hand against her bosom, and as she did so her eyes met those of her companion. She felt the sympathy of his look, but something recalled her to the sense that she was speaking to one from the North.

"It is not the cause of liberty to you," she said. "I have forgotten again. I have not spoken of all this for so long. I have not dared; but to-day—to-day I must

speak, and you must forgive me if I use the old language."

He dropped his glance as if he felt it an intrusion to see her bitter emotion, and said softly: "I think I understand. You need not apologize."

"After the war," she went on hurriedly and abruptly, "I lived for my daughter. I worked for her. She—she was like her father."

She choked, but regained the appearance of composure by a mighty effort.

"When she was a woman—she was still a child to me; over twenty, but I was hardly twice her age—she went North, and there she fell in love. She wrote me that she was to marry a Northerner, and when she added his name—it was the son of the man who killed her father."

"It is not possible!" the other exclaimed. "You imagined it. Such things happen in melodramas—"

She put up her hand and arrested his words.

"This happened not in a melodrama, but in a tragedy—in my life," she said. "I need not go into details. She married him, and I have never seen her since."

"Did he know?"

"No. It was my wedding gift to my daughter—that I kept her secret. That was all I had strength to do. You think I was an unnatural mother, of course; but—"

She saw that his eyes were moist as he raised them in answering.

"I should have said so yesterday without any hesitation; to-day—"

"To-day?" she echoed eagerly, as he paused.

"To-day," he answered, letting his glance sweep over the pathetic memorials so thick about them—"to-day at least I understand, and I do not wonder."

She looked at him with all her heart in her eyes, trying to read his most hidden feeling. Then she touched his arm lightly with the tips of her slender black-gloved fingers.

"Come," she said.

She led him across the room, and pointed to a colonel's sash and pistols which lay in one of the cases under a faded card.

"Those were my husband's."

"Those!" he cried. "You Louise's mother? It is impossible!"

"It may be impossible, but, as I said of the other thing, it is true."

"The other thing?" he repeated. "That my father and he—it cannot be true. I must have known it!"

"It is true," she insisted. "They were for the moment surrounded by our soldiers, and his own men probably did not realize just what happened. But I—I know every minute of that fight! One of my husband's staff who had been at West Point with them both told me. He saw it. Your wife married you, knowing you to be the son of the man who killed her father."

"Poor Louise!" he murmured, rather to himself than to her, it seemed; "how she must have suffered over that secret!"

"You come here," she said, feeling herself choke at his words, but determined not to give way to the warmer impulse of her heart, "and even you are moved by these sacred relics. What do you think they are to us?"

"They do move me," was his response. "They move me so that they seem to me wrong. I confess that I was thinking, before you came in, that if I were a Southerner, with the traditions of the South behind me, they would stir me to madness; that I should feel it impossible ever to be loyal to anything but the South. The war is over. The South is understood. She is honored for the bravery with which she fought for her conviction. Why prolong the inevitable pain? Why gather these relics to nourish a feeling absolutely untrue—the feeling that the Union is less your country than it is ours?"

"Because it is just to the dead," she answered swiftly. "Because it is only justice that we keep in remembrance how true they were, how brave, how noble,

and—O God!—what we of the South have suffered!"

He shook his head and sighed. She saw tears in his eyes.

"Would you have it forgotten," she demanded passionately, "that the grandfather of your son was one of God's noblemen? Would you have him remembered only as a beaten rebel?"

He put out both his hands impulsively. She did not take them, and they dropped by his side.

"It must be as it is," he said sadly. "Even if I blamed you women of the South, I could not say so here. Only," he hesitated, "can you not see that the women of the North suffered too? I grew up in the shadow of a grief so great that it sapped the very life of my mother and killed her in the end. I did n't mean, though, to speak of myself, now that I know who you are. I will not intrude on you; but my little son, with your husband's name and his mother's eyes, is certainly guiltless. I will not come with him, but may I send him with my man to see you this afternoon, so that I may say to Louise that you have seen him? Sorrow has taken away his other grandmother."

It seemed to her that she could not endure the speaking of one syllable more. Her whole body trembled, and she raised up her hands impulsively in a gesture which implored him to be silent. He looked at her with pity and sadness in his face.

"Then," he said, "I can only say good-by."

But she threw herself upon his breast, the agony of the long, bitter past bursting in a torrent of hot tears.

"O my son! My son!" she sobbed.



TO-DAY

BY MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

THE Morning spake unto the sleeping Form:
 "Step forth, O Soul, into my crystal light;
 The undone deed of yesterday perform—
 To-day's swift dream make real before the night."

A NIGHT REVERIE

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

DARKNESS and silence and the breath of peace!
Then, lo! a faint flush on the mountain peaks
That broadens, deepens, till the full-orbed moon
Soars in majestic splendor up the sky,
Blotting the stars out!

Be thou still, my soul!
We who revere the mighty men of old—
Sages and seers, and lords of high degree
Who woke the harp and lyre, martyrs who died
Defenders of the faith, and they who gave
Their life-blood gladly on the battle-field;
Kings who ruled grandly for their people's weal,
Wearing high crowns by right unchallenged—
We roam o'er land and sea to tread the paths
Their feet have hallowed, and to kiss the sod
That was their birthright. What their hands have touched
We fain would touch; and what their eyes have seen
We joy to look upon.

Yet every man
Of woman born since first the world was made,
O fair white moon, hath gazed upon thy face,
Awed by the splendor of thy loveliness!
Poet or painter, priest or king or clown,
Noble or beggar, lover, peasant, slave,—
All have rejoiced beholding thee so fair,
Thou peerless wonder of the adoring skies!
Yea, every eye hath seen thee, even His
Who knelt in lone Gethsemane what time
His own forsook Him. Be thou still, my soul—
What the Lord Christ beheld thou seest this night!



TWO PENSIONERS

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS



NOW *thar* is er nigger with er
hist'ry, right!" said my
new acquaintance of the
dusty highway, from the
little cottage porch to
which he had courteously
invited me. His lazy drawl was fascin-
ating, and his tipped-back chair and sus-
pended pipe were suggestive of sublime
peace. "Ef you are lookin' for somethin'
to put in er picture, you won't find nothin'

better 'n Silas. Thar he sets, *white-headed*,
able-bodied, *more* sense than er mule, '*tot*'ly
incapacit'ed,' as his papers say, an' drawin'
ninety-six dollars er year from the gover'-
ment!" Mr. Sperry laughed in his whis-
kers, with half-closed eyes, and indicated
his humble neighbor near by with a faint
motion of his pipe hand.

My eyes sought the direction indicated,
and, sure enough, there he sat, white-
headed, able-bodied apparently, and cer-

tainly with more sense than a mule, for he was in front of a comfortable log cabin studying the print of a weekly paper through a pair of ancient spectacles, while his mule, visible in the pasture behind, merely stood in a fence corner and tried to knock deer-flies from his ears with an automatic but inefficient tail.

"Tot'ly incapacit'ed," repeated the speaker, his shoulders shaking gently. "You know what made him so?" This with a degree of earnestness.

"No." There was something in the speaker's attitude, humor, and communicative friendliness that demanded consideration. I awaited the climax politely.

"Pension! Ef I made er mistake when I swore he was tot'ly incapacit'ed befo' he got the pension, I quit worryin' soon as they give hit to him. He ain't been worth a continental damn sence."

"Was n't he entitled to a pension?"

"Of course; of course. Any man in this country is *entitled* to er pension as can git one. He got one, an' he was *entitled* to er pension." Mr. Sperry again shook with emotion. I unslung my camera, leaned my gun against a post, and settled back in my cane-bottom chair. Evidently history was awaiting record.

"How did he manage it?" I asked with genuine interest. "How in the world could a negro in the backwoods of Georgia get a pension from the government?"

"Oh, he did n't. You see, I sold him the little house and rented him the farm behind it, and Silas was havin' er hard time cuttin' cord-wood back in the creek swamp. Used ter come over at night an' tell me erbout his troubles. Silas always was er good nigger; that is, he used ter be: but when Sherman come erlong he got crazy, like all the balance, and run away. It war n't long befo' they had 'im drivin' er army wagon, an' thar he stuck tell the s'render, when they turned him loose. Like all niggers will, he drifted erlong back home an' struck hyah broke. But that don't count much with er nigger. He worked eroun' tell one day, seein' him put out erbout er place to live, I made er contrac' with him. He put up the house yonder, an' I let him live thar tell he pays fer hit on the enstalment plan—so much er quarter. Hit 's been nigh on to twenty years now, an' he 'd er been out o' debt by this time ef he war n't so blame extravagant.

Thar war n't no chance for Silas tell one day he let out he 'd been swore in while in the army, an' then we did erbout an' got him some pension papers. Hit took friendly swearin' to git Silas in line for er pension, but what with a dew-sore on his leg an' er chill or two, which we prove' by er young doctor come out o' wagonin' by night in '65, we got him th'ough. An' from then tell now he 's been gettin' er pension of eight dollars er month. Hit was sho er good streak o' luck, for he was gittin' pow'fly behind with his enstalments an' terbacker."

"And does he still farm?" I asked, swallowing my smile.

"Oh, yes. Say, thar is the finest farm in Georgia." Mr. Sperry with animation waved his hand toward the rear. "Old Colonel Smith's land used to come down to the creek on one side, an' old Judge Johnson's come down on the other. The creek was the line; but you can't fence er creek ergainst hogs, 'cause the blame thing wanders roun' an' splits up. Colonel Smith he had hogs, an' Judge Johnson he had hogs, so they jus' drapped back an' run their fences outside the swamp, leavin' er ramblin' strip o' lan' erbout er mile long an' erbout two hundred yards wide betwixt, with the creek wanderin' eroun', goin' out now an' then ter the colonel's hogs on one side, an' now an' then to the judge's on the other. The patches were good, and I says to the judge one day, says I, 'Judge, ef you 'll sell me yo' share of the swamp, the colonel says I may have his; an' maybe I can clear up er corn-patch hyah an' thar.' 'Sell!' says he. 'Ef Colonel Smith can give erway lan', Judge Johnson can, too. Take it, Mr. Sperry, an' welcome; an' I 'm glad to have you for er neighbor.' An' I says to Colonel Smith, says I, 'Colonel, Judge Johnson has done give me the lan' erlong the creek on his side, an' ef you 'll sell me yourn, I can maybe have er patch hyah an' thar for corn.' 'Sell!' says he—'sell! Ef Judge Johnson can give erway lan', so can I. Take hit, Mr. Sperry,' says he, 'an' keep up the fences!' An' that 's how come I to have the long farm. Got er match? Thank you. Silas—come erlong—then," continued Mr. Sperry between puffs, as he held the lighted match, "an' I rents to him, he to keep up the fences an' pay me one third of the corn. We been er-gettin' erlong ever sence.

"But the nigger ain't hones', he ain't hones'!" said Mr. Sperry, sadly. "He *will* take advantage of me, spite o' all I've done for him. He ain't hones'. Sometimes I wonder if I had n' better let the goverment know how he 's doin', an' the fac's erbout the pension; that is, after he 's done finish' payin' on the house. But I don't reckon I will, for, bad as he is, he 's a good neighbor; an' I might git er mean nigger nex' to me. An' lie! Go over yonder an' git him to tell you some o' his war lies. Ef you b'lieve that nigger, he fought han' to han' with Wheeler's cavalry from hyah to Savannah, an' lef' er trail er blood er yard wide all the way. Sometimes I think maybe hit ain't too late to lynch him yet. But then thar is them enstalments! How 's that? Yes, hit do look strange er nigger should be gittin' ninety-six dollars pension an' er Confed'it soldier nex' door only fifty; but the Yankee goverment pays the ninety-six an' the State pays the fifty, an' hit 's better that way, I reckon, for hit 's easier on Georgia, an' the money all comes hyah, anyhow. Silas needs hit, too, more 'n me. I ain't got nobody but myself to look out for, an' Silas has been married ev'y two or three years sence the war, seems to me, an' he has er flood o' chillun scattered eroun', some big an' some little. But *ongrateful*! Well, hit 's natchul, for he 's er nigger th'ough an' th'ough! Let 's go down to the spring an' git some water. Then you go an' talk with Silas erbout the war.

"That nigger," continued Mr. Sperry, leading the way, "would fool anybody 'cep'n' me. Ter look at es ole gray head an' heah him laugh an' say, 'Yes, sah!' you 'd take 'im for er persidin' elder raised behind Judge Johnson's chair. Get him to tell you 'bout the battle of Swimmin' Creek."

"Swimming Creek?"

"Yes, hit 's er wash-hole 'twixt hyah an' Savannah. Silas says thar was er fight thar betwixt Hardee an' Sherman; lasted er week, an' ninety thousan' Yankees an' ninety-eight thousan' Confed'its was killed an' wounded. Somebody told him that thar war n't that many Confed'its in Georgia then, an' o' late years he 's been cuttin' down the dead to fifty-eight thousan'. Long erbout ev'y June Silas an' me," continued Mr. Sperry, dipping up a gourd of water, "goes down an' camps erbout the mouth o' the creek an' fishes. Silas is er good cook an' forager an' the best chow-

der-maker I seen yit. Hit 's er great place to go, an' hit makes me feel good to lay out at night an' heah Silas tell erbout the battle o' Swimmin' Creek. Silas said he had ev'y spoke shot out o' his wheels in the fight, an' the wagon went out behind four lame mules—one o' 'em had lost er leg clean—went out on nothin' but the rims an' tires. Lord! how that nigger's mind do run! Hit was born on wheels an' headin' downhill toward er lie."

I parted from my host at the spring, his way leading on into the swamp along the trail of a wandering cow, the bell of which tinkled in the mellow distance.

"Yes, sah; Silas is my name, sah—Silas Johnson. Raise' by Judge Johnson's father, sah. Tek er chair an' res', sah." The tall, courtly old negro placed a chair for me under his umbrella-tree and seated himself on a bench near by. "Yes, sah; Mr. Sperry is my neighbor, sah, an' owns dis house—'ceptin' what I paid 'im on de extorshun plan, so much er quarter an' so much de nex' quarter, an' intrus'. I ain't never quite work hit out yit des how much is between us, but Mr. Sperry sets de figures down. Young marster, is you good on figures?"

"Tolerably so, Uncle Silas."

With more alacrity than could have been expected from one totally incapacitated, the old man vanished into his cabin and presently emerged with a thumb-worn memorandum-book the rounded corners and defaced leaves of which bore evidence of a long life and a ripe old age. With his assistance in translation and his explanations, I finally ascertained that Silas had paid somewhere between two and three hundred dollars on the log cabin, independent of land rent. It seemed enough, even to my untrained business instinct.

"I ain't never got hit all straight yit," said Silas, when we had finished our labors. "Judge Johnson an' Colonel Smith threw out the creek an' let Mr. Sperry have the run of hit fer his cows, ef he 'd keep up de fences. An' Mr. Sperry he lets me have de patches fer er third ter keep up de fences. An' den he sells me de house on de quarterly extorshun plan atter I done build hit. Looks ter me like I done paid ernough ter own hit by now, an' hit looks ter me like I ain't goin' ter own hit atter I gits done payin'. But Mr. Sperry says hit 's all right; dat hit

takes er long time ter own er house in dis State, whar de law es particklerlar. But, chile, er little thing like er house don't count 'twixt Mr. Sperry an' Silas. I ain't sayin' how much o' his war stories I 'm believin', but dey is good stories. Him an' me tek in er stock er pervisions erbout de middle er June, when de crap is laid by, an' we go down ter de mouf er de creek at de river an' camp an' fish. I does de cookin', des like I did in de yarmy, an' rastle roun' an' gather roastin'-ears, onions, pertaters, an' de like, an' cleans fish, while Mr. Sperry lays back an' tells erbout de war up yonner in Virginny an' de times he had wid dem Yankees!"

Silas laughed gently. "You know," he went on, "he ain't never been outer Georgia in es life, an' outer de county mighty few times. He got one story he do love ter tell." Silas most accurately mimicked Mr. Sperry's drawling voice: "I was er-keepin' gyard on de Rapperrhannock one day, an' Gen'l Lee come erlong erbout de time two deer was swimmin' down de river. Gen'l Lee says ter me, says he: 'Sperry, wonder ef you could hit one o' them deer.' Says I, 'Gen'l, I can do better 'n that; watch me!' I let them deer git in line an' killed 'em both with one shot. 'A good shot,' says Gen'l Lee, 'a magnifercent shot, Sperry, but er awful waste o' meat.' 'I reckon not, gen'l,' says I. An' erbout that time the two deer lodge on er san'-bar. I went out an' wave my hat, an' er Yank come out on t' other side the river. 'How 's that fer er shot, Yank?' I says. 'Bully!' says he; 'er wonderful shot!' 'Come ercross, Yank,' says I, 'an' git one deer, an' I 'll git the other.' He come an' went, an' we got our deer; an' the las' thing Lee said ter me when he was on his way ter s'render, was, 'Sperry, that was the fines' shot an' the fines' piece er venison I ever saw. Good-by; an' write ter me sometimes.'"

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Silas?" I asked, after the old man had wiped his horn-rim glasses forty times or more and was still silently shaking.

"Somebody tole Mr. Sperry one day thar war n't no deer 'long the Rapperrhannock; that it mus' er been two geese what come down; an' now hit 's er goose that Gen'l Lee got. An' one day, when we was er-campin' by de creek, my dog treed er coon an' kep' him up thar tell

atter daybreak. Mr. Sperry took res' in de crotch of er sweet-gum an' shoot at him tell nine o'clock widout wakin' 'im up. He said ef he 'd er had es army gun he 'd er pizened 'im de fus shot; but dese hyah newfangled things ain't worth er continental damn!" Again Silas sank into silent laughter. "But," he continued, getting back to seriousness, "Mr. Sperry has sholy been er good neighbor ter me. Oncet, when I was sick, he come an' sot up ev'y night fer er whole week. An' many er time, when I was broke an' de quarter not come roun', he let me have terbacker an' flour an' syrup, an' I don't know what-all. Yes, he keeps my money fer me. You see, young marster, I got *so* many gran'chillun, an' *so* many people want help, I des leaves hit wid Mr. Sperry an' keeps broke ter save hit. Mr. Sperry says folks don't borrow from a borrowin' man."

"Was Mr. Sperry wounded in the war? I suppose he gets his pension from the State!"

Silas indulged again in his soundless laugh and cut his eyes toward the shadowy swamp.

"Yes, sah; he gits hisn f'om de State—fifty dollars er year. Dey pays 'im fer bein' er wounded Confed'it soldier; but he war n't no mo' wounded in de war dan dat ar rooster dar. De skyar on es arm was made by er kickin' mule de year atter de s'render."

"Why, how in the world could he get a pension on that?"

"Well, sah," said the old man, "I dunno, I dunno. He he'p me git mine, an' when dey fotch me er paper ter sign fer *him*, I was des natchully 'bleege' ter tech de pen. I did heah as how he claim ter be hit by a shell down erbout Savannah, in de home gyards. Ever be'n kick' by a mule, young marster?"

"Never."

"Well, I is. An' I seen a man hit by er shell, too. Did n' look ter me like dar was much diff'unce. Mebbe Mr. Sperry *thought* hit was er shell come up ergainst him; but ef hit was, hit was sholy er long time 'twixt de firin' o' de las' gun an' de comin' o' dat shell. Mus' er gone plum' roun' de worl' fust. Hyah he come now. Reckon we better talk craps erwhile."

When I left the scene Mr. Sperry's horn-handled knife was impartially dividing his plug tobacco between the two pensioners, and they were chatting amicably.



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EASTER SUNDAY—BRABANT
FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

JOHN EDWARD'S FRIEND

BY RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY V. CORY



MARY JOHN had not been asked to sing in the Memorial Day chorus. To add sting to her disappointment, Lucilla Starr was to occupy a seat in the front row. But then Lucilla was an only child, while Mary John was merely the youngest of five. Lucilla was Mary John's "twin cousin," and concentrated in her small person all the advantages which in Mary John's case were of necessity distributed among a whole family. Lucilla was always a sovereign State in the decorated car which was a never-omitted feature of the Gordonville Fourth-of-July celebration. Mary John had seen her on two consecutive Fourths, with her crimped hair, her bright blue sash, and her gilt paper crown with "Illinois" lettered on it, and the car of States was a Juggernaut chariot before the wheels of which Mary John cast her fondest hopes.

Mary John was commonly considered too young to take part in such ceremonies. Sister Ellen was three years older, and Mary John would succeed to her honors in time. There might have been some comfort in this if it had not been for Lucilla's triumphant presence. Mary John felt that she would always be left out of things. She had come to accept it as almost a matter of course.

She knew that Aunt Fanny had asked to have Lucilla chosen as a Memorial Day singer. It was Aunt Fanny's way. Lucilla announced her ambitions, and Aunt Fanny saw to it that they were gratified. The simple expedient of following Lucilla's example never once occurred to Mary John. An unconquerable shyness kept her from open appeal. She wished on the new moon and on loads of hay, and picked up

pins for luck. She even searched the "branch" diligently to find a perfectly round "lucky rock." All these things seemed to her much easier than confessing to her mother her desire to sit by Lucilla's side. In the language of her State, Mary John was "shut-mouthed."

At seven experience contends but feebly against hope. Mary John was playing with her paper dolls in the sitting-room when Mrs. Berry came to engage sister Ellen for the Memorial Day chorus.

"What a lot of babies for one little mother!" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," murmured Mary John, politely. It was not for Mrs. Berry to know that Mary John's relation to her dolls was not maternal. Mrs. Berry could not guess that the child was dramatizing the court of a prince at which a Cinderella, who had always been left out of things, was presently to receive universal homage. Mary John never took anybody into her confidence. Reticence had been bred in her by association with brothers and sisters who flayed with careless laughter.

"Ellen sings so nicely," Mrs. Berry was saying.

Mary John went on playing with her dolls. She seemed quite absorbed in her game, but with every fiber of her small body tense she was praying over and over:

"O God, please let her ask me to be in it! O God, please let her ask me to be in it! O God, please don't let me be left out this time!"

"Ellen will be very glad to take part," said Mary John's mother.

Mrs. Berry looked at the paper dolls again.

"How fond she is of dolls!" she said. "I wonder if she'd like to take part, too."



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill
 "MARY JOHN DID NOT STIR"

Mary John did not stir.
 "Oh, no," she heard her mother say;
 "she 's 'most too little. She 's so shy
 she never cares for things like that, any-
 way."

Mary John went on playing with her dolls.

"O God," she was saying, "why can't
 you let me die right now?"

Lucilla Starr and Ellen stayed after
 school every afternoon to practise the

Memorial Day songs. Mary John com-
 mitted to memory every word of "Amer-
 ica," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and
 "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."
 There was always the possibility of a mir-
 acle. She dramatized the scene that might
 occur. The principal would come into the
 First Reader room and say:

"The ladies want one more little girl for
 the Memorial Day exercises. Is there any
 little girl here who knows the songs?"

Mary John's hand would flutter up and the dream of her heart would be realized.

Memorial Day came, however, and there had been no miracle. Mary John had no

beyond the pasture lot back of her home, and the girls in white would march behind the old soldiers. Then the graves would be decorated. She did not remember what



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

" . . . AND TROTTED OFF, BAREFOOTED, ACROSS THE PASTURE LOT
TO JOHN EDWARD"

very clear idea of the meaning of the day, but she knew there would be music by the band, and speeches from the stand in the square, with girls in white to sing patriotic songs. Afterward there would be a slow procession to the cemetery, which lay just

"decorated" meant. The observance of the day was new in Gordonville at that time, and she did not like to ask questions.

Mary John was fond of the cemetery. She liked to walk there on Sunday afternoons, and she made a confidant of the

smallest headstone in the family lot. There was a small bird of indeterminate species on it, and she had long ago spelled out the inscription:

JOHN EDWARD GORDON,

BORN FEBRUARY 18, 1850;

DIED DECEMBER 23, 1861.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mary John felt that John Edward had been left out of many things. His grave lay on the very edge of the lot, quite by itself, and by small attentions she had tried to make up to him for the slight of this isolation. Beneath the headstone she had sunk the stem of a broken goblet in which slips of "wandering Jew" flourished, and beside the tiny footstone she had planted "live-for-ever." She had felt sorry for John Edward when the monument to Uncle Silas, who fell at Pittsburg Landing, was set up. It was a broken column of brown granite, beautifully polished, with gilded letters on it, and John Edward had only a small white stone. John Edward had even missed Christmas by dying when he did, and Mary John felt that he could sympathize with her in her successive disappointments.

She played with her paper dolls while sister Ellen's tightly braided hair was unbound into a crimped torrent suitable for so solemn an occasion as Decoration Day, and sister Ellen's blue sash was adjusted. She had not evinced the slightest desire to go down to the square, and it was considered that the exercises would not interest her. For once her family was in the right. She did not want to go to the square. She wanted to be free to go and talk to John Edward.

The child mingled with the crowd about the cemetery gate as the procession entered, and presently found herself with Ellen and Lucilla. She discovered that they carried baskets of flowers and handfuls of small flags, and as they walked toward the family lot they stopped here and there to bestow a few roses or a flag on a grave. This, then, was what decorating meant.

Uncle Silas's broken column had a large flag draped about it, and a tall bunch of roses in a vase at the foot of it. John Edward's grave had nothing on it but the goblet of wandering Jew. Mary John's hands were empty.

"Ain't you going to decorate this grave?" she asked.

Ellen and Lucilla exchanged glances of pitying superiority.

"Of course not, silly," said Lucilla.

"He was n't a soldier. They don't decorate anything but soldiers' graves."

Mary John's eyes turned toward home. There, just beyond the pasture lot, were endless flowers. John Edward should not be left out.

"Where are you going, Mary John?" her mother called as the child started toward the gate.

"I want to get some flowers," said Mary John.

"There won't be time for that," said her mother. "We're going to drive out to Uncle Henry's to dinner, and he's ready to start now."

Mary John knew just how John Edward felt.

"It would n't take me a minute," she said.

"There is n't time," her mother repeated. "Come on, children. You don't need any flowers. All the soldiers' graves have been decorated already, and how pretty they do look!"

Ordinarily Mary John liked driving out to Uncle Henry's. The way lay through the woods, and passed the fearsome hollow where Aaron Scott killed Larkin Todd, or Larkin Todd killed Aaron Scott, she could never remember which, but she knew the murderer had been hanged. Then, too, there was a small green island cut out between the main road and a branch which returned to the beaten track a little farther on. Aunt Kate had told her that it was a giant's grave. There was also the mysterious covered bridge over the creek, and the blue house where Aunt Kate said the hermit lived. Mary John was filled with curiosity concerning him. No one but Aunt Kate ever called him a hermit, but Mary John did not know that. Aunt Kate was going out to Uncle Henry's, too, and Mary John talked almost freely with Aunt Kate when she was sure there was nobody to overhear and laugh, but to-day even Aunt Kate's presence did not lighten her heart. John Edward had been left out again, and every turn of the wheels took her farther from the possibility of making up to him for it.

It was quite dark when the spring-wagon

drove up to Mary John's home again. Aunt Kate was going to stay all night, and Mary John's wish on the first star that she might be allowed to share the "spare room" with her had been granted.

Mary John went to bed alone. A plot had formed itself in her mind on the way home, and she was glad to be in the spare room, where Ellen and sister Malinda could not interfere. She lay wide-eyed in the dark till their talking in the next room ceased. She could hear the voices of the grown people down-stairs; but they were in the parlor, and the back stairs opened into the kitchen. She crept out of bed and stole down the stairs. The moon made black bars on the kitchen floor through the slats of the shutters, and she carefully avoided stepping on them. The kitchen door was fastened, and a chair-back set under the knob, but she knew how to open it without making a noise.

Out in the garden she gathered roses, sweet peas, portulaca, and bleeding-hearts till her hands could carry no more. Then she opened the gate and trotted off, barefooted, across the pasture lot to John Edward. The headstones in the family lot were white and ghost-like in the moon-

light, and the trees strewed the grass with mysterious shadows, but the intensity of her purpose made her forget her usual fears.

She knelt beside John Edward's grave, and with one forefinger burrowed little holes in the sod to hold the nosegays of short-stemmed flowers. They made a brave show in the moonlight above the sleeping lad who had been left out of so many things. When she had disposed the flowers to her liking she scrambled to her feet. The decorations still lacked something. She took a small flag from Uncle Silas's footstone.

"I know you would n't want John Edward not to have any at all," she whispered. "You won't miss this one. You've got the big flag, and I've left you two little ones. There, now, John Edward; you're all fixed."

A moment later the moon looked down on John Edward, alone with his tardy honors, and on Mary John, scudding homeward across the pasture lot. Courage had deserted her when her task was finished, and terror lent wings to her feet; but she was content. John Edward had not been left out.



THE RUSSIAN COURT

BY HERBERT J. HAGERMAN

Formerly Second Secretary of the American Embassy at St. Petersburg



VERY few foreigners, except those in official positions, are presented at the court of Russia. Americans, ambitious for invitations to court festivities in England, Germany, or Italy, have at least a chance of gratification if they are socially prominent, very rich, or very clever. At St. Petersburg, on the contrary, it is very seldom that any foreigners, except diplomats, are seen among the guests at the few brilliant entertainments given annually at the Winter Palace.

Of course no one is invited to a court ball without being first presented to the

Emperor or Empress, and such presentations, in the case of foreigners, are made only on rare occasions, upon the Emperor's own initiative, or, very occasionally, at the request of an ambassador or minister. The presentations are sometimes made at the balls themselves, before the dancing begins. There have been instances in recent years where all foreigners were excluded on the ground that the presentations to their Majesties would consume too much time, and it is safe to say that annually not more than six or eight *étrangers de distinction* have the honor of attending any of the functions at the Winter Palace. If the lines are closely drawn in regard to foreigners,

they are fully as severe to the Russians themselves. A full list of those who have the right to attend an ambassador's official reception or a court ball in St. Petersburg would involve a thorough examination into the origin and nature of the Russian hierarchy and even the whole political system. This can only be touched upon here; indeed, it is so complicated that none but a Russian born and bred in the system can thoroughly understand it.

In the first place, it may be said—and this no doubt will astonish many Americans—that, with the exception of the members of the imperial family, birth and title guarantee absolutely nothing in regard to court rights or official position. The Russian aristocrat certainly still exists, but, as an institution, aristocracy has almost nothing to do with the government of the empire. First, the autocracy,—that is, the Czar,—then the bureaucracy, with so much of his power as the Czar may see fit to delegate to it, are the two great divisions of the Russian government. Supreme and above all is the Emperor, the only real autocrat of the civilized world to-day; and, beneath him, to assist him in carrying out his will, is that vast body of office-holders, civil, military, and ecclesiastic,—ministers, senators, councilors, generals, lieutenants, ensigns, and many more lofty or humble members of the army of bureaucrats,—by which the machinery of the great empire is carried on. Any of these may or may not be aristocrats, members of ancient and illustrious families. In fact, many of the men in high military and court positions belong to aristocratic families. It is possible and very natural that men born to social position and influence and the bearers of famous names should be first looked to as candidates for posts of high honor under an empire. We know, however, that in recent years many of the highest offices in the Russian empire have been occupied by men of humble origin. If we see a Witte the right hand of the Emperor, and looked upon with fear and jealousy by the proud descendants of Rurik, it is not because the latter have had no chance of filling the posts in which we should expect to see them, but because, in spite of education and ability, they have, through lack of energy, allowed the peasant and stranger to outstrip them.

The complicated institution of the *tchin*

was grafted on the Russian people in virtually its present form by Peter the Great. By *tchin* is meant rank in the public service; and as it was Peter's theory that every one should in some form serve the state, the ambition of nearly every Russian was, and is, to rise as high in the table of ranks as possible. This table of ranks, originally consisting of sixteen, is now composed of fourteen *tchins*, or grades; and every title, civil, military, or ecclesiastic, carries with it a certain *tchin*. The following table shows the various *tchins* as now constituted:

MILITARY SERVICE		CIVIL SERVICE	
Tchin No.	1. Field-marshal	Actual privy councilor, first class.	
" "	2. General-in-chief	Actual privy councilor.	
" "	3. Lieutenant-general	Privy councilor.	
" "	4. Major-general	Actual councilor of state.	
" "	5.	Councilor of state.	
" "	6. Colonel	Councilor of college.	
" "	7. Lieutenant-colonel	Councilor of the court.	
" "	8. Captain of infantry	Assessor of the college.	
" "	9. Captain of cavalry	Titular councilor.	
" "	10. Lieutenant	Secretary of the college.	
" "	11.	Secretary of the government class.	
" "	12. Sub-lieutenant		
" "	13. Ensign		
" "	14.	Register of the college.	

It will be noticed that some grades are vacant in each column; so, in fact, there are only eleven grades in the military service and twelve in the civil service. The peculiar titles in the civil list were arbitrary names created by Peter the Great or borrowed by him from the German. A "councilor of the court" has no official advice at his disposition, nor do "privy councilors" or "councilors of state" have anything to do, as such, with the government deliberations. The lowest civil rank may be acquired by graduation from a university, and it takes many years of public service to climb up the rungs of the ladder to the fifth or sixth *tchin*, where one begins to feel important.

Although the *tchin* depends on work and merit, and seems, at first glance, a most praiseworthy and democratic institution, it is the opinion of those who have made a study of Russian institutions that *tchinovism* is now a detriment to the best interests of the empire. It certainly tends to the discouragement of any kind of occupation except the public service, with the result that all departments of the government are crowded with young men of splendid education and fine ability, en-

gaged frequently in clerical duties requiring very ordinary intelligence. Naturally but few of them can reach high positions in the state. If manufacturing, commerce, law, and business in general were considered as honorable as they are in America, Russia would not lack men of brains to push her forward to the industrial position to which her natural resources entitle her.

Tchin originally conferred hereditary nobility. Under Peter the Great any one belonging to any of the sixteen classes was by right a noble, but the privilege was gradually curtailed until, under Alexander II, it was open to members of the first four classes only, and, under Alexander III, ennoblement by grade in the public service was abolished entirely. It is true that, under the present reign, men eminent in science and the arts sometimes have high rank conferred upon them, even though they are not actually in the service of the state; but, as a rule, it is only those in the public service who expect or receive advancement in the table of ranks.

The nobility formerly possessed a good many privileges and exemptions, but now it is difficult to see that they have any, except, as above remarked, somewhat greater facilities for entering and advancing in the public service.

Outside the rank and position acquired by the tchin, there are various court positions, mostly honorary, which are much sought after. These—indeed, this is the case with all positions in the empire—are conferred by the Emperor at his pleasure. They are called "court charges," and consist, first, of the grand charges, including the grand chamberlain, the grand masters, grand marshals, grand écuyers, grand veneurs, and the grand master of ceremonies—all positions of great honor; secondly, of masters, écuyers, and veneurs of the court, chamberlains, gentlemen of the bedchamber, and masters of ceremony—titles held in great number, sometimes by people of little social prominence, but often by men of position who would not otherwise be entitled to court rights. There are few of them who ever exercise the functions which the uninitiated would think attached to their picturesque appellations. The full-dress costumes of these gentlemen are very expensive, the coat alone costing about a thousand dollars; and, as they are worn but once or twice a year, the petit

uniform being generally used, their possession is occasionally dispensed with.

Other honorary court positions, irrespective of tchin, are "ladies of honor with portrait" and "maids of honor of their Majesties the Empresses." The Dowager Empress Marie and the reigning Empress have each attached to their persons a few maids of honor who actually "do the work"; these other classes have rarely any arduous duties to perform. The former wear portraits of the Empress Elizabeth, surrounded with brilliants, and the latter the *chiffre* of the reigning Empress in the same precious stones. The positions of maids of honor to their Majesties are considered highly desirable. Besides giving ladies the entrée to the court balls for life, it extends that privilege to their husbands when they marry. In this way there are at the present time princes bearing most illustrious names whose only right to go to court is derived by marriage to an *ancienne demoiselle d'honneur*.

The grand dukes and grand duchesses have their own courts, and the ladies and gentlemen of their households are entitled to imperial court rights, whether they happen to be sufficiently high up in the table of ranks or not.

With the exceptions noticed and one or two other minor ones, the much-coveted court rights are confined to persons of the first four tchins.

The attainment of this goal, no doubt, involves much heart-burning, jealousy, scheming, and other torments and passions more or less prevalent in any society; and exactly what it means, when attained, may be difficult to determine. St. Petersburg society is broken up into many cliques and factions. Some of the most exclusive members of what our society editors would call its "smartest sets" are not very high up in the way of tchin, while many functionaries of the highest ranks have no position whatever in *chic* society. Sufficient tchin for court rights is, however, a *sine qua non*, a stepping-stone, if you please, to the gratification of other ambitions of a social nature.

An ambassador, being the personal representative of a sovereign or of a sovereign people, is a very important personage, and soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg tenders a reception to Russian official society. To this are invited only the people of the first three tchins. As

these are the very cream of Russian official life, it will be interesting to examine and classify them more particularly.

Sixteen ministers, including the ministers of foreign affairs, war, marine, interior, public instruction, agriculture, finance, justice, ways of communication, minister of the imperial household, procurator of the Holy Synod, and controller-general.

Sixty-six members of the council of the empire, a legislative and consultative body, appointed by the Emperor.

One hundred and twenty-four senators, forming an advisory and judicial assembly, named by the Emperor.

Six secretaries of state of his Majesty; 19 honorary curators; 16 grand charges of the court; 61 masters of the court; 50 écuyers of the court; 28 veneurs of the court; 182 chamberlains; 260 gentlemen of the bedchamber; 30 masters of ceremony; 54 members of the military household of the Emperor, including 22 generals aide-de-camp, 8 generals of the suite, and 24 aides-de-camp of his Majesty; 23 members of the household of the dowager Empress, including 2 grand mistresses, 18 ladies of honor with portrait, and 3 maids of honor; 5 maids of honor of her Majesty the reigning Empress; 194 maids of honor of their Majesties the Empresses; 65 members of the households of the grand dukes and grand duchesses; 42 generals; 131 lieutenant-generals; 6 admirals; 21 vice-admirals; 9 actual privy counselors; 177 privy counselors; 129 former maids of honor; 262 ladies who have been presented to their Majesties; 32 unmarried ladies who have been presented to their Majesties; 395 ladies deriving their rights from father or husband; 32 men deriving their rights from their wives.

In this number there are 115 princes, 124 counts, and 85 barons; 132 princesses, 138 countesses, and 41 baronesses.

The following are among the names occurring most frequently: Princes and princesses: Galitzin, 30 times; Ourousoff, 27 times; Obolensky, 9 times; Gargarine, 21 times; Dolgorotki, 10 times; Wolkon-sky, 9 times; Troubetskoi, 11 times; Bar-iatinski, 13 times; Shakovskoi, 7 times; Belloselsky, 4 times. Counts and countesses: Hendrikoff, 6 times; Ignatieff, 7 times; Tolstoi, 15 times.

The princely names mentioned are mostly of families descended from the ancient Russian rulers, the *kniazes*. Kniaze, or prince, is the only strictly Russian title. As it is transmitted to all the children, the great number of Russian princes is easily

accounted for. The title may mean much or little. Those princes who trace their ancestry to the houses of Rurik and Guedemin have every reason to be proud of their lineage. On the other hand, there are innumerable princes of Tatar and Georgian origin, and many of their titles signify very little.

Some families, such as the Galitzins and Obolenskys, have many collateral branches, some prominent and others virtually unknown. Other families, like the Narishkkins, pride themselves on their absence of title.

Baron and count are titles imported by Peter with his other Western improvements. He himself created a good many counts, and since his reign many barons have been added to the Russian nobility by the acquisition of the Baltic provinces. There are, too, many German, Swedish, and Polish noble families resident in Russia. It is a matter of constant irritation to some of the real Russian nobles that many posts of high honor are in the hands of "foreigners."

There is nowadays not a great deal of gaiety at the Russian court. The Emperor is a very busy man; he probably has more to do, even in time of peace, than any other man in the world. Combine the responsibility of the President, the cabinet, Congress, the governors of States, State legislatures, and mayors of the principal cities in this country, and you will begin to form an idea of the load on the shoulders of Nicholas II. There is no finality below him, except as he permits it; and the mass of details that actually reaches him is astonishing. If President Roosevelt had to grant permits to operate mills in Texas, erect buildings in New York, or form mining companies in California, before any such operations could be begun, even his giant energy would be taxed. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the Emperor of Russia examines into myriads of similar minutiae, besides attending to the great affairs of state. He would be more than human if, in addition to the stupendous labor he so conscientiously performs for his country, he spent much time in amusement and entertainment.

But the few great functions which are given at the Winter Palace are, without doubt, more magnificent than any others in the world, especially the grand ball which opens the St. Petersburg social

season. This ball generally takes place toward the middle of Russian January, (about February 1, our style). The suite of enormous rooms on the second floor of the palace, part of them overlooking the Neva, and adjoining their Majesties' private apartments, are used. The palace is so large that probably not one fifth of its available state apartments are used on this occasion, in spite of the fact that about four thousand people are entertained.

The guests, entering by various entrances as indicated on their invitations, are escorted by heralds through halls and anterooms to the Salle Nicolas I. During this long and interesting progress one is constantly astonished at the beauty and variety of the liveries and uniforms. At every corner is stationed a palace servant clad in some gorgeous costume of immaculate neatness,—chasseurs, footmen, postilions,—and guarding each doorway, two cavalymen, in the splendid uniform of the guards, are standing with drawn swords, as motionless as bronze. At various intervals are squads of soldiers, who from time to time flash their sabers in thrilling unison as a salute to some illustrious personage.

In the Salle Nicolas I, under the blaze of thousands of electric lights, the guests are assembled around the huge crystal candelabra which rise from the floor and border the room. Every man among them, with one or two exceptions, wears a more or less brilliant uniform—military, naval, civil, or diplomatic—glittering with gold lace, grand cordons, and decorations. The diplomats are assembled near the entrance of the Salle des Concerts, through which room the Emperor and Empress must pass to reach the ball-room. Toward this door is directed the gaze of all in eager anticipation of the entrance of the imperial party.

Suddenly the doors are thrown open from behind, and the orchestra, hitherto silent, bursts forth in the regal polonaise of Glinka. His Majesty Nicholas II and the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, proud and beautiful, appear. They pause for a moment while the whole assemblage, actuated by a single impulse, bow low in respectful homage.

After the polonaise of the imperial party (nothing more, in fact, than a stately walk once or twice around the room), the Emperor and Empress speak for a few minutes

to the chief diplomats, and the dancing begins. The Empress herself cannot enjoy it very much, as conventionalities require her to request the ambassadors to accompany her in the contra-dances. Sometimes these gentlemen, however aristocratic or powerful, are neither young nor graceful, and, as they frequently know little or nothing about the dance, the result cannot be entirely pleasing either to themselves or to the Empress. She occasionally calls upon some young officer to dance the *deux-temps* with her, but even then she must dance quite alone: the wands of the masters of ceremony tap the floor and all other dancers immediately retire.

Just before supper, as at all Russian dances great or small, is danced the mazurka, that fascinating and peculiarly Russian dance so popular among all classes. It requires considerable skill to dance it gracefully, and it loses much of its charm if not accompanied with the military click of the spur. In Russia our regular three-step waltz is known as the "Boston," and is little danced. What we call the two-step is virtually unknown, their *deux-temps* being quite another dance. Besides these are danced various difficult steps never heard of in this country.

After supper there is a short cotillion, with few favors except flowers, which, however, are, without much exaggeration, worth their weight in gold at that time of year. It requires a person of unusual energy and presence of mind to lead the complicated movement of the cotillion at this ball, and the young officer who does so richly deserves the personal thanks of the Empress, which she very cordially renders him.

There is no lack of refreshment at any Russian function, and this is especially true of the court balls. The ball-room itself and two adjoining rooms open on a long corridor, the whole length of which, probably six hundred feet, is occupied by a buffet covered with "zakuski" (corresponding to *hors-d'œuvre*), cakes, and wine. This buffet is one of several. After the first dance the champagne corks begin to pop with astonishing rapidity, but such a thing as any one showing the effects of too much of that beverage at dances is virtually unknown.

The supper itself is most astonishing. It is by no means a light repast, and is

served, with four or five wines, to every guest, all seated at table. With five or six courses and four thousand people, the amount of porcelain required is enormous. It is all beautiful, of peculiar Slavic designs, made only for the Emperor's private use at the imperial factory near the city. In the magnificent *Salle des Armoires* is laid the Empress's table, a round one on a raised dais, for the grand dukes, ambassadors, and persons of the first rank—about thirty in all. The service for this table is of gold. Two semicircular wings in this room accommodate other diplomats and Russians of high rank. Besides this room, four adjoining ones are filled. The candelabra and service throughout are of massive silver, and all the tables are covered with flowers and laid with remarkable richness and beauty. There is a servant to about every four guests, and the supper is conducted with such precision and excellence that all the guests are simultaneously served and all have finished when the Empress gives the signal to rise.

To the second ball of the season, called the first concert ball, are invited only about seven hundred and fifty guests. The feature of this ball is the supper, which takes place in the *Salle Nicolas I*, the dancing being in the *Salle des Concerts*. During the week intervening between the two functions the great room has been transformed into a veritable garden. The floor is covered with a thick green carpet to imitate turf, the supper being served at small tables, placed around huge palms that rise nearly to the ceiling. The walls are covered with climbing rose-vines, through which are scattered thousands of cut roses. It is difficult to realize, while seated in this fairy garden, the bleakness of the Russian winter without, and that the thermometer is registering some twenty degrees below zero. At the supper at this and subsequent concert balls

(of which there are generally three in all), the Emperor, with quite delightful informality, walks about for some time among the tables, conversing with his guests, and seats himself wherever his fancy dictates.

There is a delightful little theater in the Hermitage end of the palace, where occasionally are given plays and ballets to small audiences. It was here that, a few years ago, a notable presentation of "Hamlet" was given. The Grand Duke Constantine, who had translated the play into Russian, took the part of Hamlet, and the other rôles were filled by society people of St. Petersburg. The scenery and costumes for this presentation are said to have cost over \$100,000, and the play was given only twice.

During the Emperor's summer sojourn at the Peterhof and Tzarskoë Zelo palaces, open-air ballets are occasionally given, especially for the entertainment of visiting royalties. It will be remembered that, on one of these occasions in honor of the Shah, when, after much trouble and expense, everything had been prepared to give the performance on an island in the lake, his Majesty of Persia, at the last moment, said that he did not like the open air, and requested that the whole affair be moved indoors. This was done.

Nothing has been said of the official religious ceremonies in St. Isaac's Cathedral, the palace chapels, and elsewhere. These are almost barbaric in their splendor, and, through their appeal to the senses, very impressive even to one unacquainted with the Slavic ritual. Color, incense, and music, combined in gorgeous harmony, smother the intellect and, at the same time, satisfy the superstitious and impressionable. In her religion, as in some other respects, Russia is still almost medieval, and, in spite of foreign wars and internal dissensions, she is likely to remain so for several generations.



RUSSIAN IMPERIAL COAT OF ARMS—FROM A PALACE MENU

THE PIERCING OF THE SIMPLON

THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

BY DESHLER WELCH

I



WHEN the railway line through the wonderful tunnel of the Simplon is completed, one of the most picturesque mountain passes in the world will be abandoned by the yellow diligence of the Swiss government. The great engineering feat will be the means of establishing through the Alps the rapid transit that Napoleon sought to accomplish a century ago. Hannibal of Carthage made the passage with an army and all its material, but left no record telling how the remarkable expedition was carried out. The problem had long before puzzled Roman conquerors, but it was Napoleon who took the first steps for a substantially built highway, and in 1800 appointed M. Céard to take charge of the construction of the Simplon route.

It was an undertaking fraught with tremendous difficulties, but money, and the man that ruled it, accomplished it without a halt. Within five years the Alpine road into Italy was completed—forty miles long, nine yards wide, with 613 bridges and 8 tunnels, and costing 18,000,000 francs.

Napoleon declared that the route might be useful to more than sixteen million people, but was useless unless commerce could be transacted with safety. In order to put an end to the anarchical condition of the country, and to cut short the pretensions of one part of the population to sovereignty over the other, he peremptorily decreed that the region be united to the empire.

Fifty years later it was proposed to pierce the Simplon. It was a momentous question in the politics and commercial relations of the two chief Latin nations,

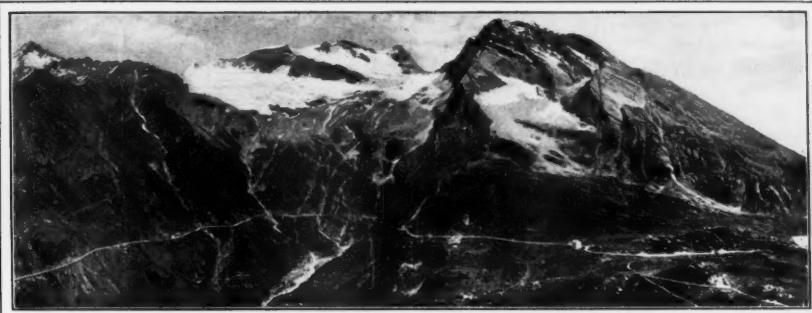
Italy and France. At this period the Mont Cenis tunnel was begun, but was not ready for traffic till twenty-four years after.

Then Germany wanted her defile. So, under Bismarck's rule, the St. Gotthard tunnel was driven through within nine years after its beginning in 1872. The great utility of this line was speedily demonstrated. The question of the Simplon underground route now became a serious matter with France; concerted action between Italy and Switzerland began in 1893, and actual operations on the tunnel began November 13, 1898. An agreement was made that the tunnel should be handed over ready for service in 1904, but this period was finally extended to April 30, 1905, with a fine of 5000 francs for every day over the time that the tunnel remained uncompleted, except in the case of *force majeure*, the contract specially naming two contingencies, an earthquake or a war between Italy and Switzerland.

Now, at the opening of the Simplon service, France has begun to realize that her position is another mistake, in spite of the St. Gotthard lesson. The Simplon brings Paris about sixty-five miles nearer Milan, and will become the natural route into Italy; but, in the face of all this, France has not yet chosen her lines of access, and has made no preparations for this enormous physical change that will affect her internal interests.

II

THE Simplon is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been finished in the face of tremendous difficulties, most of which were entirely unexpected, and many of which presented new problems for engineers. It extends from Brieg in Switzer-



From a photograph

Hotel Simplon Kulm

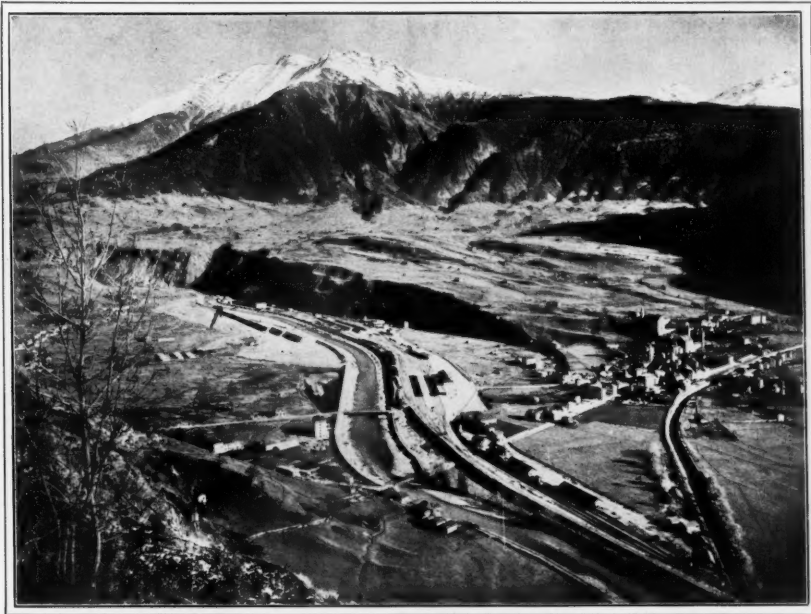
Hospice

PANORAMA OF MONTE LEONE, SHOWING THE ROAD OVER THE SIMPLON PASS

land to Iselle in Italy, the total length being a little over twelve and one fourth miles—21,576 yards in fact. In comparison with other great tunnels, the following table will be interesting:

The Simplon	12 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles
St. Gotthard	9 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Mont Cenis	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Arlberg	6 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Hoosac (U. S.)	4 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Savern	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

The Simplon lies a little west of the Napoleonic road. The contract price was \$15,700,000, and the work was undertaken by the firm of Brandt, Brandau & Co., formed in Winterthur. The partnership in this important organization consisted of Alfred Brandt of Hamburg; Charles Brandau of Cassel; Colonel Locher of Zurich, belonging to the firm of Sulzer, machinists in Winterthur; and the Winterthur Bank. The engineering force was composed of



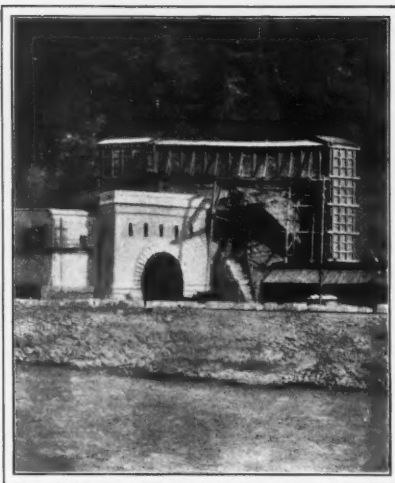
From a photograph by A. Krenn

THE SWISS APPROACH TO THE TUNNEL AT BRIEG

The arrow at the left indicates the entrance

Alphonse Zollinger, as the chief of the Federal Railways; of Baron Hugo von Kager, as the acting engineer for the Swiss end; and of Konrad Pressel, the chief for the Italian end. Unfortunately Mr. Brandt lost his life in his great work, dying in 1899 from inflammation of the lungs caused by the heated air in the tunnel.

The enterprise thus splendidly organized has excited the admiration of the scientific world—first, in the humane arrangements for the welfare of the men; second, in the extraordinary results obtained by the scientific conditions of every examination and every inch of prog-



From a photograph

THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL AT BRIEG

ress, and in the rapidity of the drilling, which has been of incalculable value in determining the thermal condition underlying the surface of the earth: for, in spite of the fact that the Simplon is itself an abnormal excrescence, the penetration into its center develops the same characteristics obtained below the sea-level. The maximum depth of the tunnel below the summit of the Alps is 7005 feet, a much greater depth than any previously attained.

One of the first surprises produced by the rotation of the hydraulic drill was in the difference between the experimental and the actual phases of the daily ad-



From a photograph

A HALT AT SIMPLON VILLAGE IN THE JOURNEY OVER THE GREAT NAPOLEONIC ROAD

vance. In formulating the contract, a large piece of rock had been taken to Winterthur, where it was shown by the operation of the drill that it could be pierced at the rate of a yard in from twelve to fifteen minutes; but afterward it was found that this rate was diminished at least twenty per cent. in the actual working on the stone in the tunnel, demonstrating that the enormous pressure had caused a compression that

into the sides, in which was inserted a permanent thermometer. As the piercing progressed to a greater depth under the mountain, the temperature rose until directly under the watershed, where, at 7005 feet from the surface, the highest was recorded at 130° Fahrenheit; it then sank gradually as the work continued southward. Within four miles of the Iselle entrance it fell to about 55° under a depression of 2500 feet.



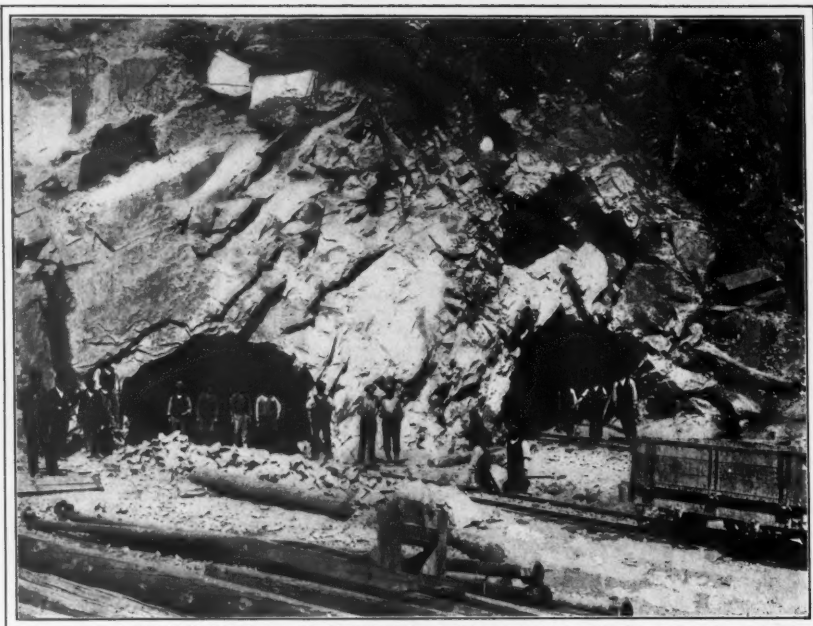
From a photograph by A. Krenn

SOUTHERN APPROACH TO THE TUNNEL AT ISELLE, ITALY

had not been anticipated, and was even then scarcely to be believed. However, as it was, the drill made a daily advance of eighteen feet for months at a time, this rate ceasing only when the unexpected took place, as will be narrated later on.

There were some curious features of the distribution of temperature in the tunnel. In laying down any definite law there were many disturbing factors. Much depended on the inclination of the rock, whether horizontal, inclined, or vertical, synclinal or anticlinal. The tunnel itself consists of two parallel galleries, and, as these advanced, the temperature of the rock was ascertained by a series of little holes bored

Much of this rapid change was due to a great cold spring, the amount of the flow in two cascades reaching 10,564 gallons a minute under a pressure of 600 pounds to the square inch. These springs, and the hot-water burst (40° Centigrade) just south of the point of the watershed, were two very serious incidents in the building of the tunnel; and so prodigious was the embarrassment, and so desperate did the struggle become, that at one time it seemed as if the work would have to be abandoned altogether. But the indomitable will, the ingenuity and scientific deduction, of the engineers finally overcame the obstacles with which they had been confronted. On



From a photograph

SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL AT ISELLE

The gallery on the left at some future time will become a second tunnel

these occasions some extremely interesting observations were made in calculating earth temperature. In general it was reckoned that the increase of heat amounted to one degree for $67\frac{1}{2}$ feet, rather slower than previous averages of one degree in 64 feet, although it accorded with observations made in both the Mont Ceniz and the St. Gotthard tunnels.¹

It was in May, 1904, that hot springs of enormous power staggered the work, and it was then discovered that a very large zone of the mountain was almost a liquid mass, a sort of pliable chalk, necessitating tremendous iron and oak bracing and a special interior structure in order to permit the men to work, their brave and heroic struggles exciting the admiration of their employers. At this period there were further spouts, some from the roof so overwhelming and difficult to manage that the force of men was changed in the struggle

every twenty or thirty minutes. In the tunnel on the north side, a little beyond the highest point, work was abandoned. The water rushed through in crushing masses down the southern descent, and it was impossible to pump it out. For some weeks previous to the final opening, over 1800 cubic meters of water was forced into the short distance between the highest point and the gallery end, and was fastened up by an enormous iron door. By an ingenious arrangement this was at last drained off through the south tunnel. The galleries had been brought to a stand, as it were, one under the other. The top of the south gallery touched the bottom of the north gallery; and so, when the last shot was fired to open up the galleries, the water ran off to the south side, into a bed that had been constructed to receive the flood. This all necessitated much inconvenience, but the company met it as com-

¹A point of some difficulty to ascertain is the temperature which is to be assumed as existing near the surface of the high Alps. Where perpetual snow prevails it doubtless acts as a protection and prevents radiation; and where snow lies during the long months of winter, the same re-

sults obtain to a modified degree. Probably at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet below the surface the temperature remains nearly uniform—probably at 32° Fahrenheit (Francis Fox before the Royal Society, and communicated by him to the writer).

placently as they did all other demands, and the strictest attention was paid to the decent comforts of the men; one of the most expensive departments of the whole business being the cleansing- and drying-rooms for the men and their garments. During the six and a half years of construction there were only twenty deaths among the three thousand employees. Up to November, 1904, there had been 1,530,000 explosions of rock, and seventy-five tons of dynamite had been used. It may be of interest to note here that there were generally eight or nine insertions of dynamite cartridges at a time. When the fuse was lighted, two minutes was allowed to seek shelter. The unskilled laborers were mainly Italians, who were found to be better adapted for the work than the Swiss peasantry.¹

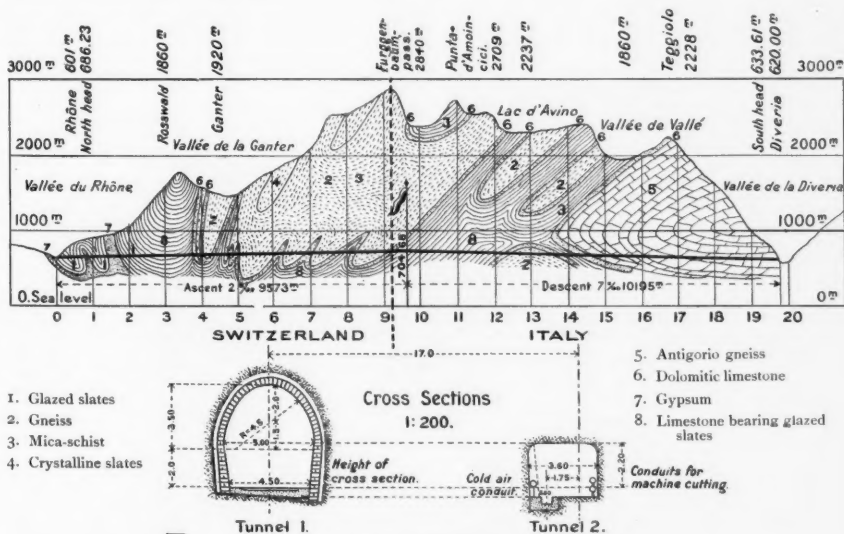
The tunnel is one of two that will eventually be in use. The second tunnel is only partly made, and is called "the gallery." It will not be completed for a sec-

ond track until the first one is earning 2000 francs per kilometer. This gallery has been of great service in providing for the circulation of air, and in the water shifts and the hydraulic pumping.²

For present convenience there is a large divergence, about midway in the tunnel, for the passage of trains. The tunnel itself runs almost in a straight line. The gradient is but slight, the greatest incline, and that only for a very short distance, being one in forty—much less than the Mont Cenis, St. Gotthard, or Arlberg tunnel. The approaches to the Simplon are wonderfully good. The Swiss Federal Railway, which travels along the Rhone valley from Lake Geneva, and which also reaches it from the valley of Zermatt, enters the tunnel at Brieg almost on a dead level. Travelers through the St. Gotthard will recall the marvelous snake-like ascension of the railway before reaching Geschenen. On the Italian side of the Simplon the Italian-Mediterranean Society has built the Milan-Arona,

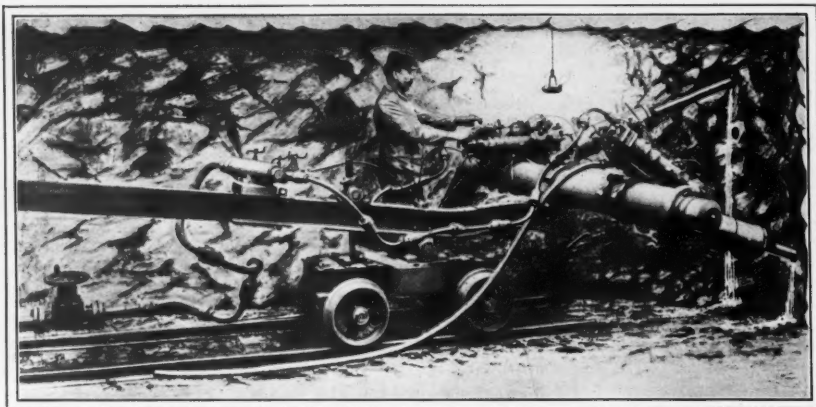
¹ The last remaining obstacle of any formidable nature appeared on December 22, 1904.

² It is interesting to note that all the power was supplied by the Rhone River on the Swiss side and by the Diveria on the Italian side.



PROFILE MAP OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

The geological study of the Simplon Pass has been no small matter, the principal geologist being Dr. Hans Schardt of Neuchâtel. The depression of the Simplon Pass is the geological limit of the Pennine Alps range on the east, where Monte Leone reaches its lofty eminence. At the southern base of the Simplon, where the great gorge of the Gondo has cut through it, there is a broad vault of Antigorio gneiss. In the core of Monte Leone there is much of this, both of slate and granite quality, and on the southern side are large deposits of cyclopine marble. In this stratum of contact occur the Gondo gold-mines. On the northern slope of the vicinity of Berisal, through which the diligence passes, are some ancient iron-mines, and also here are found the exquisite titanite crystals. Old metamorphic mica-slates form a zone that rises to 13,000 feet, forming the Fletsch-horner, which rises to the majestic height of Leone. The basin of the Simplon Pass lies in this. The geological conditions of the Simplon give it a wealth of minerals and a peculiar flora.



From a photograph by A. Krenn

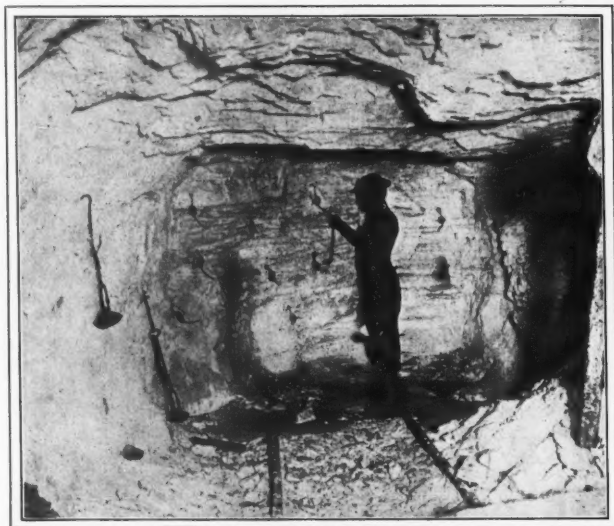
A BORING-MACHINE AT WORK

Domodossola, and Iselle connection. Thus the great Lake of Geneva district is directly connected with Piacenza and Milan, and Italy is given a shorter route to France and Great Britain.

Before opening the Simplon tunnel for railroad traffic,¹ several installations are necessary. The railways will require the

laying of five cables for telegraphic purposes and for blocking trains; the road-bed will need a large amount of work; and the appearance of a new spring or movement of the soil under the naturally exerted pressure of the mountain—which trouble is not unexpected—will necessitate expensive reinforcement.

¹ On Sunday, April 2, the tunnel was formally opened, though not ready for traffic. Trains from the Italian and the Swiss entrances met in the middle of the tunnel, and, after the iron door which marked the boundary line had been removed, proceeded together to Iselle, where inaugural ceremonies took place. M. Zollinger expects that the tunnel will be opened for traffic in October.—EDITOR.



From a photograph by Calzolari & Ferrario

LIGHTING A FUSE FOR AN EXPLOSION

III

OUTSIDE the tunnel, at both ends, there was required an enormous force of men, and a vast amount of material to supply the needs of the great undertaking. The natural water-power at each end was brought into efficient service. The work required the construction of huge abutments, installation plants, machinery for drying purposes, electric dynamos

the working needs of the tunnel diminished. On the 1st of February the gang of two thousand recently employed men was reduced to six hundred, and on the day of the last boring this number was reduced to one half. Finally there came an auction at which the houses in which they had lived were sold for five dollars apiece! But the permanent inhabitants of the two entrance towns had made a little



AN UNEXPECTED FLOW OF WATER

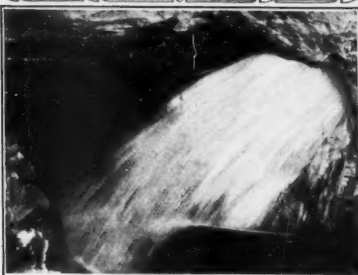


A COLD-WATER SPRING



WATER-BURSTS

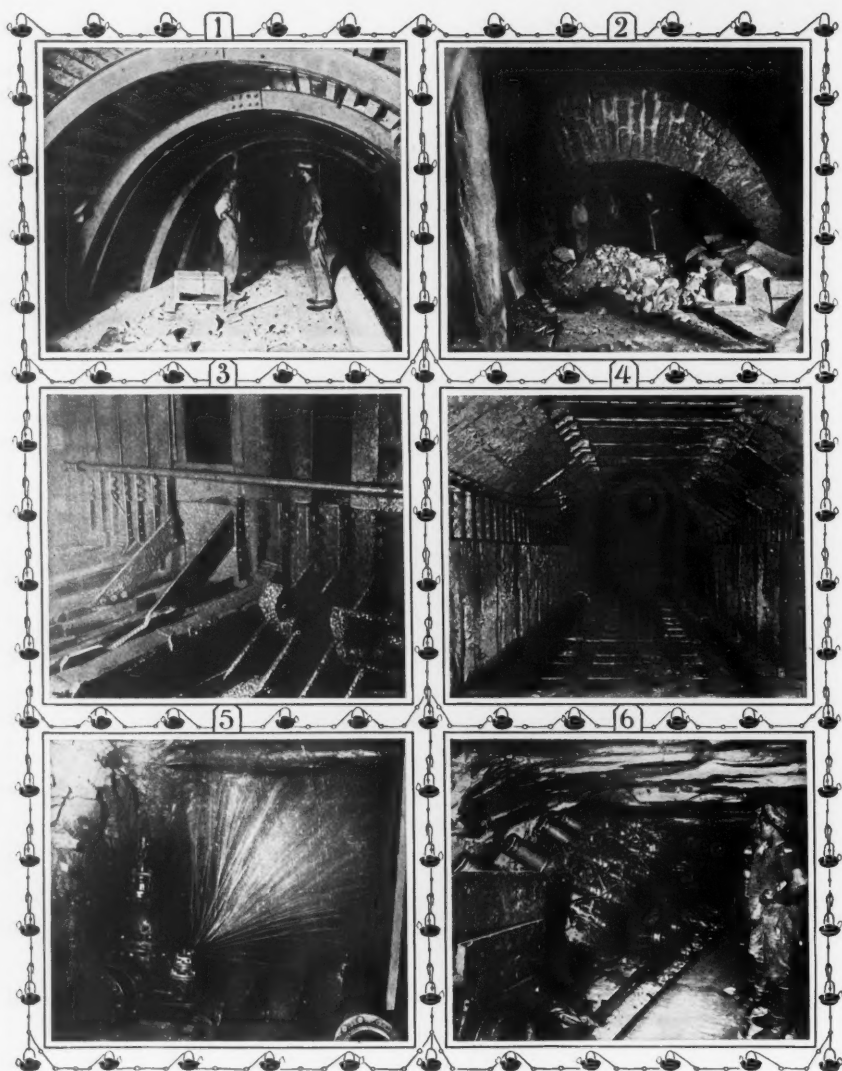
—in fact, a tremendous lot of machinery to meet all demands and exigencies. Large depots were built for locomotives and car construction. Twenty-five trains a day were run in and out of the tunnel simply for the transportation of the miners. Then all the working people had to live: hundreds of small houses were built for them and their families, and of course supplies had to be provided. Hotels and saloons sprang up just as they did in Oklahoma; and as most of these were built on rented ground, they were deserted as



A GREAT HOT-WATER BURST

fortune, for the value of every stable and out-building possessed by the peasantry had greatly enhanced. Now new towns are rising about the entrances. Brieg will lose none of its picturesqueness; it will always have its old château.

It was in this historic residence that Baron von Kager and some of his assistants lived during the construction of the tunnel; and here in 1680 lived the great Kasper Stockalper, who in his day controlled the Simplon traffic, protecting himself with a large guard of armed men. If he could look



From photographs by Calzolari & Ferrario

1. A PORTION OF THE TUNNEL. 2. GALLERY FOR VENTILATION. 3. BRACES IN A TREACHEROUS SPOT. 4. WHERE A SHIELD WAS NECESSARY. 5. COOLING THE TEMPERATURE. 6. THREE DRILLS WORKING TOGETHER

upon the splendid new railway-station at Brieg, and know of the great tunnel, he would indeed be surprised.

The total cost of the Simplon has been much less than that of any of the other tunnels—being, without the cost of installations, 3520 francs a meter. The Mont Cenis cost 5878 francs a meter; the St. Gotthard, 3940; and the Arlberg, 3975. The St. Gotthard diverted over 40,000,000

francs' (\$8,000,000) worth of business a year from the Mont Cenis route; doubtless a considerable amount of this will now go to the Simplon.

IV

THE Simplon performance has been intensely interesting to the thoughtful beholder. It has at times carried with it a glamour that has been theatrical. The very

name of the tunnel has a dramatic significance, and the bulletins concerning its progress frequently occasioned excitement through all the contiguous cantons. When the last piercing was telegraphed from one end of the world to the other, the poster was gazed upon by every Swiss and Italian citizen with a thrill; and Jean, who has a little *auberge* of his own, and Dufour the advocate, shook hands together over it as they excitedly read:

LA PERCÉE DU SIMPLON!

GONDO, le 24 Février.

Rencontre effectuée 7 heures 20 minutes ce matin!

ENTREPRISE SIMPLON.

Cannon were fired from gorge and acclivity; and when the last gangs of miners and borers came out of their great hole in the ground and gazed upon the sunlight that had risen that morning with a golden halo over the Simplon, their faces presented a study for the painting of an allegorical dream of the apotheosis of labor—a realization of the blessing bestowed years before by the good bishops of Sion and Iselle on the first rotation of the hydraulic drill.

They had battled well. They had dug, hammered, and bored, and had suffered. There were times when it seemed as if the whole solid substance of the mountain-range above them had determined to seek escape below and surge through the drilled vaults. The intrepidity and bravery of that army of men, the indomitableness of the engineers, have constituted a record of achievement in this department of effort greater than the world has ever known.

The building of the Pyramids of Egypt required no more strenuousness, no more mental strain.

V

BUT the piercing of the Simplon will, unhappily, bring with it the final effacement of one of the most romantic and grandly historical paths in human expedition—the closing curtain in the most picturesque drama Europe has afforded. The Napoleonic spectacle was full of surprises; its argument narrates the complications of society and war; its complexities detail the enthrallment of personal magnetism and force.

The superbly built road over the Alps has remained one of the most fascinating diversions for the thoughtful tourist, and has been fraught with memorable experiences. From the moment of embarkation in the yellow diligence, when the whip was cracked over the heads of the post-horses at Brieg, until the arrival in the gorge of the Gondo at Iselle, it was a continuously unfolding tableau of grandeur and charm. The overture had begun back in the Rhone valley with the castles of Sion and Sierre, the towers of Louèche, and Martigny, at the foot of the Great St. Bernard. But when the ascension of the Simplon began it became a long series of windings through fortified defiles leading around terrifying abysses and through the wildest of mountain recesses. One was awed by the splendor and stirred with conflicting emotions. It was indeed a refuge—the hospice of the Augustine monks. Who that has experienced it will ever forget the welcoming hospitality of the four secluded brethren in that desolate spot?

"WHAT IS A LYRIC?"

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

WHAT is a lyric? Bring Pan's reedy flute,
Bring the melodious measures of the lute,
Bring eagerness and ecstasy and love and youth,
Bring boyhood's passion and bring manhood's truth!
Sing low, sing high, and let the woods resound
To the intense vibrations of the sound!
The smile, the tear, the laugh, the sob, the sigh,—
All blent in the transcendent lyric cry.

WHAT A BOY SAW OF THE CIVIL WAR

WITH GLIMPSES OF GENERAL LEE

BY LEIGHTON PARKS



HOSE who are familiar with the Cumberland Valley need not be told that it is a rich and smiling landscape, and that no part is more beautiful than Elizabethtown.

It is like the land the Psalmist loved: "The valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." When I knew it as a boy, in the time of the Civil War, over the mountains in every direction stretched the white pikes leading to the outside world, and on them the heavy "Concord" coaches rolled at the rate of six miles an hour. For half a century life had moved on peacefully. Why should there ever be a change?

Then suddenly great trains of army wagons with their shining white covers began to file through the quiet streets, and soon all the fields near the town were white with tents. There was drilling, marching, and shooting at marks; bands played every morning and evening.

As soon as lessons for the day were over I betook me to one of the camps. The soldiers always welcomed children, and many happy days I spent in listening to their stories, eating hardtack, watching the drill, and learning the manual. But the great delight was to visit the cavalry, for the good-natured troopers would often let us boys ride their horses. My mother had charged me never to say what my opinions were, but that if I were asked I must tell the truth. The first time I nearly fainted with fright, but the announcement that I was a "Confederate" was met with a shout of laughter that was reassuring, if not flattering. And when I was asked why,

and answered that my mother was one, there was a murmur of approval, which, I fear, led me more often than was good for me to announce my faith, that I might hear the soldiers say, "That's a good boy." They were most of them decent, serious-minded men, who said but little and were anxious for the war to close that they might go home. But some of the younger officers were a disgrace to the service, rioting, drinking, and a terror to all decent people.

Of course in a town on the border there were people who held communication with the enemy, and, as a consequence, the innocent suffered as well as the guilty. A large number of the best men in the town, who were entirely innocent, were arrested and sent North on the charge of holding communication with the enemy. But the worst of all was that information was often given against men by their private enemies, and debtors took that way of getting rid of their creditors; for a suspected man was a condemned man. All this of course led to retaliation later, and served to increase the bitter feeling among neighbors, already bitter enough.

How well I remember the night that news came of the battle of Bull Run, and the horror, the rage, the fear! All the loyal people were then for flight. After this the troops poured in faster than ever, and people began to talk of a long war. When Banks was defeated in the Shenandoah Valley, his broken troops came pouring back through our town. It was pitiful to see the sad, tired faces of the poor fellows who had marched out so bravely such a little time before.

The months rolled away, and the news

that came was chiefly of Union reverses; and while no Northern man yet said openly that the war was a failure, many began to fear it, even among the soldiers, and specially after the dreadful disaster of the second Bull Run. It was not long after this that it began to be rumored that Lee was about to cross the Potomac. The horror that fell upon the loyal people when the rumor proved true was dreadful. Those who had been most active in the persecution of "Southern sympathizers," as they called themselves, or "Copperheads," as their enemies named them, fled.

But Lee showed great wisdom in his moderation. The western counties of Maryland had been settled largely from Pennsylvania, and a majority of the plain people were attached to the Union; and it would not have done to have had an actively hostile population in his rear. When the news came that Lee was on the Maryland side, the Union troops that were left in Elizabethtown quickly took their departure. Then one warm and beautiful day in September the whole population of the town assembled on the "Hill" and intently watched the Frederick pike.

About nine o'clock in the morning their patience was rewarded. First a little cloud of dust was seen, and then, galloping over the hill, came the advance of Stuart's cavalry. Some who had sons at the South wept with joy. Men who had welcomed Patterson now cheered the enemy, but the greater part watched in silence while the streets of the little town filled with the men who had done brave deeds in Virginia.

I had supposed that the Southern soldiers were in every way different from their Northern brethren—that they were dashing cavaliers, all of them "gentlemen" and creatures of beauty whom it would be a delight to see. They were the dirtiest men I ever saw, a most ragged, lean, and hungry set of wolves. Yet there was a dash about them that the Northern men lacked. They rode like circus-riders. Many of them were from the far South and spoke a dialect I could scarcely understand. They were profane beyond belief and talked incessantly. There was a great deal of laughing and good-natured banter. But, like soldiers the world over, they were kind to children,—indeed, to every one. I shall always think it wonderful that, considering what these men had undergone,

they should have borne themselves so gently in the enemy's land.

Soon after the town was in a ferment of excitement: Lee himself had ridden over to confer with Longstreet, who commanded the troops in Elizabethtown. All the town went out to see him. Lee made his headquarters in a beautiful grove near the town. I did not see him, for I was ill, but of course I heard him graphically described. At this time his hair was scarcely gray, and he appeared like a man in the prime of life. He had lately met with some accident, and one arm was in a sling; I am not sure that both were not injured. But in spite of this disadvantage all were impressed with the dignity and gentleness of the great soldier. He received many invitations to the homes of the people who sympathized with the South, but in every case declined them, saying that he feared, after the town should be evacuated, it might fare badly with any one who had entertained him.

When Lee arrived, the older people feared, and the boys hoped, that a battle would take place at Elizabethtown; but there was none. One Saturday afternoon the troops began to march, and by Sunday afternoon the Union troops were back again, and pouring down the Sharpsburg pike. That Sunday morning was a memorable one to me, for the church was filled with Southern troops, and the question which every one was asking was, "Will the clergyman read the prayer for the President of the United States?" There should have been no doubt in the mind of any one who knew Mr. Austin, for he did not fear the face of man. He was a Northern man, and his whole heart was with the Union. And so he said his prayers without regard to the enemy, and prayed for the President. Some of the officers left the church, others stood up till that prayer was ended, but no one, I fancy, thought worse of the man who did his duty.

The next day news came that a battle had been fought at Boonsboro, and that the rebels were in full retreat. Then it was said that only a part of Lee's army had been engaged; that he himself was now at Sharpsburg with Jackson, where Longstreet had gone to meet him; and that, when they were united, the army of McClellan would be destroyed and Washington taken in the rear.

Those were breathless days, specially for the boys. I knew a number who went to Boonsboro the day after the battle and returned with bayonets, pistols, and cartridge-boxes. One boy told me that he sat on the fence and watched the fighting going on in the field! I believed him, and made an engagement to go with him the next day to Sharpsburg to see what I might of the coming battle. But, alas! the plan was discovered by my mother, and I was forbidden to leave our dooryard. As my assistance would have been given to the rebels, perhaps it is as well that I did not succeed in my plan!

Idly swinging on the gate, and waiting for something to turn up, I saw a cloud far away to the southeast. My first thought was that somebody's barn was on fire, but older heads than mine knew what it meant: it was the smoke of battle. Soon the hill was swarming with men, women, and children, and when the wind changed there came to us the far-off roar of cannon. It was a dreadful day. There were men and women there who had sons on both sides; for which could they pray? How beautiful the country looked in the soft haze of that September morning, with that awful cloud spreading over it! But underneath the cloud who could picture what was going on—the charge, the shout, the cry of agony, and the dying moan? Boy as I was, that cloud sobered me. The very silence of the people as they looked away southward was oppressive. Toward night the wind rose and rain began to fall, and women talked of the wounded on the field; and I feared to go to bed when I thought of what had been done on the banks of the Antietam, where I had often fished and bathed.

Late at night word came to the house that a soldier had come from the field and reported that the Union army was destroyed and Lee was marching to Washington; that he was one of the few who escaped; and that all was lost. No one thought of doubting the fellow's tale. I saw strong men weep when that news was told, and even those who had wished the South success grew serious as the full meaning of the awful calamity to the nation began to dawn upon them.

Of course the truth was known the next day. "A great victory!" cried the men who had trembled with fear the night

before. "A drawn battle," said the Baltimore "Gazette."

Before night the ambulances began to come with their dying loads, and churches, halls, schools, and the court-house were soon filled with the wounded of both sides. Every child was set to picking lint, and the people of the town did all that could be done. I went every day to one of the great hospitals. It was a fearful sight. Day by day the shrill fife and muffled drum told of one more who had survived the battle to succumb to the deadly fever of the hospital.

After this the tide of war rolled away to the west and the south, and we began to think that we had seen the last of great armies. What we had seen was only an advance-guard compared with what we were to see.

Before the year was out we learned that the Union troops had again been driven back to Washington, and, soon after, that Lee was crossing the river at Williamsport. The report proved true. First came the cavalry. I had never supposed so many horses were to be found in the world as I now saw slowly passing through the street of Elizabethtown. They kept straight on to the north. I asked many of the soldiers where they were going. The poor fellows knew nothing; many of them were too ignorant to know what it meant to have crossed the Potomac. Had they not crossed many rivers? What was one more than another? But the officers laughed gaily and said: "New York." Why not? What could prevent them? Was not the Army of the Potomac huddled about the defenses of Washington? "Had not Bobby Lee stolen a march on the commanding general, whoever that might be at the moment?" they added with a laugh. Indeed, the darkest hour of the war had come to the North.

So the troops passed on, thousand after thousand. The artillery followed the cavalry; then came the infantry. The impression made by the sight of so many horses was repeated by the hosts of men. It was not only the multitude that impressed those who saw that march; it was also the splendid discipline of the army. They were different from the corps we had seen the year before. These men were well clad and shod, and they came through the town with flags flying and bands playing "Dixie," "Dixie," all day long, with

now and then a change to "Maryland, my Maryland" or the "Bonnie Blue Flag." We became as tired of these as we had of "Yankee Doodle" or "The Star-Spangled Banner." (But both armies marched to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me.") They had the air of men who were used to conquer; they believed in the men who led them, and they did not doubt that when they saw the enemy they would drive them before them again. It was a sight such as few have seen even of those who took part in the war. Sixty thousand men, it is said, passed through Elizabethtown on the way to Gettysburg, and I can well believe it. Day after day an unbroken line passed on due north, and at night the rumble of the wagons made sleep impossible for nervous people. And who was not nervous?

Soon after the Confederates began to enter the town I met a friend of mine, the son of Dr. Doyle, who told me that his father had just been sent for to see Lee, and that I might go too if I hurried. It is needless to say that I ran as fast as my small legs could carry me, and we found the doctor just starting. Dr. Doyle was a man who had been in communication with the enemy from the beginning of the war, but had so far managed to escape the fate of many innocent men. Two of his sons had been arrested a short time before, and were lying in the jail when their friends arrived and set them free.

The doctor was in his old gig, and, being an immense man, left no room for any one else in it, so we two boys sat on the springs behind. It was on the Williamsport pike, about half a mile from the town, that we met General Lee. He had dismounted and was standing by his horse, a small sorrel mare, which, I was told, it was his custom to ride on the march. His staff was brilliant in gold lace, but he was very simply dressed. No one could have seen that man without being greatly impressed with the dignity of his bearing and the beauty of his face. His hair at this time was almost entirely white, and those who had seen him the year before said he had aged greatly in the short space of time which had elapsed since the battle of Antietam. I could not help thinking of Washington as I looked at that calm, sad face. It has been said since by those who were near him that he had no expectation of conquering the North, and that, at the most,

he only hoped to win a great battle on Northern soil in order to affect public opinion in Europe, and lead to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. However that may be, there was nothing about his bearing which looked like a great hope.

Dr. Doyle drove straight to where he was standing and announced himself as one who was sure of his welcome. General Lee came at once to the gig and thanked him politely for having come so promptly, and began at once to ask about the roads. I was astonished at the familiarity which he showed with the country, and yet he evidently wished to have his map, which he held in his hand, confirmed by an eye-witness. His questions were like those of a lawyer to a witness. What roads ran into the Lightersburg pike? Did the Cavetown pike cross the mountain? What sort of crossing was it? Could cannon be easily brought over it? His right flank, then, was protected by the Blue Ridge until he reached Gettysburg? And on his return should he come that way? Were there good roads running to the river west of the one on which he now stood? Could artillery be moved over them? Was the valley well wooded and watered all the way to Gettysburg? To all of which the answer was "Yes."

Lee had been speaking in a low tone, leaning on the shaft of the gig, with his head under the hood of it, so that we, looking in through the curtain, could see and hear everything. Suddenly Lee saw us and said: "Doctor, are these your boys?"

"One of them is," said the doctor. "The other is the son of Dr. Parks. You must have known his father in the old army."

"Is it possible!" said Lee.

Then we were called down and made our bows, and Lee said something that I could not hear; but the doctor answered, "No danger," and then added something at which Lee smiled and said, "Would you boys like to get on that horse?" pointing to his own little mare.

Of course we said, "Yes," and each in turn was lifted by General Lee up to the horse's back. I suspect that that attention was suggested by Dr. Doyle in order to divert our minds from what we had just heard. When we got back to town, he said to me: "Now run home, my boy, and

tell your mother that you have seen General Lee and all that he said to you—in fact, all that you can remember to have heard him say. It will interest her.”

So home I ran, swelling with importance, and told my mother all the questions that General Lee had asked and what Dr. Doyle had said. Of course my mother saw at once the importance of the conversation, and charged me to keep it perfectly quiet. Which I did.

A day or two after this a friend of the family who had been very kind to me asked me if I should not like to go out to General Lee's headquarters? “To-morrow,” he said, “you will see a sight that you will be able to tell of as long as you live, for Lee's generals are to meet him, and the army is to move.”

I boldly asked if he would lend me his horse, and he laughed and consented. So the next morning, dressed in white jacket and trousers, I started off on a brown horse, carrying a basket of raspberries to one of Lee's staff whom my mother had known since he was a lad. I remember my costume from the fact that some of the berries melted, and before I was aware of it they had made a stain on my trousers which no amount of rubbing would remove. This troubled me a good deal because I thought General Lee might think I did not know how to ride; and as I had made up my mind to ask him to let me accompany the army in some capacity not very clear to me, this gave me considerable anxiety. However, I reached the camp without further accident and found Colonel Taylor, to whom I was accredited.

Lee's headquarters were in a hickory grove about three miles from Williamsport. The grove was on the top of a small hill, and near enough to the pike for the general to see the troops as they marched by.

When I reached the camp, Colonel Taylor told me that General Lee was away, but that he would probably return before long. Indeed, it was not many minutes before we heard the trampling of horses and the guard turning out, and, on going to the door of the tent, I saw a splendid sight. First there was Lee himself riding a superb iron-gray horse, and with him were Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill. Colonel Taylor led me to General Lee and said: “General, this gentleman has brought me some raspberries, and I have asked him

to take snack with us.” Lee's back was toward me when the colonel spoke, and I was startled to see how severe he looked as, wheeling sharply, he glanced quickly to right and left and then looked down. Then he smiled very pleasantly and remarked: “I have had the pleasure of meeting your friend before.” And then, to my great surprise, this severe-looking man stooped down and, lifting me, kissed me. After this the generals and Colonel Taylor and I went into a large tent for “snack.”

I do not remember anything that was said during the meal, nor what we had to eat. I suppose I was a good deal excited, and I know that there was a deal of laughing—I fear at my expense; for they—not Lee, but the others—asked me a great many questions, and then laughed at the answers. I suppose it was a relief to these men, who were carrying such a heavy burden, to have a child to chaff.

After luncheon we went to Lee's tent, and the general took me on his knee and talked to me until, some one having taken his attention, Hill beckoned me to come to him, which I did gladly; for, though Lee was gentle, I could not help standing in awe of him in a way that I did not of the others. When I had been with him for a little while, Longstreet said: “Come, Hill, you've had him long enough; pass him over.” So I was dragged over to Longstreet's knee and had my face well rubbed by his great brown beard. And he whispered in my ear that he had a pony he thought would carry my weight, if I should like to join his staff. But before I could express my joy, Lee suddenly said, “Well, gentlemen,” and immediately Colonel Taylor made me a sign. So I got up and said good-by; and I thought then, and think now, that they were sorry to have me go, for I suppose I brought a new element into their life. One of them—Hill, I think—called to a servant to “bring the captain's horse,” at which the man grinned and untied the horse from a tree near by and led him to the front of the tent. This placed me in a most embarrassing situation; for while I could ride very well for a boy, I was in the habit of mounting my steed by the aid of a fence. Still, I determined to do my best, and, stretching up my leg as high as it would go, managed to touch the stirrup with my toe; but, alas! when I attempted to mount into the saddle

I descended to the ground, with my feet very wide apart and my jacket somewhat marked by contact with the horse's flanks. This was greeted with a good-natured laugh, which determined me to mount or die in the attempt. But I was saved either alternative, for before I had time to try again I was lifted lightly into the saddle by Lee himself, who smiled and said: "Give him time, and he'll do for the cavalry yet."

So I rode away home again, full of pride at the company to which I had been admitted, and of admiration for that great and good man who led the armies of the South in that hopeless struggle. I looked back after a moment, but they had forgotten me as, gathered around a table, they gazed intently on a map. Before these soldiers took counsel again: the battle of Gettysburg had been lost and won.

After that there fell a great silence on the valley. I do not remember that a single soldier was left in Elizabethtown. We were now a part of the Southern Confederacy. There was no communication with the North, and no one could tell when it would be reopened. Many thought that the next news would be that Washington had been abandoned and the government ready to conclude a peace.

Was there ever a day as hot as the second of July in that year! I seem to feel the stillness of it now. Before noon the same mysterious cloud that had appeared during the battle of Antietam was seen again, slowly, silently mounting up to heaven, far away to the north. It was more awful than the one before because of the silence. No sound could be heard. The ever-growing cloud went up in mute significance to God. The cool breeze that blew when the battle of Antietam was being fought suggested conflict, action, some heroic human effort; but this was as silent as a sacrifice; it was not like the work of man, but of God.

No one spoke; the very children were hushed at the solemn sight. Who could fail to think of all it meant? No one thought of charges as possible that day; it seemed as if men must simply be standing still to die. Of course we learned later of what was being done while the great sun was baking the white pikes and burning the overripe wheat that should have been cut a week before.

The next day was like the one before. No sound was heard, only the overspreading cloud hung still in the burning air. It was a great day in American history—a day in which it would be felt, when the cloud had lifted, that Pickett's charge showed what America could dare as truly as Hancock's resistance showed what America could bear.

The third day, the Fourth of July, came in with wind and pelting rain. How much the significance of the day entered into the thoughts of people!

That night we went to bed knowing nothing; yet how much there was of probability! Was it likely that that great army could be defeated by anything that the North could collect on such short notice? Yet why did no word come? To those who were too far from the field of battle to feel its subtle influence no words can convey what the strain of those days was to us.

Before daybreak the town was waked by the roar of wagons, the tired horses urged to a spasmodic gallop now and then by the whip and the frequent curse of the panic-stricken driver. Those who lived on the lower street, through which the ambulances passed, heard the groans and curses of the wounded and more than once an awful cry as some soul parted from the body in agony. No one dared to stop those men to question them. Those who hoped for the Confederate cause said that Lee was sending back the wounded of the first day's fight in order that he might not be delayed in his advance. That theory received confirmation as the day went on and no more came. How near that guess came to being true will probably now never be known.

So the day dragged its slow length to evening—worse than the last in this, that now even the cloud had departed and absolute silence settled again upon the valley. At last night came, and with the night the same ominous roar of wagons—the grinding roll of provision-trains and then the clanking of the artillery. No one could longer doubt what had happened. I rose with the sun, and, going to the front gate, saw a sight that I shall never forget. There was a man leaning over the gate whose head was tied up with a bloody cloth; his face was colorless, and I trembled as I looked at him, for I had never seen death. Presently he moved, and,

seeing me, mumbled: "Well, Bud, I reckon I don't look putty this mornin'." If I had been horrified before, I was turned to stone now, for I could not believe that any human being could look like that and live. But worse was to come, for, removing his handkerchief, the lower jaw fell down, and I saw that it had been completely shattered by a ball.

"Well, Buddy, what do you think of that?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know," I cried. "Come in, and my mother will give you something for it."

"I reckon yo' ma ain't got anythin' fo' that," he replied; "but if yo' is got any milk, I'd love a taste of it."

So I brought him into the kitchen, not daring to touch him for fear he would fall to pieces. He managed to pour the milk down his throat, and then said he must move on: he reckoned the Yanks would be coming along that way before long. But of the battle he could tell nothing; he had been shot the first day, and had started to the rear. He had been passed by the ambulances and had received only the laconic statement that Lee's army had been blown to h—! He inquired anxiously how far it was to the river, and started off to the woods with more milk in his canteen. It was not long before we saw a great cloud of dust to the north, but could see no troops. As well as we could tell, it was moving away to the west, which puzzled us more than ever; for if Lee was retreating, why did he not keep straight on through the town? It was not till long after that we learned the secret of those masterly movements which were taking place under our very eyes. Then we learned that Lee, being perfectly acquainted with the roads, and knowing that he had behind him the splendid pikes for which this part of the country was famous, instead of moving due south and having his army blocked by its own numbers, turned to the west just before reaching Elizabethtown, and, throwing up breastworks, quietly moved his army over the Potomac without the loss of a gun. In the meantime the rear-guard attacked so vigorously that Meade debouched to the east and intrenched also; so that we were exactly between the two lines.

Our house was the last on Hill street, which was, indeed, a cul-de-sac. Soon after the wounded man had left I again mounted the gate-post and saw a troop of perhaps a dozen Confederate cavalymen riding like mad across the bridge. When they reached our house they saw there was no thoroughfare. The officer in command told me to open the gate, which led into a large field next the house, and when they had ridden through I pointed out the road at the bottom of the hill, which ran into the Williamsport pike. "Now fasten that gate and don't open to any one." I pushed the staple through the hasp and again mounted guard on the post. I had not long to wait. A squadron of blue-coated soldiers came thundering down the road. "Open that gate," cried the officer, as soon as he spied me. For a moment I hesitated. I saw as in a dream Lee and Longstreet and Hill. What would they say? Might not the issue of the war depend upon me? I said—but surely it was not my voice but that of a much littler boy I heard—"The gentleman that just went through told me—" But a revolver was pointed at my head, and a voice of thunder ordered, "Come down off of there, you d—d little rebel!" And I came down.

That day passed like a dream. All night we could hear the ring of the axes and the crash of the trees felled by the Confederates for their breastworks. There was no firing. In the morning we could see with the glass the guns in position and the flags flying on the earthworks. I do not remember how long this continued, but I know that one morning my mother looked out the first thing, as usual, and saw the guns in position and the flags flying, but no movement of any kind; and then, on closer scrutiny, the guns did not look natural, and at last it began to dawn upon us that the troops were gone, and so it proved. While all that felling of timber and erection of earthworks was going on, Lee was silently moving his men across the Potomac, and the guns were painted logs, and the flags were colored rags; and when the boys of the town poured into the earthworks there was not a bayonet or a cartridge-box to be found. The great strategist had taken his broken army safely away in the face of a powerful enemy.

MISS VIOLET OAKLEY'S MURAL DECORATIONS

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS



HE capitol building of the State of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg having been destroyed by fire, a new and costlier edifice was planned. There were competitive designs and a failure to agree, and finally the work fell into the competent hands of Mr. Joseph M. Huston, an architect whose dignified structure, well fitted for a rich and populous State, is nearing consummation. I believe it is due to Mr. Huston's loyal initiative that the artistic decorations of this massive building were assigned to artists of Pennsylvania birth; and when Edwin A. Abbey, John W. Alexander, George Grey Barnard, W. B. Van Ingen, Henry C. Mercer, and Violet Oakley are named it will be plain that there has been no sacrifice of quality to local pride.

To Miss Violet Oakley a commission was given for thirteen decorative panels, forming a frieze of heroic size for the governor's reception-room. They impressively celebrate "The Triumph of the Growing Idea of True Liberty in 'The Holy Experiment of Pennsylvania.'" Of the series six panels are now complete.

The dawn of the idea of religious tolerance is embodied in an unequal diptych, thirteen feet by eight, which represents the printing of William Tyndal's Bible at Cologne, and the smuggling of the New Testament into England. The second panel deals with the burning of the books at Oxford, and with the martyrdom of Tyndal. The third panel pictures Henry VIII granting permission for the sale of the complete translation, and the persecution of Anne Askew. The culmination of these events leads to a fourth large panel, undivided, and occupied by figures of charging

knights who embody the spirit of the Civil Wars. They gallop with impetuous speed toward a dawn just visible at the horizon. The march of enlightenment is carried onward in two smaller panels, seven feet square, which represent George Fox on his mount of vision, and William Penn in his study at Christ Church, Oxford—the college of Tyndal.

These six designs have been on view in the One Hundredth Anniversary Exhibition of Miss Oakley's Alma Mater, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. They have won for her a special gold medal from the academy, and have met with a reception which gives unmistakable evidence of a wide appeal. The treatment is simple, unaffected, original. It is as free from dependence on prescription as were the events it celebrates. The painter has found devices—not entirely new with her, but novel at least in application—for using men and women as accessories to design. No sacrifice of character or of action has been needed to bend the human figure into its subordinate place as a unit in a work whose aim is decoration, and whose every element must express that idea. The essential of mural decoration is flatness. The design must not make a hole in the wall, but must ornament it. Here the flatness is gained by no straining, no violence, but by simplicities of adjustment which escape the untrained eye and delight the elect.

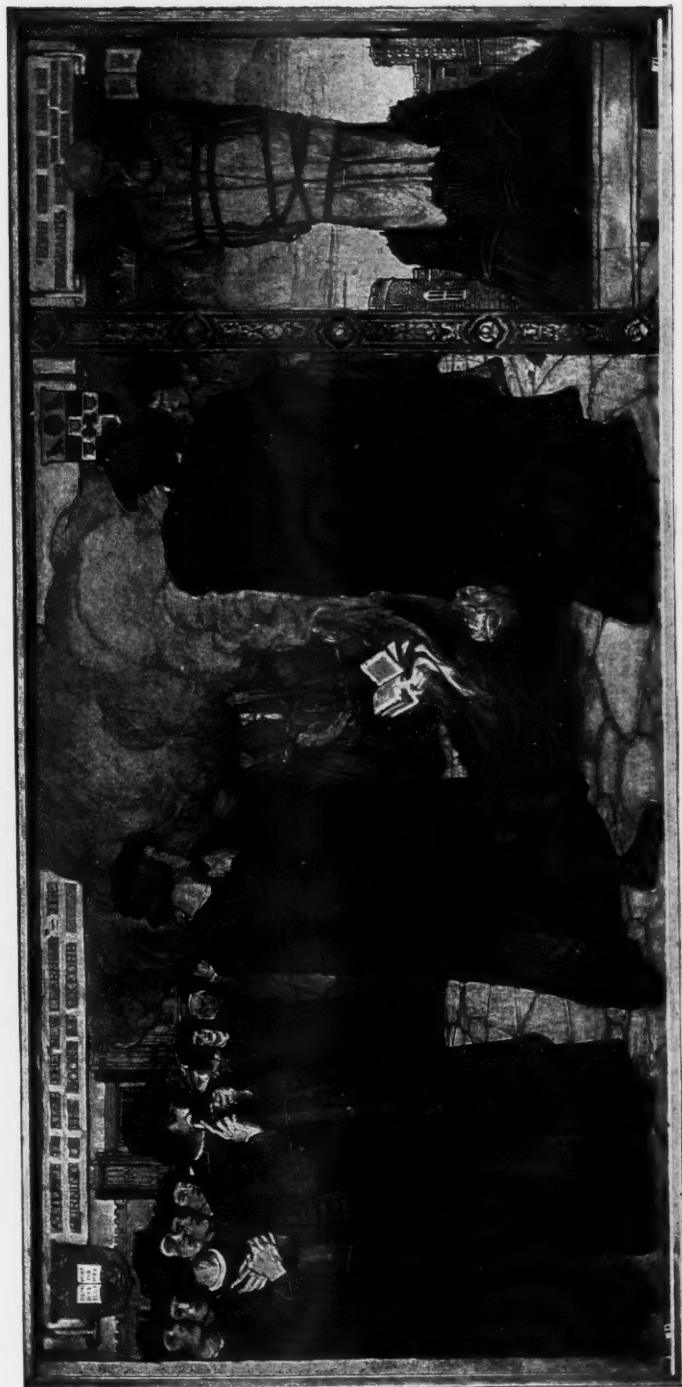
The color of Miss Oakley's series is an added grace which in itself would mark them for enduring admiration. The rich reds, greens, and golden yellows flow onward and interweave in an opulent harmony which arrests the attention even before the subject is asked or apprehended.



WILLIAM TYNDAL PRINTING HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH,
AT COLOGNE, 1525

SMUGGLING THE FIRST VOLUMES OF THE NEW
TESTAMENT INTO ENGLAND, 1526

Tyndal points to the passage, "Yea, the time cometh when whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." He was the first to supply England with the printed English Bible. He writes in his preface: "I perceived that not only in my Lord of London's palace, but in all England there is no room for attempting a translation of the Scriptures." The coat of arms in the corner of the design is that of Magdalen College, Oxford, where Tyndal is supposed to have studied the original Hebrew and Greek, from which his translation was taken direct.



THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS AT OXFORD IN THE FUTILE ATTEMPT TO STOP THEREBY THE
"NEW LEARNING," 1526

The coat of arms in the left-hand corner is that of Oxford University, "Deus illuminatio mea"; in the right-hand corner is that of Christ Church College, where the burning of the books took place (afterward William Penn's own college).

MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAM TYNDAL
AT VILVORDE, 1536

Tyndal's last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."



THE ANSWER TO TYNDAL'S PRAYER

THE MARTYRDOM OF ANNE ASKEW

Henry VIII granting permission that the complete translation is "to be sold and read of every person without danger of any ordinance hitherto granted to the contrary." Followed by the persecution of all who read *and began to think for themselves*, exemplified by the martyrdom of Anne Askew, a type of the women who also were ready to die for the truth, saying, "Rather death than false to faythe." 1547.

BOYS IN THE UNION ARMY

BY GEORGE LANGDON KILMER



HE war was fought by boys," is a remark often heard at Grand Army camp-fires. It usually falls from the lips of veterans with whom time appears to have dealt kindly. Another form of expression is that the ranks were filled with young men the majority of whom had never cast a vote. This last is very close to literal truth, and the first is not an extravagant claim.

There are ample data to prove that the average age of the Union soldiers upon enlistment was not beyond the period commonly called boyhood. Of course this term is relative. A young man of twenty-two or twenty-five, doing man's work,—and soldiering is man's work,—is, by courtesy, spoken of as a boy. The compliment tends to ennoble his deeds. Trustworthy tables of averages show that the mean age of the soldiers of the Union army upon enlistment was twenty-five. This figure may be too high by half a year.

In fixing the average at twenty-five the ages of those recorded as eighteen and twenty-one upon enlistment were assumed to be correct, yet it is evident that tens of thousands, perhaps during the whole war over one hundred thousand recruits, gave in their ages as eighteen when they were not seventeen, many not even sixteen. The legal age was eighteen, and whenever an applicant swore to a paper giving that as his age, there were no questions asked, as a rule, by the mustering officer, provided the stature and general appearance of the youth gave color to the statement.

Statistics relating to the ages of Union soldiers were prepared during the war under the auspices of the Sanitary Com-

mission, and the results were published in a memoir by Dr. B. A. Gould. From the tables in Dr. Gould's work the above average is taken. The matter of false ages stated by boys under eighteen seems to have escaped the attention of the statistician, although he noticed and explained the unusual proportion of ages set down at twenty-one. Boys of twenty and strapping lads of nineteen were desirous of being classed as men, and so in all rolls and in all aggregations of ages from various sources those put down at twenty-one greatly outnumber those at twenty and twenty-two. This is significant when the tables of ages from eighteen upward to twenty-five and thirty are considered. The numbers at twenty and twenty-two are about equal; those at twenty-one stand a third higher than either.¹ Probably 200,000 recruits overstated their ages a year or more, and from 250,000 to 300,000 years should be deducted from the grand aggregate of ages in order to reach the correct average.

Dr. Gould's statistics resulted from the examination of the records of a little over a million soldiers. No selection was made of the rolls; they were taken up one by one, until the War Department refused the examiners further access to the files. The records examined covered every year of recruiting, and included those of regiments from every State and in all arms of the service. They were fairly representative of the 2,800,000 enlistments recorded during the war. They show over 400,000 soldiers enlisted at twenty-one and under in 1,000,000, or about 1,100,000 for the entire army. (The number recorded at eighteen and under in 1,013,273 was 143,888. That percentage, applied to the whole

¹ Sometimes a recruit much under twenty-one—even two or three years—stated his age as twenty-one, in the belief that otherwise the consent of parent or guardian would be exacted. If the applicant appeared to be not less than eighteen, the recruiting officer would record the age given in.

army, gives, in round numbers, 460,000 recruits who were boys in the limited sense of the term.)

However, granted that there were 1,100,000 soldiers enlisted at twenty-one and under, nearly forty per cent. of the total enlistments, did the boys face the hardships and the fighting as sturdily and as gallantly as their elder comrades in arms? A close scrutiny of the rolls under various classifications shows that the boys were evenly distributed among all the regiments raised from 1861 to 1864, the famous fighting regiments having their due proportion. Furthermore, the boys served long and well, and suffered wounds, death, and imprisonment. I have found these conclusions supported, in addition to the evidence furnished by Dr. Gould's tables, by my examination of the individual records of one hundred and nine infantry companies—eleven regiments selected by chance—and twelve cavalry companies of one regiment, the First Maine, which served four years. The average in the hundred and nine companies was sixteen per cent. for soldiers at eighteen and under. The average in the whole army, according to Dr. Gould's figures, was over fourteen per cent.

There were no "boy" regiments, strictly speaking, to swell the total of youth on the army rolls. Nor were there any "boy" companies. A near approach to one was in the Twenty-seventh New York, Colonel H. W. Slocum's first command. It was raised in 1861, responding to Lincoln's first call. Principal Adams of the Lyons Academy raised a company composed largely of his pupils. Out of a hundred and five enrolled, twenty-six, or about twenty-five per cent., were set down as eighteen. Those at nineteen numbered ten, and those at twenty but five. The percentage of those aged eighteen was exceptionally high; also that of the number at twenty and under, being thirty-nine per cent. The Twenty-seventh served in the field two years, and Company B was among the best in the regiment. The Eighth Vermont, also organized in 1861, had three companies which mustered about twenty-five per cent. of boys, eighteen and under, on the first enrolment. The four companies cited stand out among the hundred and nine for high percentages in each class, those at twenty and under and eigh-

teen and under. Both regiments represent the enlistments of 1861, when boys are supposed to have been at a discount.

Three of the infantry regiments in the list which I examined, also the cavalry regiment, are included in Colonel William F. Fox's list of commands which suffered exceptional losses in battle (see *THE CENTURY* for May, 1888); and nine of the twelve examined are among those classed as "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments" in a work on regimental losses by the same author. Should one wish to prove by these records that there is no exaggeration in the pathetic story of

Little Giffen of Tennessee,
Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen,

the task would not be difficult. There were thousands in the Union ranks whose recorded ages were seventeen and sixteen. In the Second Vermont, Company I enlisted ten fighters at seventeen. In that same company there were fourteen put down at eighteen and the same number at nineteen. The war record of the ten seventeen-year-olds is significant: killed, 3; reenlisted, 3; promoted, 2; died, 1; discharged, 1.

The Forty-eighth New York was a fighting regiment with a peculiar personal history. It was raised by the Rev. James H. Perry, who left the pulpit to take up the sword. Many of the officers were ministers, and it was said that the boys of their congregations gained parental consent to enlist because their captains were to be Christian gentlemen. The nickname "Perry's Saints" clung to the regiment throughout the war. Some of the individual records on its rolls are suggestive. H. T. Garaghan enlisted at eighteen, and passed through four non-commissioned and commissioned grades to the rank of captain. Thomas W. Van Tassell enlisted at eighteen, and was wounded in the assault on Fort Wagner, 1863, and again at Petersburg, 1864; was promoted to sergeant, then to lieutenant, and served his time out. In Company K, out of twenty-seven enlisted at eighteen, sixteen served their term out, and the others were killed or died in service. J. Van Sant, aged eighteen, was one of the hundred and forty who helped to hold the captured bastion of Fort Wagner in a hand-to-hand fight

over the parapets lasting several hours; he was finally wounded and taken prisoner there, and died in Andersonville. Azariah Horton enlisted at eighteen in January, 1864; was wounded at Cold Harbor in June, 1864; and in August, 1864, died in Andersonville.

With startling frequency, while running over these rolls, one finds in the column of remarks opposite the figures "18" in the age column the closing entry, "Killed at —"; or, "Wounded and captured at —"; died in Andersonville." A parallel case to that of Horton's is found in the record of W. W. Dutton of the Tenth Vermont. Dutton enlisted December, 1863, at seventeen. It was the rule to record the age at the nearest birthday. If the rule was observed in this instance, Dutton passed through the terrible battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold

Harbor, and was killed at Monocacy, Maryland (July, 1864), before he reached eighteen.

It will be noted that some of the regiments in the following list fell below the average in both of the classes here considered. The average at twenty and under for the army was a little over thirty per cent.; at eighteen and under, a little over fourteen per cent. These estimates do not accord strictly with Dr. Gould's, for the reason that he discarded all under eighteen and over forty-six years of age, the military limits. His tables show that there were 10,413 of the former class among 1,012,273 recruits.

The following are percentages of enlistments at twenty and under, also at eighteen and under, in one hundred and nine companies of infantry—eleven representative regiments:

	ORGANIZED	ENLISTED AT 20 AND UNDER	ENLISTED AT 18 AND UNDER
		Per cent.	Per cent.
27th New York	May, 1861	34	15
5th Vermont	1861	29	16
2d Vermont	1861	24	10
1st Massachusetts (9 companies, E's age records being incomplete)	1861	16½	5
48th New York	1861	27	11½
125th New York	1862	24	11
8th Vermont (in 1009 original members) . .	1861	34½	20
" " (in 744 recruits enlisted 1863-65)		31	17
37th Massachusetts	1862	25	12
24th Michigan	1862	31	15
16th Vermont	1862	30	14
17th Vermont	1864	34½	24

¹One of the boy soldiers recruited for the Twenty-seventh New York was born in September, 1845, and was under sixteen when the regiment was organized. All of the able-bodied students at the seminary where he was studying enlisted, compelling the institution to close its doors. After several vain attempts to follow his schoolmates to the war, he succeeded, by collusion with a recruiting officer, in enrolling early in 1862, when he was a few months over sixteen. The United States mustering officer at Elmira rejected him on three points. His age, size, and weight were under regulation limits. Having been uniformed, he clung to the squad and by collusion again evaded the rules. The officer in charge was entitled to transportation and subsistence for a servant while traveling on duty, and the young recruit was entered upon the transportation roll as an "officer's servant." In that guise he passed unchallenged to the bivouac of the regiment in front of Yorktown, and took his place in the ranks with a musket on his shoulder. At the first

muster of the command, which, owing to the activity of the army in the campaign toward Richmond, did not take place until late in May, a proxy stepped out when the name of the young recruit was called. While the eyes of the mustering officer were fixed upon the roll, the two exchanged places, and the deception thus passed unnoticed. His name was then legally upon the army rolls.

Eight battles were placed to the credit of this soldier in the Twenty-seventh. He was wounded at Fredericksburg Heights, May 3, 1863, and discharged a few days later. His wound prevented him from reenlisting until January 4, 1864, when he joined the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery, giving his age, as in the first instance, as eighteen. He served in the ranks as private and non-commissioned officer from the beginning of the campaign in the Wilderness until the evacuation of Petersburg, and soon after Lee's surrender was mustered out at his own request to secure a commission in another regiment. He finally left

The Seventeenth Vermont was one of the regiments formed at the eleventh hour, when, as might be supposed, the boys were gathered in in heavy proportions, comparatively. It saw but ten months of actual campaigning, yet in that time suffered greater loss in battle than three fourths of the regiments in the Union army. Out of 1137 men borne on the rolls, 146 were killed and 229 wounded. The percentage of boys was high, and of those enlisted at eighteen and under exceptionally so. An analysis of the losses shows that while the regiment, as a whole, lost ten per cent. killed, the ranks of the boys, taken separately, lost fourteen per cent. Taking the total of killed and wounded, the regiment lost thirty-three per cent. So far as can be definitely ascertained, the boys lost twenty-seven per cent. of their numbers. In the individual records there are ten boys reported "missing" on the final rolls. If that description is taken to mean "killed," then the losses among the boys were still greater than I have indicated. The word "boys,"

the rule. The First was an old militia regiment that had been reorganized and filled up with fresh musters in 1858. In 1861 its boy recruits of 1858 were from twenty to twenty-three years old. This is borne out by the muster-rolls of 1861. The percentage of boys in service during the war was very low.

In the Fifth Vermont there were thirty-two boys recruited for Company I. On the muster-out rolls twenty-two of that number were accounted for as follows: 1 promoted to captain; 3 killed in battle; 1 wounded; 6 died in service; 6 discharged during the war; 5 reenlisted.

The Sixteenth Vermont was a militia regiment which served nine months in the field. It was one of three, under General Stannard, engaged in repelling Pickett's charge.

The following is an exhibit condensed from the company muster-out rolls of the First Maine Cavalry, organized in 1861 and recruited by fresh enlistments during 1862, 1863, and 1864:

COMPANY	TOTAL ENROLMENT	ENLISTED AT 18 AND UNDER	ENLISTED AT 19	ENLISTED AT 20	TOTAL ENLISTED AT 20 AND UNDER
A	266	50 (19%)	17	19	86 (32%)
B	264	28 (10%)	16	14	58 (22%)
C	234	40 (17%)	23	10	73 (31%)
D	220	36 (17%)	25	14	75 (36%)
E	233	35 (15%)	14	13	62 (26%)
F	251	36 (14%)	20	6	62 (25%)
G	260	31 (12%)	24	13	68 (26%)
H	215	40 (18½%)	20	22	82 (38%)
I	221	49 (22%)	27	11	81 (36%)
K	247	23 (9%)	16	19	58 (23½%)
L	223	37 (15%)	21	17	75 (27%)
M	230	37 (15%)	21	17	75 (30%)
Totals . . .	2864	442 (15½%)	244 (8½%)	175 (6+%)	855 (30%)

in this connection, means those enrolled at eighteen and under. Moreover, since the regiment was new in 1864, they were all under nineteen throughout that ten months of terrible fighting from the Rappidan to the James.

The case of the First Massachusetts is cited as being an exception which proves

the service before he reached the age of twenty, having passed through fourteen battles, besides several skirmishes and bloody affairs of the trenches. He was twice wounded, but never lost a day from duty for any cause other than wounds. In the certificate of discharge granted to this sol-

This exhibit is a fair example of the results obtained by subjecting the several rolls examined to the same analysis. Of the total number enlisted at twenty and under usually more than one half are eighteen and under.

A few instances cited from the records of the First Maine Cavalry will show that

dier in 1863, the age is stated at eighteen; in that granted in 1865, it is also eighteen. These figures do not indicate the age at the date of discharge, but were taken from the muster-roll record, which in turn had been copied from the original enlistment-papers.

boy troopers also made valiant soldiers. In Company C, William Farwell enlisted at sixteen; was wounded and discharged; reënlisted, wounded, and captured; promoted to lieutenant at eighteen. In Company D, J. E. Stayner was recorded as eighteen, yet was only seventeen, and the youngest, puniest lad in the company. He served three years and reënlisted; was promoted to sergeant, then lieutenant, and was killed at Dinwiddie Court House, his first battle after receiving a commission. Albert R. Johnson, aged eighteen, passed through all the grades to a lieutenancy. In Company E, John Heald, aged eighteen, passed through all the grades to captain of that company, and was killed leading a charge April 6, 1865, the last campaign. W. S. Collins, of the same company, passed through all the grades to a lieutenancy, and was killed in a charge before Petersburg. In Company I, Joseph R. Curtis enlisted at sixteen, served three years, was a prisoner of war, and was discharged at the expiration of his term. Attempting to reënlist in the same regiment, he was debarred because the ranks were full, but he joined it without muster and pay, and served to the end of the war.

The First Maine was engaged in thirty-six battles. The total loss of the regiment killed in battle was one hundred and seventy-four, the highest of all the cavalry regiments in the Union army. Among the killed were fifteen officers, including a colonel, two majors, and six captains.

The good showing made by the boys upon the rolls of the army renders it easy to explain some apparent anomalies that have long puzzled those who try to think kindly of the veterans as a class. There is a large percentage of men in the ranks of the Grand Army, and among the pensioners as well, who, judging by present appearances, must have been mere boys during the war. Some of the older veterans have felt humiliated over this state of things. It is of frequent occurrence that the "youngsters," as they are called, are challenged on the score of age as illegal wearers of the G. A. R. button.

Fortunately, there are data accessible to prove that the boys have kept their relative place among survivors. In fact, many of them have grown relatively younger by a year or more. When a veteran applies for a pension or seeks admission to the Grand Army he may fearlessly state his Bible-record age. He has no temptation to write a number upon a slip of paper, and, standing with it in the sole of his stocking, declare that he is "over —."

It would be outside of the scope of this article to introduce at this point a discussion on the health and longevity of the Civil War veterans. Figures already given, and others to follow, suggest a wide range for speculation. Statistics obtainable from Grand Army records and the United States Pension Bureau at Washington afford trustworthy evidence bearing upon the subject. For the last twenty years the death-rate among Grand Army members, as officially recorded each year, has been generally a little below the normal rate for men in the same class with respect to age and health.¹

In these calculations the average age of soldiers, as established by the official War Department records, has been applied to Grand Army men, it being a fair presumption that since the death-rate was about normal in a body numbering from 300,000 to 400,000, the average age would be maintained year by year. The mortality rate in the Grand Army has been lower than among soldier pensioners as recorded by the Pension Office. The Grand Army carries upon its rolls the pick of the active veterans, and the pension-rolls include the very old and the enfeebled; hence among pensioners in the mass the death-rate would naturally be higher than in the Grand Army.²

The Pension Office estimate of the number of survivors of the Union armies of the Civil War in 1904 was 870,000, about one half of the total surviving in 1865.³ The average age of veterans on July 1, 1904, was sixty-five, and there were 435,000 then living under that age and 150,000 under the age of sixty. Further estimates,

¹ The "normal rate" as confirmed by the observations of life-insurance actuaries.

² On July 1, 1903, the soldier pensioners numbered 691,850, and the deaths in 1903-4 were 30,071, about 4.3 per cent., a little above normal. The Grand Army rate for the year was under 4 per cent., and slightly below normal.

³ A careful computation of the number of honorably discharged survivors in 1865, made by a statistician of the War Department and completed in 1895, placed the total at 1,727,353.

promulgated by Pension Commissioner Ware, give the number of veterans who will be living July 1, 1905, as 820,000, and in 1910 there will be 625,000 survivors.

Looking forward to 1915, the semi-centenary of Appomattox and the centenary of Jackson's victory at New Orleans, there will remain upon the stage to give spirit to the ceremonies over 400,000 veterans, one half as many soldiers as the North had under arms at any period of the war.

Not until 1925, sixty years after the war ended, will the ranks fall below 100,000, a number almost equal to the largest Union army ever assembled on a single battlefield. In 1935, if the mortality rate follows the precedent of the past, there will be 6200 survivors; five years later there will be 340 living, and in 1945 none.

Taken together, the War Department estimates and the Grand Army records lead to the conclusion that the muster-roll figures were in the main correct and the average age of recruits very low. Furthermore, the very young soldiers did not succumb at an abnormal rate during the campaign nor in the period immediately following the war. The number of survivors is now greater than is popularly supposed, and the ranks do not diminish so rapidly as has been predicted. Hence the large muster of active men on reunion occasions, as veterans who fought their country's battles forty years ago, should not awaken the stranger's incredulity.

It is properly said that the veterans are disappearing rapidly, but this applies chiefly to officers, whose ages averaged higher by five years than those of the enlisted men; that is, thirty at date of first muster. Again, the deaths of the veteran officers, who, as a rule, were active in public affairs, are chronicled in the columns of the newspapers, and, taken together during the last few years, the names of those deceased have occupied a large space in the obituary records. An illustration of this is afforded by the mortality among the contributors to the war papers printed in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* from 1884 to 1888. The contributors to the series, as it appeared in book form under the title, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," who were veteran officers of the armies, numbered one hundred and sixty-nine, including Southern writers. Since the beginning of the publication in 1884,

more than half of them have died, of whom the following is a nearly complete list.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CENTURY
WAR BOOK WHO HAVE DIED SINCE
THAT WORK WAS BEGUN

Name	Date of Death
Opdycke, Emerson	April 25, 1884
Greene, S. Dana	December 11, 1884
Grant, Ulysses S.	July 23, 1885
McClellan, George B.	October 29, 1885
Cheatham, Benjamin F.	September 4, 1886
Stone, Charles P.	January 24, 1887
Eads, James B.	March 8, 1887
Jones, Samuel	July 31, 1887
Gillmore, Quincy A.	April 7, 1888
Hunt, Henry J.	February 11, 1889
Ericsson, John	March 8, 1889
Hill, Daniel H.	September 25, 1889
Hartranft, John F.	October 17, 1889
Schenck, Robert C.	March 23, 1890
White, Julius	May 12, 1890
Frémont, John C.	July 13, 1890
Snead, Thomas L.	October 17, 1890
Porter, David D.	February 13, 1891
Sherman, William T.	February 14, 1891
McAllister, Robert	February 23, 1891
Johnston, Joseph E.	March 21, 1891
Hamilton, Charles S.	April 17, 1891
Lockett, Samuel H.	October 12, 1891
Rodgers, C. R. P.	January 8, 1892
Ransom, Robert, Jr.	January 14, 1892
Irwin, Richard B.	April 26, 1892
Pope, John	September 23, 1892
Owen, W. Miller	January 10, 1893
Doubleday, Abner	January 26, 1893
Locke, Frederick T.	February 4, 1893
Beauregard, G. T.	February 20, 1893
Smith, E. Kirby	March 28, 1893
Walker, John G.	July 20, 1893
Morgan, George W.	July 27, 1893
Crittenden, Thomas L.	October 23, 1893
Fairfax, D. Macneill	January 10, 1894
Early, Jubal A.	March 2, 1894
Kershaw, J. B.	April 13, 1894
Slocum, H. W.	April 14, 1894
Shepherd, Oliver L.	April 16, 1894
Fry, James B.	July 11, 1894
Paris, Louis Philippe, Comte de	September 8, 1894
Browne, John M.	December 7, 1894
Ellet, Alfred W.	January 10, 1895
Warley, Alexander F.	January 12, 1895
Carr, J. B.	February 24, 1895
Cooke, P. St. George	March 20, 1895
Dawes, E. C.	April 23, 1895
Elliot, Gilbert	May 9, 1895
Imboden, John D.	August 15, 1895
Kautz, August V.	September 4, 1895
Poe, O. M.	October 2, 1895
Keyes, Erasmus D.	October 11, 1895
Jordan, Thomas	November 27, 1895

Stone, Henry	January 18, 1896
Gibbon, John	February 6, 1896
Walke, Henry	March 8, 1896
Stevens, T. H.	May 15, 1896
Smith, Gustavus W.	June 23, 1896
Colston, R. E.	July 29, 1896
Walker, Francis A.	January 5, 1897
Thomas, Henry G.	January 23, 1897
Couch, Darius N.	February 12, 1897
Pleasanton, Alfred	February 17, 1897
Fullerton, J. S.	March 20, 1897
Lee, S. P.	June 5, 1897
McLaws, Lafayette	July 24, 1897
Taliaferro, W. B.	February 27, 1898
Rosecrans, W. S.	March 11, 1898
Ammen, Daniel	July 11, 1898
Waring, George E.	October 29, 1898
Buell, Don Carlos	November 19, 1898
Greene, George S.	January 28, 1899
Johnston, Wm. Preston	July 16, 1899
Averell, William W.	February 3, 1900
Cox, J. D.	August 4, 1900
Porter, Fitz John	May 21, 1901
Powell, W. H.	November 16, 1901
Stanley, David S.	March 13, 1902
Hampton, Wade	April 11, 1902
Sigel, Franz	August 21, 1902
Cist, H. M.	December 17, 1902
Smith, W. F.	February 28, 1903
Franklin, William B.	March 8, 1903
Hamilton, Schuyler	March 18, 1903
Johnson, Bradley T.	October 5, 1903
Douglas, H. Kyd	January 2, 1904
Longstreet, James	May 9, 1904
Johnston, J. D.	November 19, 1904
Breckinridge, Wm. P. C.	November 22, 1904
Bartlett, John R.	February 15, 1905
Wallace, Lew	March 17, 1905
Hawley, J. R.	.
Allan, William	.
Kennon, Beverley	.
Mitchell, John K.	.

With but two or three exceptions, the great commanders of the war, on both sides, were considerably above the average for officers. Grant was 39 when the war began; McClellan was 35; Sheridan, 30; Meade, 46; Burnside, 37; Hooker, 46; Sherman, 40; Thomas, 45; Rosecrans, 42; Buell, 43. Robert E. Lee was 54 in 1861;

Albert Sidney Johnston, 58; Joseph E. Johnston, 54; "Stonewall" Jackson, 37; Beauregard, 43; Bragg, 45; Hood, 30; Stuart, 28.

In the appointment of officers for the volunteer regiments some of the Northern governors discriminated against very young men. Nelson A. Miles was refused a captain's commission in 1861 on the score of youthfulness. He began as a lieutenant at twenty-two, and four years later was a major-general.

George A. Custer earned his spurs the first year of the war, at the age of twenty-one, and was the youngest of the quartet of dashing cavalry leaders which included James H. Wilson, twenty-three, and Judson Kilpatrick and Wesley Merritt, both twenty-five.

Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur (now a major-general in the regular army) won a medal of honor for bravery by carrying the flag of his regiment ahead of the charging line on Missionary Ridge, at the age of eighteen. He afterward commanded the regiment in several battles, notably Kenesaw Mountain and Franklin, before he was twenty years old. There were several regimental commanders in the Union army who were familiarly called "boy colonels" because of their youth. The death of one of these, Colonel James B. Foreman, is mentioned in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." Colonel Foreman was twenty-one years old when, with eighty of his Kentuckians, he fell in defense of the "cedar brakes" at Stone's River.

Usually the great naval commanders have distinguished themselves in action while very young, but it is proper to recall in this story of youthful fighters that William B. Cushing was only twenty-two when he destroyed the *Albemarle*, and Colonel Charles Rivers Ellet the same age at the time of the passage of the Vicksburg batteries by his wooden vessel, *Queen of the West*.





ON the brink of Minnesota,—officially, 6.2 miles short of the line,—on a little knoll parted from the farm of one Stephen Landon, the engineers of the I. & I. Railway posted sundry pine stakes. Arriving with the grade and the rails and a pile-driver, the contractors of the North Division sank piles into the little knoll, on the west hand of the grade, and atop them set a depot. Within, they gave this depot a waiting-room, a freight-room, an office with rectangular bay-window; without, clap-boards, two coats of standard green, sanded shoulder-high to discomfit whittlers, a long platform of new-sawn plank, a 300-foot spur for visiting box-cars, and a 1000-foot passing siding. Then the I. & I., personally, in white capitals, blazed upon the north wall and the south wall SAINTS REST,—a christening after the township wherein the depot sat,—established in the freight-room coal and oil, in the waiting-room glistening benches and a bracket-lamp, in the office a stove, a clock, another lamp, a table,—officially, a desk,—the telegraph, clean supplies, and an excellent youth named William Cook, and by advertisements spread abroad the word:

"Here where was nothing shall gather a town."

And this town of Saints Rest gathered not at all. By the same ancestry—to liven a route that met farms, roughly, from the limits of St. Paul to the limits of Chicago near to fourscore green depots thus had

been sown—a host of towns gathered to the content of the I. & I.: stores, one or two, a grain-house, a creamery, or a lumberyard. A number achieved arc-lights and Additions. Saints Rest gathered not at all. The little knoll, the depot, William Cook—that was the sum of it.

There were twelve like towns. The youths attached thereto were plucked forth. The depots thereof were sacked of their belongings and their window-panes and their spurs and sidings. The sun beat upon the depots silently and gnawed at their green coats. Three and Four, passengers, and Ninety-one and Ninety-two, way-freights, that in the beginning had tarried at their platforms, and afterward had whistled and tarried on flag, no longer took notice of them. Of the twelve was Sumac, next station to the north of Saints Rest. Likewise of the twelve was Harrison, next station to the south. In view of this the casting-out of Saints Rest spelled twenty miles naked of telegraph office or passing siding, which upon the one-track I. & I. did not rhyme with good operating. Saints Rest was billeted for maintenance.

Thereupon the excellent William Cook repaired to Powderly,—which was down in Iowa, distant forty miles, and North Division headquarters,—heavy-laden with satchels and melancholy narrative.

"First thing," he related, "while the morning's an ink-pot yet, Hulda—Hulda's old man Landon's slavee, and Landon's is where you put up—routes you down to

ham and eggs with the old man and the hands. Does the old man have anything to say? Yes; he says, 'We need a leetle rain.' Does he say any more? He *does* not. Do the hands converse? No; they feed. Does Hulda? Hulda don't handle the English.

"Second thing, you foot to the depot—two miles. Then you set you in your bay-window. And you view the landscape to the east. It's Landon's wheat to the east, Landon's wheat to where the blue dips down: like a lake you can't see the far shore of. Once in a while it stirs, the wheat, the least bit. It's full of crickets, all the time purring, purring, soft and sleepy and lonesome-like. And there's a road out there. Maybe by and by a wagon with a granger aboard 'll go mooching along it, horses dragging their feet, wagon rattling a trifle, little puff of dust a-floating on behind. Then you inspect the track and the poles and the right-of-way fences and the little heat spider-webs a-squirring on the gravel. South you fol-

low the track—she's a plumb-line—two miles, to where she climbs a swell. North you follow her farther; swell that way is four miles. Then you get outside and look at the west. West's another lake—short grass. Landon's pastures. Moolies scattered over it munching, all the time munching, quiet's Quakers. Once in a while a rooster sings out—'way off. Landon's buildings are west, ye see, in a gully. You can sight the tip of the windmill.

"At noon pork and potatoes and pie. Landon says, 'We need a leetle rain.' Hands feed. Hulda looks—just looks.

"Then you set you in your bay and view the landscape some more. And you listen to the south wind—always is a south wind after noon—a-brushing and a-brushing up from Ioway, soft and sleepy and lonesome-like, never letting up. And pretty soon, like as not, along comes old Landon's rain, dripping, dripping, dripping—an all-nighter.

"At six ham and eggs. Landon says, 'We need a leetle sun.' Hands feed. Hulda just looks.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"DO THE HANDS CONVERSE? NO; THEY FEED"

"Then, minute ham and eggs is down, bed. There ain't a thing, ye see, to wait up for."

"But, Bill," demanded one of the headquarters clerks who made the audience, "what about the railroading? There 's railroading at Saints Rest, is n't there?"

"Huh!" observed William Cook. And "Huh!" he observed again.

For the routine at Saints Rest hinged rather upon attendance than upon activity. The reporting of the weather and the trains, —smoke, singing rails, din and cinders, singing rails, smoke,—once or twice daily a train order, the switch-lamps, the shipment of Stephen Landon's products, an occasional grain- or stock-buyer, Stephen Landon's married daughter from Dubuque —those were the responsibilities.

Well, after William Cook fifteen excellent youths repaired to Saints Rest. And fifteen excellent youths, with more satchels and melancholy narrative, shortly repaired back to Powderly.

And after the youths was "Grampa" Foster, who nowadays had small concern in the matter of whereabouts. He held his ground a winter and a spring.

Then from Three, pleasantly and without haste, stepped down a stranger—a lankish body, long legs, long arms, all in neat black clothes; lean cheeks, clean-shaven lip and jaw, and gray eyes under a black slouch-hat. He was, perhaps, forty. He was, perhaps, thirty. He drawled.

"Kyrby Hawbin," he made himself known, "fo'merly agent and operatch fo' the Cotton Belt an' the I'on Mountain an' otheh railroads trave'sing the State of Awkansaw."

With long, keen sweeps of the gray eyes he comprehended what was about, this Kirby Harbin, then, while still he grasped the hand of the sympathy-stricken Grampa Foster, observed:

"A right attractive place, this hyeh Sain's Rest. I am going to take comfo't hyeh."

"You—you—*mean* it?" stammered Grampa.

"Why, I do," returned the newcomer. "I am a peaceable so't of fellow, you see, seh. An' you' Sain's Rest seems a mos' peaceable place. I cannot recollect eveh to have seen a mo' peaceable one. Yes, seh, I am going to take comfo't *hyeh*."

Softly, pleasantly, with no mistakes, with

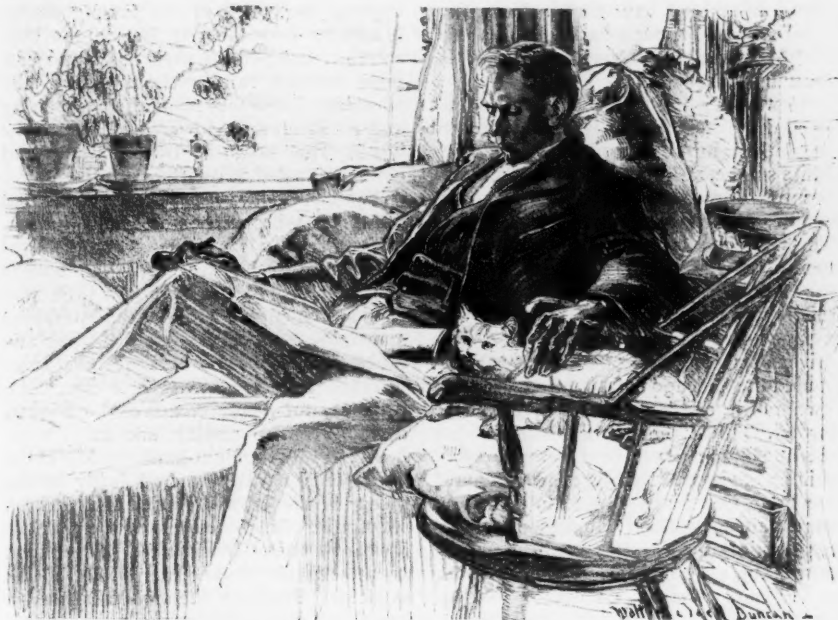
no commotion, the Arkansan—for son of Arkansas he was, "bawn in Li't' Rock," and "the Arkansan" was the brand the North Division set upon him—wrought reconstruction about the green depot. The desk, that had been wont to consume the bay-window, he moved back. With lumber drafted from the extremities of the platform he carpentered in its stead, extending all the length and breadth of the rectangle, a seat. With lighter lumber—he levied upon the coal-bin there—he ran about the three blind walls of the office a shelf. Landon's Hulda at the needle and the scissors, he dissected and kneaded a mattress, jacketed it with black corduroy,—all this obtained from Leroy, where Stephen Landon marketed,—and mounted it, a cushion, upon his window-seat. Pillows he gave red corduroy and added to the cushion. By one day's Three he welcomed a cat he called "Tom Sawyer"—the biggest and silkiest and lordliest tiger-Thomas the Division had ever eyed—and trunks. Out of one trunk he lifted to his shelf story-books—Dickens, Cooper, Marryat, Mark Twain, and, too, odd histories and reminiscences, weather-beaten old fellows, second- and third-handed. Out of another he lifted pipes, choice tobacco in tins, a coffee-pot, a stew-pan, and a banjo. At the back of the office he pitched a cot. At the front he disconnected the clattering sounder of the telegraph and depended upon the chattering relay. "Such a noisy li'l' rapsallion," he explained. Out of doors, he mowed the little knoll, and decked it with six sapling maples transplanted from a grove by Landon's buildings. On the north and on the south of the depot he made a bed of asters. About the underpinning he planted wood-bine.

Then, as he had promised he would do, the Arkansan took comfort. In his window-seat, Tom Sawyer by, he steeped himself in sun and story. He smoked. He ruminated. He picked his banjo. He surveyed with mellow eye the peace and quiet that encompassed. He tilted his head and rejoiced in the clouds, forever drifting, up-piling, dissolving. He harked, smiling, to the drowsy crickets, the drowsy south wind, the drowsy rain. He put forth his arm—for there alongside was his desk—and with trustworthiness and discretion administered that railroading which came within his province. Evenings he minded

his horticulture. He dangled legs from the platform edge and feasted upon the sunset. At elbow Tom Sawyer sat dignified and watchful, his tail curled primly about his cuddled paws. Afterward the Arkansan cooked over the stove black coffee and, in his stew-pan, what he termed "messes." He did not sleep at Landon's:

length upon the cushion. Opposite, Tom Sawyer reposed, *his* legs outstretched, chin upturned, eyes tight shut, and gave himself to a purring that was a very rumble.

The Arkansan admired, a space, the miles of Stephen Landon's wheat, which lay opulent and gold in a crystal sunshine of August. He admired the clouds, which



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"IN HIS WINDOW-SEAT, TOM SAWYER BY, HE STEEPED HIMSELF IN SUN AND STORY"

he turned to his cot. He did not attend there for his three meals: by arrangement Hulda conveyed them across-pasture.

I

HAVING extinguished and sheltered his switch-lamps, the Arkansan, in his office, at leisure breakfasted. Having breakfasted, he moved to a corner of the desk and tidily overspread with a napkin the emptied dishes, and, rising, made a round of his long shelf. Therefrom he drew a pipe, tobacco, and, after consideration, "Huckleberry Finn." Then he ascended to his window-seat, his back to the narrow north window and pillows, his legs outstretched their

were snow-white and mountainous. He bent ear to the chant of the crickets, which rang surpassing clear in a stillness idyllic. After a while he put match to his pipe, opened "Huckleberry Finn" at the beginning, and addressed himself. Soon a little smile of relish entered his face. His puffs, slow and deep-drawn, cried of content. Tom Sawyer a little more upturned his chin. *His* mouth seemed to curl. Steadily he purred.

Out of the south, soft and sweet and far away, drifted the wails of a chime-whistle — *Wooooo-wooooo-woo-woo*—a highway call for the Leroy road. Smiling, the Arkansan read. Tom Sawyer yawned.

The chime bellowed, rapid, bullying,

miles nearer—highway for the Wood road. The Arkansan raised his eyes and leveled them, attentive and mildly wondering.

He wondered because this August was August, '99. In its every corner save the depots the I. & I. was in state of strike. This day a week ago, at midnight, train crews had sought the sidings nearest, there stored trains, and proceeded on engine to division termini. Since then on the North Division nothing had stirred. Since then the Division telegraph had been disabled; the Arkansan's chattering relay was this morning still.

Down-line,—south,—on the crest of that swell that lifted two miles distant, showed now a little hurricane of leaping, tumbling white smoke. The hurricane flung higher, abruptly uprose the black body of a light engine, coming tender first and very fast. The black body grew; on the tail of the tender the Arkansan read 900, and knew the engine: a glorious big Richmond, passenger type; stub-stacked, giant-cabbed, a race-horse boiler towering on 70-inch drivers, six of them—one of the pair that hauled the Chicago night-limiteds One and Two north of Powderly. He discerned further. Thrust from the right-hand window was the hatchet-face of Horace Ford, a striking engineer. In the gangway loomed the huge beard and huge shoulders and huge paunch of Tom Magruder, a striking engineer. At his back, huddled, were Hugh Corcoran, a quick, wiry little fireman, freight conductor George Latham, and two freight brakemen—strikers all.

The 900 neared. On a sudden the white hurricane whirling on her stub-stack ceased, gave place to a thin, lifeless scud of gray. Yellow sparks rained from her driver-brakes. Horace Ford was stopping.

He brought the Richmond to stop fair at Saints Rest depot, the tail of her tender abreast the Arkansan's bay-window. Before the engine was still, Magruder and the four at his back alighted. Ford followed.

They crossed the depot platform, these strikers, pushed wide the door of the waiting-room, and came in. They came roughly, hurriedly, with a great scuffling and clumping. Thence, not pausing for invitation, they pushed wide the door of the Arkansan's office and entered.

Magruder was in the van; he made himself spokesman.

"Turn out yer red flag—on the jump," he said. Better, he roared.

"Turn out yer red flag," he roared, and directly spied the flag furled and tucked in a bracket of the ticket-window ledge, and helped himself, and without further speech departed, clumping. His fellows clumped after, leaving the doors wide. With the flag unfurled, Hugh Corcoran, the quick little fireman, ran up-line over the ties to a point beyond the switch of the passing siding. Magruder and the rest, before the bay-window, stripped off their coats and cast them violently and without aim to the planking. Then they stood there muttering and shuffling, and glowered redly into the north. The Arkansan twisted about and contemplated that quarter.

Up-line, on the face of that swell that lifted four miles away, was crawling thitherward a long gray thread smutched at the fore with black. Slowly the smutch constructed into smoke and a little wizened switch-engine, a four-wheeler, old-time and red-rusted, wheezing and jiggling and racking herself. The bulk of the thread changed to white refrigerator-cars, cumbersome, top-heavy creatures, laboriously rumbling and pounding, and lastly a caboose. From the right-hand window of the switch-engine cab fluttered lazily in the breeze of the crawling a red skein, like a red tippet. On the cupola of the caboose appeared three black dots. Something about each dot winked, mirror-like, in the sunshine. Presently the tippet fluttered a beard, red and waist-long. The black dots stood forth three men seated out of the path of the smoke, partaking of the air and the scenery. On the breast of each winked a nicked badge.

Through the open windows of the bay the Arkansan accosted Magruder.

"Might I know what-all is afoot, seh?" he ventured.

"Why, it's them refrigerators that's afoot," roared the huge man. "Them's superchyce Orygon peaches fer Chicago-way, twenty-three cars on 'em. T' other night when the boys said good-by to their trains, Ed Thorp an' Horace Ford here stowed them peaches quiet an' comfortable on siding at Selby." Selby was a way-station twenty miles up-line. "But Powderly's worried. 'Pears the ice in the cars has petered down, an' Powderly's afraid no ice an' ba'my days ain't a-goin' to agree

with the Orygoners. So this mornin' they ups an' rousts out ol' Jonas Conkey—the one engineer on Division that did n't strike, an' the contrariest ol' pill livin', which is *why* he did n't—an' his ol' 2 switch-enjyne at Shannon Quarries. They sends him three Comp'ny slewths—viay buggy an' the West Central and s'more buggy—an' a booby to fire. An' Jonas an' his outfit *they* ups an' bustles down to Selby an' ties to the peaches. An' here they come with 'em. Them red whiskers a-coquettin' out the enjyne windy, them 's ol' Jonas's. They got an idee, ye see, Jonas an' his outfit have, of takin' them peaches into Powderly. Middle an' East Divisions ain't stalled like this 'n'. If they can get 'em to Powderly, Comp'ny can ice 'em an', chances are, put 'em through."

"An' *you*-all?" the Arkansan pressed him.

"Why, us boys have come from Powderly," vouchsafed the engineer. "When word of this peach-movin' got around, some scabs had this nice 900 enjyne out experimentin' to the north o' the yard; us boys sort o' borrowed her. Ye see, we got an idee, too, *us* boys have."

In deference to Hugh Corcoran's flag and the 900 towering black and stolid on the main line, Jonas Conkey halted his train likewise at Saints Rest depot, the foot-board of the 2 scarce a step from the 900's tender.

Before him Magruder at once paraded the idea of the striker delegation.

"You ol' pill, Jonas," he said, "you just face to the right-about."

Then he proceeded, his fellows at his heels, up-platform past the refrigerators to a station by the caboose, and paraded the idea before the I. & I. detectives.

At this the detectives rose and advanced to the hither edge of the caboose roof. Jonas Conkey descended from the 2, and with him led his fireman, him whom Magruder had classed a booby—a youth grown and overgrown, in proper engine garb, but in manner sulky and reluctant, like one barren of enthusiasm. Leading the youth, Conkey, as befitted a commander, marched up-platform to the feet of his cohorts. So arrayed, the peach-movers—save the overgrown youth, who stood, glum and scowling, aloof—put at the strikers with argument. They talked with chins out-thrust. They gestured with doubled fists. They waxed red in the face.

And the strikers closed in and with argument put back. *They* talked with chins out-thrust. *They* gestured with doubled fists. Their red faces waxed to scarlet.

Pleasantly the Arkansan swung himself up, returned "Huckleberry Finn" to its niche, laid down his pipe. Pleasantly he donned his black slouch-hat, sauntered outside, and with apologies elbowed to the thick of the debate.

"Misteh Magrudeh an' Misteh Conkey an' the rest of you gentlemen," he stated, "I am right distressed about this hyeh. Sain's Rest hyeh is pow'fully fond o' peace. It is no so't of place fo' having hostilities. If you-all would not have any hostilities, I would ce'tainly thank you-all."

Magruder for the strikers, Conkey for the peach-movers, replied nothing by word. Merely, with small pleasantness, they grinned. The debate resumed. The clamor of it lifted and lifted like the roar of a coming freight-train. The gesturing fists flayed the morning. Then amid a sudden silence Jonas Conkey bestirred his fireman.

"Come aboard, bub," he said, "and we 'll be stepping on. You, Mr. Green,"—he hailed the caboose top,—“just mind the switches, and we 'll go by this 900 engine b' way of the siding.”

Returned to the 2, Conkey threw his reverse-lever. The overgrown youth sulkily coaled his shovel. The detective Green shinned down-ladder and made for the north switch.

And then the peace of Saints Rest was set upon in earnest. Magruder and Ford clambered into the cab of the 2, by inches pushed and pried Jonas Conkey to the depot platform. There Magruder and Conkey grappled. They fell down and rolled over and over. They rolled against the depot, and bruised much woodbine. Ford reboarded the 2 in quest of the overgrown youth. The youth fled, bawling, "You lemme be. You lemme be." Hugh Corcoran made after the detective Green. Latham and the brakemen seized coal from the switch-engine, and pelted Green's brothers. Many lumps fell upon the Arkansan's knoll. Green's brothers answered with pistols. They scathed no man. Out of strike times they were wont to barter yarns and tobacco with these coal-pelters. But in other directions they were not so nice. One bullet entered the Arkansan's

bay-window, powdered the stem of that pipe he had laid down. Another whisked among the breakfast dishes, and bisected the ham-and-egg platter. Tom Sawyer, disgusted, stalked to the shadows beneath the Arkansan's cot. Stephen Landon's cows lifted scandalized faces. The Arkansan, pleasant, sauntered hither and thither, expostulating, dissuading, protecting—bootlessly.

Magruder straddled Jonas Conkey's chest and squeezed out the breath of him. Ford shook the overgrown youth. By the coat-tails Hugh Corcoran drew Green from the north switch. Latham and the brakemen pursued Green's brothers, their pistols emptied, over the refrigerators and under the refrigerators.

At eleven o'clock Magruder broke the seal of the first refrigerator, swung wide the doors, and transferred to the tender of the 2 a dozen crates of the Oregon peaches. Into the chill space thus created Magruder's fellows deposited Jonas Conkey, the overgrown youth, and the detectives, swung to the doors, and made them fast.

Then Ford took the right seat of the 2, Corcoran the left. Magruder shifting the 900, they switched Conkey's engine to the tail of the caboose, coupled, and set the peach-train laboriously pounding and rumbling northward.

"Take them peaches right back to Selby—right back to that there siding." Those were Ford's and Corcoran's instructions. Until the departing train had dwindled to a long gray thread crawling on the face of the four-mile swell Magruder and Latham and the brakemen, on the depot platform, shouted after it derisively. On the 900, Magruder the engineer, they wended Powderlyward, shouting. Until they gained the two-mile swell their hubbub was wafted back on the rising south wind.

Softly, pleasantly, the Arkansan put Saints Rest to rights. It took him until twilight.

Which was of a Monday.

II

ON Tuesday morning, having looked to his switch-lamps, the Arkansan, in his office, at leisure breakfasted. Breakfasted, he moved aside and tidily overspread the dishes, and, rising, made a round of his

shelf. Therefrom he drew a pipe, tobacco, and "Huckleberry Finn." Then he ascended to his window-seat, his back to the north window, his legs outstretched. Opposite, Tom Sawyer reposed, *his* legs outstretched, and purred.

The Arkansan admired, a space, Stephen Landon's wheat, which lay opulent and gold in a crystal sunshine. He admired the clouds, which were snow-white and mountainous. He bent ear to the crickets. After a while he kindled his pipe, and opened "Huckleberry Finn" at the beginning. "I reckon," he confided to Tom Sawyer, "we had best staht oveh again." He addressed himself accordingly. Soon a little smile of relish entered his face. His puffs, slow and deep-drawn, cried of content. Tom Sawyer a little more upturned his chin. *His* mouth seemed to curl. Steadily he purred.

Out of the south, soft and sweet and far away, drifted the wails of a chime-whistle—highway for the Leroy road. Smiling, the Arkansan read.

The chime bellowed—highway for the Wood road. The Arkansan raised his eyes, attentive and mildly wondering.

Up from down-line, over the two-mile swell, came again, tender first and very fast, a white hurricane on her stub-stack, Richmond engine 900. Thrust from the right-hand window was the face of Horace Ford. In the gangway loomed the huge parts of Tom Magruder. At his back were Hugh Corcoran, George Latham, and four more strikers. Crouched upon the tender were four more.

The 900 neared. On a sudden the hurricane ceased, gave place to a scud. Sparks rained from her driver-brakes.

Again Ford brought the Richmond to stop fair at Saints Rest depot. Forthwith all on board alighted and made, clumping, into the waiting-room. Thence they made into the Arkansan's office.

"Red flag," roared Magruder.

"Red flag," he roared, and helped himself and departed, his fellows after. With the flag Hugh Corcoran ran up-line. Magruder and the rest, before the bay-window, stripped off their coats and cast them, violently and without aim, to the planking. Then they stood there and glowered into the north. The Arkansan twisted about and contemplated that quarter.

Up-line, on the four-mile swell, were

crawling thitherward smoke and the little rusted 2 switch-engine and white refrigerator-cars and a caboose. From the right-hand window of the 2 lazily fluttered a red beard. On the cupola of the caboose were four black dots. Upon the roof of the final refrigerator were four. Something about each dot winked in the sunshine.

"Them peaches is afoot again," roared Magruder to the Arkansan. "Powderly sent ol' Jonas s'more slewths last night. Lucky 'nough, us boys concluded not to hand this nice 900 enjyne right back. We stopped at the mouth o' that spur this side o' Powderly that leads to the ol' 'bandoned brick-yards. An' we just sperited the 900 out the spur an' in among them woods an' them ol' sheds, where the Comp'ny would n't be like to locate her first off, an' where she 'd be handy in case us boys should have need for her again. Lucky 'nough!"

Again Jonas Conkey halted likewise at Saints Rest depot.

"You, Jonas," Magruder directed, "you just about-face."

Then he proceeded, his fellows at his heels, up-platform to a station by the caboose, and directed the detectives.

Pleasantly the Arkansan swung himself up, returned "Huckleberry Finn," laid down his pipe. Pleasantly he donned his black slouch, sauntered outside and to the debate.

"Misteh Magrudeh an' Misteh Conkey," he stated, "this hyeh is no fair. Two ructions in two days—no, seh, it is no fair. Sain's Rest is no so't of place fo' hostilities. I have got to ask you-all not to have any hostilities hyeh."

Magruder and Conkey merely grinned, with no pleasantness whatsoever. The debate resumed.

And then shortly the peace of Saints Rest was rent and shattered and trampled underfoot. From the 2 Magruder and Ford and Latham ejected Conkey through his window heave-ho fashion, like baggage-men handling a trunk. About the depot Conkey and Magruder and Latham wrestled and pommeled. They stamped twice through an edge of the Arkansan's north aster-bed, then sat heavily in the center of it. Bawling "You lemme be," the overgrown youth scrambled into the Arkansan's bay-window, and caught up club-wise his banjo. Tom Sawyer, outraged, stalked

beneath the cot. Coal strewed the knoll. One bullet pierced the Arkansan's inkwell. Another found rest in "Midshipman Easy." Another snipped the string by which the stew-pan was hung; the pan descended hideously. Tom Sawyer, dignity cast aside, flashed through window, up a telegraph pole, flashed thence to the ridge of the depot—eyes blazing, back and tail bristling. Stephen Landon's cows took themselves off, tossing their heels.

Later Magruder straddled Jonas Conkey's chest. Latham sat upon his head. Ford shook the overgrown youth, and smote his legs with the banjo. By the heels Hugh Corcoran drew Green from the north switch. Green embraced a sapling maple. It came out of the knoll and accompanied them. The remaining strikers pursued Green's brothers over the refrigerators, under the refrigerators, and in and out and around the depot.

At twelve o'clock the strikers stowed the people of the peach-train into the first refrigerator.

Then Ford and Corcoran again switched the 2 to the tail of the caboose, and set the peach-train laboring northward.

"Right back to that there siding"—those were their instructions.

Magruder and Latham and the others, on the depot platform, shouted after the departing train and danced an Indian dance. On the 900 they wended Powderlyward, shouting and casting coal at Tom Sawyer. After they had disappeared their hubbub was wafted back on the south wind.

Softly, pleasantly, the Arkansan put Saints Rest to rights. He finished at midnight.

III

ON Wednesday morning, having looked to his switch-lamps, the Arkansan, in his office, at leisure breakfasted. Breakfasted, he moved aside and tidily overspread the dishes, and, rising, made a round of his shelf. Therefrom he drew a pipe, tobacco, and "Huckleberry Finn." Then he ascended to his window-seat, his back to the north window, his legs outstretched. Opposite, Tom Sawyer reposed, *his* legs outstretched, and purred.

The Arkansan admired, a space, Stephen Landon's wheat, which lay opulent and gold in a crystal sunshine. He admired the clouds, which were snow-white and

mountainous. He bent ear to the crickets. After a while he kindled his pipe, and opened "Huckleberry Finn" at the beginning, and addressed himself. Soon a little smile of relish entered his face. His puffs, slow and deep-drawn, cried of content. Tom Sawyer a little more upturned his chin. His mouth seemed to curl. Steadily he purred.

Out of the south, soft and sweet and far away, drifted the wails of a chime-whistle—highway for Leroy road.

Attentively the Arkansan raised his eyes.

The chime bellowed highway for the Wood road. Over the two-mile swell came, tender first and very fast, Horace Ford driving, engine 900. In the gangway were Tom Magruder, Hugh Corcoran, George Latham, and four more strikers. On the tender were twelve more.

Significantly the Arkansan twisted about.

Yes, on the four-mile swell was crawling thitherward the 2 switch-engine, the red beard of Jonas Conkey out the right window, and the peach-train. Atop the caboose cupola were five black dots. Atop the final refrigerator were five. Atop the refrigerator next ahead were five. Something about each winked in the sunshine.

"Tom Sawyer," stated the Arkansan, "they-all are triffin' with us."

Pleasantly he swung himself up, returned "Huckleberry Finn," laid down his pipe. Out from the bracket he took the red flag and placed it, conspicuously, on a window-sill. Then he ascended again to his seat, and ruminated.

As always, Horace Ford stopped the Richmond fair at Saints Rest depot.

Corcoran ran with the flag. Magruder and the rest, before the bay-window, stripped off their coats and cast them, violently and without aim, to the planking.

As always, Jonas Conkey stopped fair at Saints Rest depot, the foot-board of the 2 scarce a step from the 900's tender.

"'Bout-face," Magruder directed him.

Customarily, then, Magruder—and his band—proceeded to a station by the caboose.

The detectives, customarily, advanced to the edge of the caboose roof, to the edge of the roof of the final refrigerator, to the edge of the roof next ahead. Jonas Conkey descended from the 2, and with him led the overgrown youth. Leading the youth, Conkey marched up-platform

to the feet of his cohorts. So arrayed, the peach-movers—save the overgrown youth—put at the strikers with argument.

And the strikers with argument put back.

Pleasantly the Arkansan rose, donned hat, sauntered outside. In passing, he made fast the windows of the bay and the office door. Pleasantly, on the platform, kneeling here and there, he piled upon his arm the coats of Magruder and his fellows. With a deft pitch he elevated them to the summit of the 900's tender. Pleasantly he sauntered toward the debaters.

His eye, traveling over them critically, paused upon Jonas Conkey,—a ferment of rage and language not good,—and traveled on. It paused upon Jonas Conkey's fireman—and rested. The overgrown youth, as was his habit, stood, glum and scowling, aloof. Him the Arkansan approached.

"Will you come with me, seh?" he invited. And he linked arms with the youth, and led him down-platform, past the refrigerators, to the breach between the 2 and the 900. The debate continued oblivious. The clamor of it lifted and lifted.

"I take it," the Arkansan ventured, "you are not ovehly pa'tial to staying on hyeh."

"Say, I ain't lookin' fer any fight," proclaimed the youth. "I wants to be let be, that 's all I wants. First thing Magruder was fer havin' me quit m' job and fight the Comp'ny. Then Mr. Webb,"—superintendent of the North Division,—"'cause I happened to 've fired the yard switch-enjyne fer a week once or twice, he comes int' the roundhouse and says, 'Bullock, you go up an' fight with ol' Conkey. You go or you quit.' I never wanted to come. I wants to be let—"

"Then," concluded the Arkansan, "you have not got a right smaht acquaintance with enjyne running?"

"Why, regular, I 'm wipin' at Powderly roundhouse," lamented the youth. "'Cause I happened to 've fired—"

"I had hoped you had acquaintance," regretted the Arkansan. He stepped down on the main line into the breach between the 2 and the 900, and selected from the foot-board of the 2 a coupling-link and pins. "But of co'se," he pursued, "we cyain't expaict to have everything go to please us." He inserted the link in the draw-head of the 2 and locked it with one pin. The other he balanced in the draw-



Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"THE STRIKERS CLOSED IN AND WITH ARGUMENT PUT BACK"

head of the 900's tender. "And," he pursued further, eyeing the opposing draw-heads, "I 'm ce'tain you can manage this hyeh." And he drew the youth Bullock into the breach and placed his hand on the link.

He himself sauntered down-platform to the gangway steps of the 900,—the glorious big Richmond, the hauler of One and Two,—scaled the steps, and stood alone in her buzzing, sputtering, steam-fragrant cab. He surveyed the steam-gage—the pointer trembling at 190. He surveyed the reverse-lever, which was shifted to back. Then he raised hands to the throttle,—level with his chin,—pressed the latch, and tugged ever so little. The 900, unburdened, moved. The Arkansan closed. In the stack a feeble exhaust lapsed and died.

Gently, with impact that but faintly jarred the first refrigerator, the 900 and the 2 met and coupled. Plainly the Arkansan heard the *chink* of the dropping pin. He stepped to the gangway. Bullock emerged from the breach and nodded

sourly. The Arkansan beckoned; befogged, the youth shambled aboard the Richmond.

In silence the Arkansan shifted the reverse-lever. He meditated upon the bristling boiler-head, desisted, presently pulled lightly at the brass handle that entered through the cab front. Craning from the gangway, he inspected the mouth of the sand-pipe. Sand was flowing thinly. The Arkansan pulled the handle wide. Then he climbed to the engineer's leather-bound seat, and folded his legs as comfortably as might be betwixt the seat and the cab front.

"Now, seh," he informed Bullock, "I 'm lookin' to you to mind the snackin'—the coal an' the water an' the injecteh an' that-all. And," he finished, as, making no move, the youth scowled from the coal-hammer and the shovel to the gages, "I expaict you betteh snack just about as spry as you know." And he drew forth the throttle the breadth of a man's hand. Elbow on the arm-rest, he thrust his head out-window and rearward.

Steam snarled in the race-horse boiler. The cab lifted, jolted. The 70-inch drivers gritted in the sand. A long black exhaust rushed in the stub-stack, soared, boiling and tumbling, into the morning. Another followed close upon it. Behind, uprose the rapid *chug-chugging* of slacked couplings tightening. South from Saints Rest the Arkansan started the borrowed 900, the 2 switch-engine of Shannon Quarries, the Oregon peach-train, and the I. & I. detectives who debated from the roofs thereof.

And those who debated on Saints Rest platform—Magruder and his band and Jonas Conkey—a jiffy they stood open-mouthed, their arguments expired in mid-saying, and gaped at the trundling refrigerators and the detectives gaping back and the Arkansan's lean, clean-shaven face and black slouch thrust from the 900's window; then of themselves made essay to depart. By the front and rear steps of the caboose they gathered, trotting, then, as the Richmond assumed a diligent puffing, at a run, and so fast as ensued accommodation, embarked.

One alone adopted other tactics. Hugh Corcoran ran down-platform. On the 900 the engineer's seat was, beneath the seat proper, a tool-box; the Arkansan half rose, lifted the seat proper, and extracted a wooden-handled wrench. Corcoran passed refrigerator after refrigerator, passed the 2, came abreast the gangway of the Richmond. Saying nothing, he folded the fingers of one hand about that gangway grip which was set on the cab. Bullock, still scowling from hammer and shovel to gages, retreated against the boiler-head. The Arkansan reversed the wrench and held it by the jaws. Saying nothing, he leaned low, and with the wooden handle cuffed the folded fingers. Corcoran halted upon the depot platform rueful, rubbing the fingers on his trousers-leg. The Arkansan replaced the wrench and resumed his rearward observation. Sulkily Bullock tried the water-cocks, reached in front of the Arkansan's knees and gave life to the injector. Sulkily he put at the coal. Rearward, Corcoran straightened and swung on the front steps of the caboose. With which all were embarked save Magruder.

Elbowed aside by those others who had clustered about the rear steps, Magruder thudded in the wake of the caboose, the

fat fingers of one straining hand falling short by inches of the platform rail. His mouth was open; strange little groans of distress came out of it. The paunch of him quaked. He passed the end of the depot platform, floundered over the gravel of the main line. Groping, the Arkansan found the throttle, closed it. Groping, he found the air-cock, shifted it, a hissing moment, center to right to center, noted the grind of brakes. Slightly the train checked. The caboose rail touched the tips of Magruder's fingers, brushed along his fingers, along his palm. Triumphantly he clutched it, described a sprawl through the sunshine, and sat upon the bottom step. The Arkansan withdrew his head, for the first time faced the front. He shifted the air-cock to left, noted the whistle of emptying cylinders. Again he drew forth the throttle the breadth of a man's hand.

"We must n't reckon to leave any one behin'," stated the Arkansan.

He leaned over the quadrant, and studied it. Just in front of the center he marked two notches that contact had polished. Very delicately he unlatched the reverse-lever and slipped it back to the second of the notches. Also, he tugged at the throttle. Then he waited, speculative, brows lifted. The puffing of the Richmond turned soft and fast—and faster. The lift and jolt of the cab changed to a jig, a breakdown. A cheery hum and tinkle began underfoot. The white empty track streamed up from the south briskly. The two-mile swell neared. And the Arkansan beamed.

Bullock did not. He sulked, yet he observed things, did the overgrown youth. He stepped to the right of the cab and, tiptoeing, shouted into the Arkansan's ear.

"Say," he shouted, "who are you, anyhow? You're the feller who kind of argued with Conkey an' Magruder yesterday an' day afore, but who *are* you? I'm thinkin'," he accused, "you're the *agent* back there."

The Arkansan clasped the whistle-pull and blew a careful highway—the two long bellows, the two short—for the Wood road.

"You are thinking right, seh," he answered.

"An' you," continued the youth, "was askin' if I had got 'quaintance with enjyne runnin'. Now *I* asks *you*—have *you* got 'quaintance?"

"Down on the I'on Mountain," re-

sponded the Arkansan, "I have had a ride now and then."

"An'," Bullock reproached, "you never *handed* an enjyne afore?"

"Why," parried the Arkansan, "we cyaïn't expaict to have everything go to please us."

"But look a-here," Bullock protested, "I don't *know* about this job o' mine. I only fired once or twice, I tell you. Say, this enjyne 's liable to *climb* with us. An' there 's the switch-enjyne. Her fire *was* slow, an', seems to me, her injector 's a little open; but if they *ain't*!"

The crest of the two-mile swell and the Wood road streamed under the pilot; the white cattle-guards of the Leroy road mounted to view, and beyond, at the track-side, a gaunt gray bulk, the depot of forgotten Harrison town. Scrupulously the Arkansan whistled highway.

"If we step right along," he averred, "maybe we can have our ride befo' they go to actin' up."

Lips pursed, head shaking, like one confronted with a banquet for thought, Bullock subsided. He scowled at the gages hard. Then he wielded hammer and shovel hard. Some sulkiness fell from him. Presently he scrambled for the summit of the tender to break a jam in the coal.

"An', while you are up thye'h," the Arkansan requested, "just you reconnoiteh. I expaict our passengers will be takin' measures about now." A little swerve in the track encountered, the Arkansan, himself a moment enabled to look back along the train, projected his head.

For space and observation Conkey and Magruder and Magruder's fellows ascended to the caboose cupola, and emerged thence upon the roof. The detectives thereon, for a council, mingled with them. Those upon the refrigerators, for like reason, wended back.

"Say," announced Ford, "he 's run off with our engine, that Arkansas chap has."

"And he 's towing off *my* engine," fumed Jonas Conkey.

"These here peaches," decreed Magruder, "ain't no business traveling *this* a-way." Magruder's fellows nodded.

"I ain't intending to ride after any station agent," asserted Green. Green's brothers nodded.

Hugh Corcoran rubbed his fingers on his trousers-leg.

In Indian file, with harmony admirable to see, daintily balancing, rope-walker fashion, along the narrow walks that ran the lengths of the unsteady roofs, with carefully judged steps spanning the three-foot chasms that yawned between cars, strikers and peach-movers—Magruder leading, then Jonas Conkey, then Corcoran, then Ford, then Latham, then Green—set off engineward. The Arkansan, reconnoitering, sighted the column as Magruder put foot on the second from the final, or twenty-first, refrigerator.

Bullock also sighted the column then. Sliding, stumbling, bawling a warning, he descended the coal.

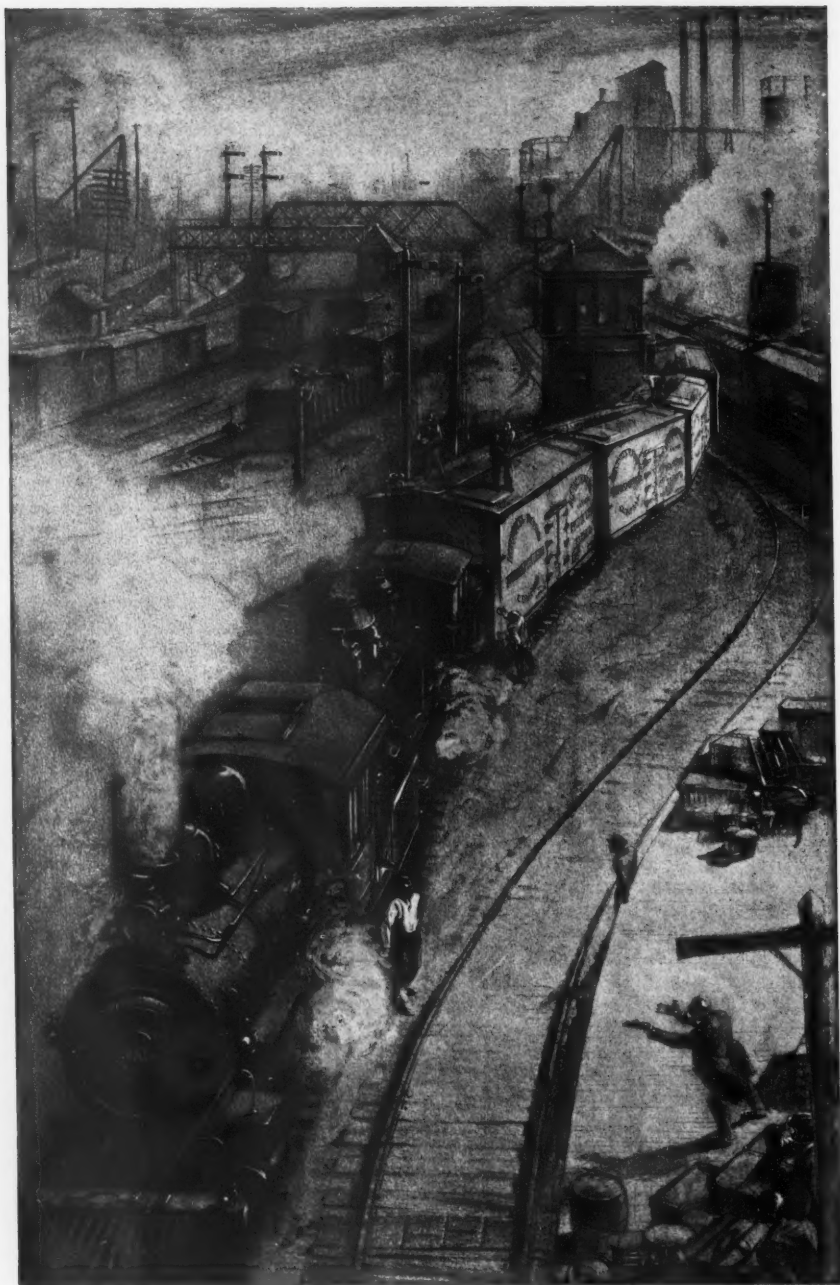
The Arkansan withdrew his head.

"We have got to hindeh that-all," he announced. He reached down and gave Bullock the shovel which he had left leaning against the boiler-head. "Just you keep a-snackin'," he encouraged. His eye sought the steam-gage—its pointer trembling at 195. His arms straightened, his fingers closed about the throttle. Gently he opened a second hand's-breadth.

The puffing of the Richmond waxed, waxed, beat out the stack incessant, like a drummer's long roll. The cheery hum and tinkle underfoot swelled to clamor. The cab rioted. Windows rattled a chivaree. Without, the wind, rising, swept an unending blast. The white track streamed up from the south in haste, forward of the boiler front became misty. Gaunt Harrison depot grew and shaped. Another swerve encountered; the Arkansan made a second reconnaissance.

Of that Indian file, roughly, a half was come to a halt and seated upon the roof-walks of refrigerators twenty and nineteen, holding firmly, with hands, to the edges of the same. The remaining half, which included Magruder, Conkey, Corcoran, Ford, Latham, and Green, the six who led, advanced on hands and knees. For the refrigerators, the cumbersome, top-heavy creatures, were rolling. The roofs of them slanted into the east, reeled into the west, bucked bronco-like. The ledges by the three-foot gaps between laughed at foothold. And, too, there was the wind.

Harrison depot hastened by, hurling back roaring echoes. Hastened by the farm fences that bestrode the Iowa line. Into view hastened, billowing, the beginning of that hummock country which



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"HE WAS ENTHUSIASTIC, WAS MR. WEBB"

houses the I. & I. near to Dubuque—and the first of the curves therein contained. Thereabouts the engineers forswore cuttings and accomplished economy, for which they were instructed. Also, they accomplished levelness. But curves! The first wound to hand; the Arkansan remarked upon them.

"Seems a so't of unlikely track," he said, with no flavor of mirth.

Bullock peeped.

"Gee, yes!" he agreed.

And with eye on the steam—195—the Arkansan's fingers closed about the throttle and coaxed it.

"Gee!" said Bullock.

Of that half of the Indian file which had continued to advance all save the six who led now sat down upon the roof-walks of refrigerators eighteen and seventeen, and held on. The straw hat of a detective hurtled, whirling and dodging, into the north—and another. No man raised a hand of succor. The six advanced along the walks on belly, as a boy rides his sled. At the gaps they waited until both ledges chanced to leap in unison, then swiftly threw forth arms.

Curves zigzagged up, whipped and slued beneath the Richmond's pilot. To left and right hummocks billowed up and past. Approached a curve that looked no curve at all, but, instead, a square corner. The Richmond shivered, a second tipped, tipped—sank upon her springs with a racking crash and whang. The oil-can toppled and fell from its shelf silently.

"I thought she was goin' on her back *that* time," gasped Bullock from a brace.

Agreed the Arkansan, again with no mirth: "I had that same notion."

And with eye on the steam—190 now—his fingers closed about the throttle and coaxed it.

"Gee!" said Bullock. Then he wielded his hammer and shovel very hard indeed. Sulkiness altogether fell from him.

Rearward, some of those who sat rose and essayed to twist brakes, and again sat. Some thought of air-brakes, and remembered that in the flurry of the day before the strike the refrigerators had been made up with three non-airs in the lead. The six gave over effort in the curves. In the straightaways they wormed on sluggishly.

On the right of the grade the white sign-board

MAPLE CITY

ONE MILE

approached, fled by. The Arkansan whistled highway.

From behind a hummock Maple City—green depot, stores, grain-house—debouched, and, roaring, fled.

The Richmond's puffing beat a long roll. Curves and curves whipped, slued. Hummocks and hummocks, gold with wheat, green with corn, green with pasture-sward, billowed past. Behind, the six wormed on in the straightaways. The Arkansan, head out from time to time, regarded them critically.

On the right of the grade the sign-board

CLENDENNING

ONE MILE

approached, fled. The Arkansan whistled highway.

Cledenning—green depot, stores, grain-house—debouched; roaring, fled. The six pulled themselves, one by one, upon refrigerator twelve. The Arkansan withdrew his head definitely. His eye sought the steam, his arms stretched toward the throttle, and relaxed. The pointer marked 180, and falling. The Arkansan unfolded his legs and slid to the cab floor.

"Fo' a spell," he shouted in Bullock's ear, "I reckon I will hammeh."

In the fore of the tender, feet braced, the Arkansan swung the hammer with long, slow strokes, and broke the coal. Bullock shoveled it into the white hole before him. Regularly the fire-door banged open, shut, open, shut. Intermittently Bullock straightened to start the injector, intermittently to still it. The six wormed over refrigerator twelve—eleven—ten. The steam-gage pointer crawled, trembling, upward, passed 180—185—190.

The sign-board

CURTIS

ONE MILE

approached, fled. The Arkansan sought the cab and whistled highway.

Curtis—green depot, stores, grain-house, lumber-yard—debouched; roaring, fled.

The Arkansan hammered. Bullock shoved. The door banged open, shut, open, shut. The six crossed three more refrigerators. The pointer passed 195—200—205.

The Arkansan put aside the hammer, climbed to the engineer's seat, and folded his legs as comfortably as might be. Delicately he slipped the reverse-lever into the first of those notches which contact had polished. Then he fingered the throttle, and coaxed it, coaxed it.

"It will come no fartherh," he announced.

The Richmond began herself to roll, and, rolling, jerked and jumped and plunged and shivered. The puffing of her beat out the stack a fury, hammered at the ears like the spanking of barrel-staves. The crash of flattened springs dinned always. The gangway apron clanged, clanged. Bits of coal coasted from the tender to the cab floor, danced there like popping corn.

The wind, rising, lashed and slapped, sang in the cracks of the hinged windows. Bullock, stoking, in the strife for balance, hopped to and fro, a jumping-jack.

And the refrigerators, the cumbersome, top-heavy creatures!

"Remi-minds you," commented the Arkansan from his rioting seat, "of asto-sto'm at sea. Twenty-five sto'ms, countin' in the li'l engine an' the caboose."

"I can't l-look at 'em," chattered Bullock. "G-gives me the jimjams."

Rearward, those who sat now laid themselves belly down upon the roof-walks, in the very likeness of their leaders, save that they did not advance. Intermittently hats—straws, derbies, felts—hurtled into the north. Ahead, Latham came to stand. Green, behind, could be seen in argument with him. Latham shook his head. Magruder, Conkey, Corcoran, Ford, and Green got to refrigerator five.

The sign-board

ELMER
ONE MILE

sped up, flashed away. The Arkansan vented a succession of highways.

The sign-board

YARD LIMITS
20 MILES PER HOUR

sped up, flashed away. Switch-stands darted by. Elmer—arc-lights and Additions—engulfed. Elevator, green depot, freight-house, coal-sheds, stock-yard, oil-tanks, close at hand, box-cars on siding, closer, came and went shrieking—*warr, warr, warr*. Dust of street crossings blanketed. Switch-stands darted by. Again the white, empty track streamed up from the south.

"We are d-doing betteh than twenty miles," observed the Arkansan.

Rearward, some few adjacent to brakes raised arms, and lowered arms. Horace Ford halted.

From the northwest curved the West Central Railway and streamed at the elbow of the I. & I. On the West Central a train appeared. It grew and shaped: a three-coach passenger, likewise proceeding south. Its engine was puffing busily; dust eddied from beneath the coaches. It drifted abreast. The fireman came to the gangway and stared. The engineer quit his seat and stared over the fireman's shoulder. Silently it drifted astern.

Green halted. Magruder, Conkey, and Corcoran made the third refrigerator. The vomit of the Richmond's stack raked them—a blizzard of soot and cinders.

The sign-board

COLE
ONE MILE

sped up, flashed away. The Arkansan whistled highway.

Cole—green depot, stores, grain-house, creamery, red West Central depot—debouched; shrieking, departed. The sign-board

R. R. CROSSING
400 FEET
STOP

flashed up, flashed, a blur, away. The track of the West Central curved to the east, crashed beneath the Richmond, beneath the 2, rubadubbed, thundering, beneath the refrigerators.

Corcoran came to stand. All alone Magruder and Conkey wormed to the second refrigerator, and to the first. They gained the head of the first.

By inches Magruder manoeuvred his huge beard and huge shoulders and huge paunch into the side ladder, hugging the car, by inches shinned down. On the bottom rung he halted, and, holding himself out from the car, considered the gap between him and the 2 switch-engine.

On her four little drivers the 2 raced, a mere blur. One saw in quivering outline a dozen 2's. Her tender foot-board quivered by the rails a yard beneath and a yard and more in advance of Magruder's rung. On the tender's corner quivered a boarding-handle a bit bigger than a napkin-ring. Beyond quivered the tender's slant-built back, smooth, bare of steps or cleats. Magruder held himself a little farther out and forward, removed one foot from the bottom rung, and extended it shyly into the gap. Hugging the car, he climbed the ladder, and on the roof-walk prostrated himself in a manner of exceeding meekness; moveless and earnestly flattened, his cheek pressed against the boards. Conkey wormed past Magruder, into the ladder, shinned down. On the bottom rung he halted, and held himself out. His waist-long red beard lay over his shoulder horizontal, as straight as a yardstick. Suddenly his jumper, unbuttoned, whipped open and up, flapped about his ears madly. Hugging the car, Conkey climbed the ladder. In Magruder's wake he prostrated himself.

The sign-board

WEST LONDON

ONE MILE

flashed up, away. The Arkansan whistled highway.

West London—green depot, stores, grain-house—debouched; shrieking, departed.

The Richmond rolled and lurched and shivered. Her puffing beat a fury, ham-

mered at the ears. The wind slapped and sang. Up from the south the white track streamed and wound. Wheat, corn, pasture-sward, hastened by. Bullock stoked, a jumping-jack. The Arkansan sat the rioting engineer's seat.

Up from the sky-line mounted a white dome. About it rose slim steeples, many roofs. In the midst of them showed the upper works of a grimed coal-chute and the cornice of a red brick roundhouse.

"That yondeh is Powde'ly?" inquired the Arkansan.

"That 's Powderly," assented Bullock.

On the west traveled a grove from which projected hazily shabby sheds. A spur led from this; the switch of it clashed underfoot.

"That thye'h," inquired the Arkansan, indicating, "is the abandoned brick-ya'd?"

"That 's the brick-yard," assented Bullock.

The sign-board

POWDERLY

ONE MILE

flashed up, away. The Arkansan raised arm to the whistle-pull, and loosed on the sweet chime a long, bullying station blast. Then he closed the throttle and eased the reverse-lever.

The sign-board

YARD LIMITS

approached, fled. Switch-stands fled, and derby-hatted sentries, detectives. Powderly yard, silent, moveless, detective-bound, surrounded. The Arkansan shifted the air-cock center to right to center, and repeated. Powderly depot neared briskly, then deliberately. The Arkansan shifted to right to center slowly. The depot drew abreast, with a jerk halted. The Arkansan shifted to left, sent the pent air whistling. Then he unfolded his legs and slid from the engineer's seat. With a bit of waste he set to tidying his hands.

On the refrigerators Jonas Conkey and Green and Green's brothers sat up, blinked, and bartered feeble smiles. Ma-

gruder and his fellows sat up, blinked, and shinned down-ladder. Thence they took themselves away mildly, not stopping for their coats. Pleasantly and without haste the Arkansan himself alighted.

From the second story of the depot, which sheltered Division headquarters, hastened Superintendent Webb, an oldish gentleman, scholarly and benevolent, and fell upon the Arkansan with gratitude. He was enthusiastic, was Mr. Webb.

"The Company," he concluded, "will

extend you substantial appreciation, Mr. Harbin, insists upon it. I, personally, insist upon extending you some appreciation."

The Arkansan smiled a little smile of relish.

"Why, I tell you, seh," he suggested, "if you might happen to have on you' book-shelf a copy of 'Huckl'berry Finn,' and would cyah to affo'd me the privilege of it until I can retu'n to Sain's Rest, I would ce'tainly thank you."



"PLACE ENOUGH FOR ME AND PEACE"

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

UPON the thousands cast
Into the field of days, with troubled
flow
My thought went out; I saw them ranked
and massed
In battle, and laid low.

To live, to think and feel,
It was to fat the robber of the nest;
I looked, I saw the serpent at the heel,
The aspic at the breast.

I saw want's tightening twist,
His crushing coil, around the child of care;
I saw the day-god wallow through the
mist
To gild a harlot's hair.

I saw high worth bowed down,
Vanity glad as laughing summer-green;
I saw the unkingliest thing clap on a
crown,
Hoar honor wasting mean.

But on itself thought turns.
"Thou fool!" mine said. "The lovely vio-
let blows,
There's fire yet in the star, the foxglove
burns,
Runs love-blood in the rose.

"Curled in the shadow-vase,
Ferns cluster; morn shakes bright the
willow-leaves;
The haughty worlds are at the appointed
place,
The swallows at the eaves.

"The grasshopper has song;
The noon heat at the cricket's heart, it
stings;
The bluebird still brings heaven with him
along,
Of it he shines and sings.

"Out of the sun and cloud
The silences, the wonders of the wind;
All trustful things with joyance cry aloud,
They seek not, and they find."

"Now will I once more bend,"
I said, "to humble service, wiser live;
With trust makes hope heart-fellow, fate
a friend,
Take as the days may give.

"From murmuring will I cease,
And longer after folly follow not;
But, lord of place enough for me and
peace,
Will stand up in my lot."



THE DEFENSE OF BALER CHURCH.

BY CAPTAIN HORACE M. REEVE, U. S. A.

IN the province of Principe, Luzon, about one hundred and forty miles northeast from Manila, lies the little town of Baler, which in ordinary times contains about two thousand souls. It has a range of mountains at its back, and faces the Pacific Ocean; in consequence of its situation, the land communications are most difficult at all times, while at certain seasons communication by sea is well-nigh impossible.

A more inaccessible or lonely place is hard to find even in the Philippine Islands; but Baler will long be remembered in the annals of the Spanish army, for this town possesses a church, hardly more than a chapel in size, in which a small Spanish garrison was besieged by Filipino insurgents for nearly twelve calendar months—from June 27, 1898, when four officers and fifty men went into the church, until June 2, 1899, when two officers and thirty-one men marched out of it. To relieve this garrison, the U. S. S. *Yorktown* was sent to Baler in April, 1899, and it was in the river at Baler that Lieutenant Gillmore and his boat's crew of fourteen men fell into the hands of an overwhelming body of insurgents after a sharp action. In this fight two sailors were killed, two mortally wounded, and the remainder of the party was captured, several being injured.

The last Filipino insurrection against Spain was apparently terminated by the treaty accomplished in December, 1897, which exiled Emilio Aguinaldo and some of his subordinate chiefs. On account of this insurrection the Spanish government

had sent about twenty-three thousand Peninsular troops to the Philippine Islands; but some of these troops having been brought home, there still remained in the archipelago about eighteen thousand Spanish soldiers at the time Admiral Dewey entered Manila Bay. For the most part, these soldiers were posted throughout the islands in small garrisons. When Aguinaldo returned to Cavite in May, 1898, the insurrection, which had been only slumbering, broke forth with renewed vigor; the outlying Spanish garrisons in Luzon were promptly besieged, generally by overwhelming forces of natives, and those garrisons which could not escape surrendered. An exception to these captures was made by the Spanish defense of Baler.

Baler is such a remote place, and its communications are so difficult, that it was not until nearly a year after Santiago de Cuba was taken by the American forces and Admiral Cervera's fleet was destroyed that the Baler garrison knew that the Philippine Islands no longer belonged to Spain.

WHEN daylight came on June 27, 1898, the few Spanish troops stationed in Baler, noticing that the native inhabitants had abandoned the town (a sure sign of impending trouble), immediately took up their quarters in the church and in the *convento*, or priest's house. In the Philippines these two buildings, which are generally of stone in whole or in part and built adjoining each other, are usually so constructed as to lend themselves admirably to purposes of defense, which is also

assisted by the stone wall inclosing a space adjacent to the church and to the convento.

The church at Baler was small, but its walls were very strongly built. At that time the Baler garrison was composed of four officers and fifty men; the officers were Señor Las Morenas, captain of infantry and governor of the province of Principe, sub-lieutenants Zayas and Martin, and Señor Vigil, the medical officer; the parish priest, Fray Cándido Carreño, had also taken refuge in his church. The Spaniards had time to place in the church some ammunition and a moderate amount of supplies, including about seventy bushels of rice.

The garrison made several reconnaissances, and on one of these, June 30, the insurgents were discovered in force, an action was brought on, and the insurgents, after driving in the reconnoitering party, invested the church and the siege began. On July 1, while the garrison was preparing the church for defense, a communication demanding surrender was received from two insurgent captains, who stated that their command was composed of three companies, and added that nearly all of the other Spanish garrisons had capitulated. The demand was refused. The besiegers completely encircled the church with their trenches, from which they directed a fire against the garrison, who replied only when the insurgents exposed themselves. Throughout the long ensuing year the garrison was subjected to a great deal of rifle practice from the insurgents; but the doors and windows having been barricaded, the Spaniards were to a certain extent protected, and although a number of them were wounded, only two were killed. In addition to these gunshot casualties, two members of the garrison were executed by order of their commanding officer.

Besides those killed and wounded, several soldiers deserted, and a good fraction of the garrison died from tropical diseases, intensified by poor diet and close confinement. It is probable that at one time or another nearly every member of the garrison was sick. The little stock of provisions daily grew less, until there was nothing remaining but some decaying sardines. The garrison made attempts to assist their mess by such sprouts, leaves,

and herbs as could be gathered in the immediate vicinity of the church; it has also been stated that at one time some of the men augmented their ration by such reptiles and insects as were to be found in and around the church and convento. To procure water the Spaniards were compelled to dig a well in the court of the convento, by which means water of a questionable nature was obtained.

On July 19 the garrison received notice from another insurgent officer, Villacorta, that he had just arrived in front of the church with three companies of his command, and announced that if they surrendered with their arms, their lives would be spared and much consideration would be shown them; but if they persisted in their defense, he would take the church by assault and show no compassion. Later, seeing the fruitlessness of his fire, Villacorta stated that he would besiege that church until it surrendered, even if it required three years. Nevertheless, the insurgent firing continued, and on the 31st Villacorta again demanded the surrender, threatening to demolish the church by cannon fire; for he had gotten together seven or eight old-style field-pieces and one of a modern system.

This last demand being refused, at midnight the garrison was subjected to a cannonade, which, while doing great damage to the doors and windows of the church, injured none of the defenders, for which they were indebted to the thickness of their walls and to the inefficiency of the insurgent artillery. On August 3 the red wine (a component of the Spanish soldier's ration) was exhausted, as was also the garrison's stock of tobacco; and deprivation of tobacco causes more suffering to the average soldier than is produced by the absence of any other one article of his ration. On the night of the 7th the besiegers attempted to take the church by stealth, but, owing to the vigilance of a Spanish sentry, they were discovered and repulsed. On the 20th Villacorta sent another party to the church carrying a demand for surrender, this time making use of two Spanish friars whom the insurgents were holding as prisoners. The two friars were persuaded to remain in the church and not to return to the insurgent lines; they afterward performed the duties of soldiers, and their subsequent history is interesting.

In September the insurgents were begin-

ning to be assisted by two most powerful allies, dysentery and beriberi. The latter is a tropical disease which usually terminates fatally. The first victim to disease was the parish priest, who died on the 25th and whose death was shortly followed by that of others of the garrison. On October 13 Lieutenant Martin and Surgeon Vigil were both wounded, the latter seriously. This mishap to the surgeon was a grave matter to a body of men some of whom were dying and a number of whom were seriously sick. Among the victims to beriberi were two of the officers, Lieutenant Zayas, the immediate commander of the troops, who died October 18, and Captain Las Morenas, who died November 22. The death of Las Morenas was a severe loss to the little command, not only on account of his rank but also on account of his character. Fortunately for the garrison, the spirit of resistance which had been infused into it by Las Morenas did not die with him, but was energetically sustained by Lieutenant Martin, upon whom devolved the command.

On December 14, Martin, at the head of some of his men, made an offensive sally, charged the besiegers, destroyed their first line of trenches, and burned all of the houses near the church, thereby compelling the besiegers to take a more distant position. This removal of the nearest insurgent lines allowed the opening of one of the church doors. The change also permitted the besieged occasionally to go outside for a few yards to gather some sprouts and herbs with which they attempted to assist their ration.

On January 14 there arrived at Baler a Spanish officer, Captain Olmedo, who had come by way of the difficult mountain trail and was an emissary from General Rios, the Spanish general in Manila who was attending to the repatriation of the Spanish soldiers. Captain Olmedo must have been provided with proper papers both by the American and by the insurgent authorities, which allowed him to pass through the lines and to cross Luzon. He advanced under a flag of truce from the insurgent trenches, but the besieged required him to halt at some distance from the church.

Martin demanded of Olmedo what the latter desired. Olmedo replied that he had come in pursuance of an order from Gen-

eral Rios and had a personal communication to make to Governor Las Morenas. Martin, as well as his men, thought that Olmedo was not what he represented himself to be, but was some person sent by the insurgents, and was a party to some ruse similar to several schemes previously attempted by the insurgents, with the object of beguiling the garrison into leaving the church in order that they might be at the mercy of the besiegers, or that the latter might learn something of the conditions existing within the walls of the improvised fortress.

Martin, fearing that Olmedo was connected with the insurgents, and not desiring to apprise the latter of the misery of the garrison and of the death of the provincial governor, informed Olmedo that he could not enter the church, but that he, Martin, would retire within and confer with the governor (who had been dead nearly two months). Martin, returning from this feigned conference, told Olmedo that Governor Las Morenas said that he would hold no conversation with Olmedo, as he, the governor, had been deceived so many times. In vain did Olmedo attempt to establish his identity, and to urge the plea that he had been specially commissioned by General Rios personally to give a communication to Las Morenas with instructions for the evacuation of Baler. He was refused entrance to the church, nor could he persuade Martin as to the genuineness of the orders brought from Rios, which unfortunately, through a clerical mistake, had been addressed in an irregular manner. Olmedo was compelled to retrace the difficult journey which he had made from Manila with his mission unfulfilled.

On February 25, Martin confined three of his men, who were accused of talking of their intention to desert and inciting their comrades to do likewise.

When March came the men had become almost destitute of clothing, and Martin issued to them certain cloths pertaining to the hospital supplies. They made needles from small bits of tin, and in lieu of shoes they made sandals from wood. Fire-wood was obtained from the timbers of the convento. The Spanish flag, hoisted above the church, was kept renewed in spite of wind and rain; the last flag used was made from an acolyte's red gown and a piece of yellow mosquito-net-

ting. Most of the men faced the situation with cheerfulness and jested with their fate; they used to speak of "the roster for the expedition to the other town" when referring to those who were very ill.

The first few days of March were red-letter days for the garrison; for three water-buffaloes that strayed too near the church were eagerly seized by the besieged and furnished fresh meat for several days.

On April 11 something occurred which, for the garrison, was rather mysterious. Only a limited portion of the sea, and that near the horizon, can be seen from the church belfry. At about 2 P.M. the defenders heard the discharge of cannon from seaward, and that night they saw the search-light of a war-vessel. Their joy knew no bounds: at last the war with the United States had terminated, and the Spanish government had sent naval aid; at last the garrison was saved! The war had, in fact, virtually terminated eight months previously, and the shots they heard were fired by the U. S. S. *Yorktown*, which had been sent to aid the garrison, probably on the urgent appeal of the Archbishop of Manila.

In order to operate intelligently, the captain of the *Yorktown* sent Ensign Standley and one quartermaster ashore before daylight on the 12th, to make, if possible, a secret reconnaissance, and to draw a map locating the church, the town, and the insurgents. This was a difficult and dangerous piece of work. Lieutenant Gillmore was sent to protect as far as possible Ensign Standley and his companion and to bring them back to the ship; but upon the completion of their plucky mission they were brought to the ship by another boat, because Lieutenant Gillmore and his boat's crew of fourteen men had had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the insurgents, but only after a sharp fight.

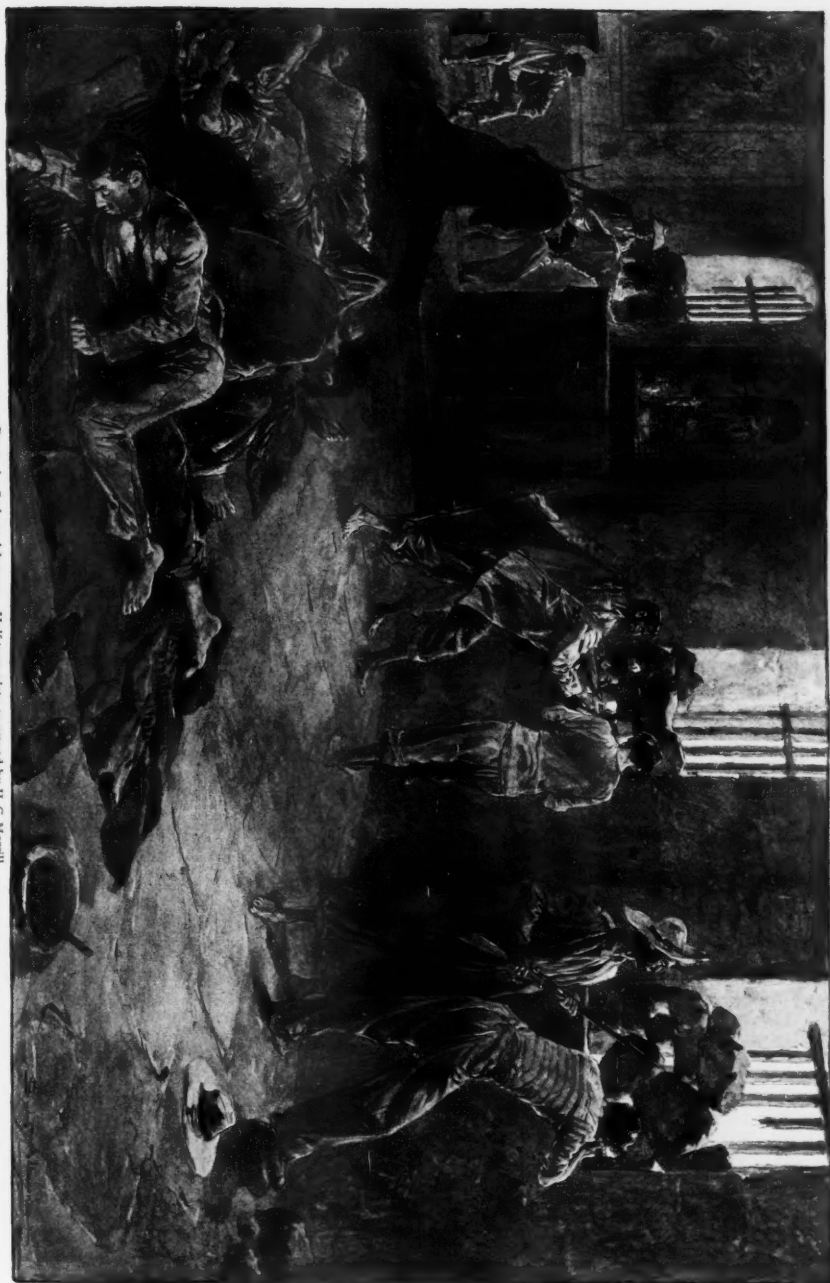
These events were unknown to the Spaniards in the church. That afternoon the supposedly Spanish vessel fired a few shots from its large-caliber guns, hearing which, Martin ordered three volleys to be fired, hoping to attract the attention of some one aboard the ship. In addition, that night the besieged burned a beacon-fire on the belfry; but it is probable that the volleys could not have been heard nor the beacon-fire seen by those on board the *Yorktown*.

At 4 A.M. on the 13th the besieged saw the search-light extinguished, and a short time afterward they saw the ship steaming away near the horizon.

That afternoon the insurgents attempted another stratagem. A man clad in the uniform of a sailor approached the church under a flag of truce, and stated that the war with the United States had terminated, and that the captain of the vessel then in the harbor placed his ship at the disposal of the besieged. At the same time the messenger pointed out an American flag on a bare pole near the beach, which, through the trees from the church, might have been mistaken for a mast of a gunboat. This flag had probably been Lieutenant Gillmore's boat flag. The garrison suspected treachery, and paid no attention to his statements.

The three soldiers charged with intended desertion had been confined in the baptistery, but on May 8 the insurgents succeeded in exploding a shrapnel in this improvised guard-room, and as the projectile made a large opening in the roof or in the wall, filling the baptistery with earth and wounding slightly each of the three prisoners, it was necessary to confine them in the part of the church used as an infirmary. One of the prisoners took advantage of the opportunity and made his escape.

On May 27, near midnight, the corporal of the guard gave warning that he suspected that the enemy had entered the inclosure which partly surrounded the church. Martin aroused his men, and they took their posts to repel an assault, but not until daylight was it ascertained that the corporal was right in his suspicions. Then it was seen that the insurgents had opened a breach in the wall of the inclosure, so that a fire delivered through this breach would prevent the Spaniards from going to their well for water. Martin collected some of his best marksmen, and having placed some of them in a trench facing the breach and others at embrasures in the wall of the church, the Spaniards opened fire, silencing that of the enemy, and the breach was repaired. Several insurgents were killed so near to the church that neither they nor their arms could be removed by their comrades. It has been stated that Simeon Tecson, at that time commanding the insurgents, said that on



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE DOORS AND WINDOWS HAVING BEEN BARRICADED, THE SPANIARDS WERE TO A CERTAIN EXTENT PROTECTED."

that occasion he lost seventeen men killed and wounded.

On the afternoon of May 28 another emissary from General Rios arrived in front of the church in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Aguilar of the Spanish army. He had been supplied with papers which allowed him to pass through the American and the insurgent lines, but he possessed no credentials which would allow him to enter the church held by his countrymen. He had brought a steamer to relieve the garrison. But the besieged, having had so many stratagems attempted against them, disbelieved in the identity of Colonel Aguilar.

In vain did Aguilar plead for credence to be placed in himself and in his mission, and he was sent away without being allowed to enter the inclosure. He returned to the church the next day, but he met with no better success in establishing his authenticity, and, in despair of accomplishing his mission, he returned to Manila. Previous to departing, Aguilar threw to the garrison a bundle of old newspapers. If men's lives had not been at stake, the baffled attempts of Colonel Aguilar and Captain Olmedo to identify themselves and to deliver orders to their comrades in arms would have been somewhat humorous.

On June 1 it became evident that the garrison could no longer maintain itself in Baler, and Martin decided to cut his way through the insurgent lines and march across the mountains to the nearest Spanish post. This decision shows in what ignorance the garrison had been steeped by its isolation: for there was no other Spanish post in Luzon; the Spanish power in the Philippines had virtually ceased months before. The two soldiers who had been held as prisoners under the charge of intending to desert and inciting others to do likewise were now brought forth from their place of confinement and shot. The start was to have been made that night, but as the night proved to be clear, the enterprise was postponed until the following night.

On the morning of June 2 Martin found time to glance over the newspapers brought by Colonel Aguilar. Among them was a paper from Martin's native city in Spain, which, on the face of it, showed that it could not have been connected with a ruse

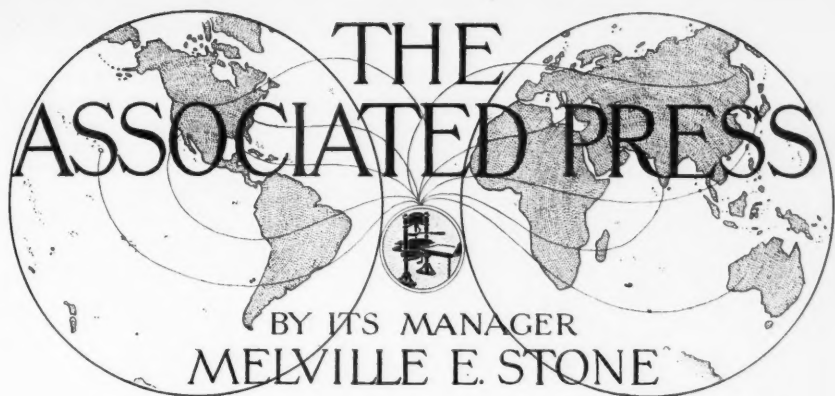
of the insurgents. From it Martin gleaned something of what had occurred in the outside world during the last year: among other things, that the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba had been lost to Spain, and that for many months there had been no Spanish flag in Luzon except the one at Baler church. Martin assembled his men and explained the situation to them, and it was apparent to all that there was nothing else to do but to capitulate. A truce with the insurgents having been instituted, negotiations were entered into, and at last the depleted command marched out of the little church which for nearly a year they had guarded so well for the King of Spain.

Of the original number that had taken refuge in the church the casualties had not been inconsiderable: two officers, the priest, and twelve men had died from disease; two men had been killed by insurgent bullets; two had been executed; two officers and fourteen men had been wounded; three men had deserted.

In addition to the two officers and thirty-one men who finally composed the garrison, it will be remembered that there were two friars who had been acting as soldiers. Unfortunately for these two priests, some of their former parishioners or acquaintances were waiting for them outside the church, and caused the friars to be again seized, claiming that the terms of the capitulation referred only to military persons.

Lieutenant Martin and his men were allowed to march overland to Manila, where they discovered that the Americans had been in possession for nearly a year, and at that time were actively campaigning against the insurgents.

When Lieutenant Martin and his detachment arrived in Spain, the Queen Regent, in the name of Alfonso XIII and of the nation, ordered that thanks be given to each survivor of the Baler garrison, and that the Cross of San Fernando (the Spanish Victoria Cross, carrying with it a pension) be presented to such as were deemed worthy of it. The Cross of Maria Cristina was granted to all of the survivors. Señor Vigil received additional recognition from the government, while Lieutenant Martin, in addition to his two decorations, received the commission of a captain in the regular army.



NEWS-GATHERING AS A BUSINESS¹



THE business of news-gathering and news-publishing, as we know it, is wholly an American idea, having taken its rise in this country in the early years of the last century. There were coffee-houses in London and New York, where the men had been accustomed to resort to exchange the current gossip, and letters on important topics had occasionally been published; but before this time no systematic effort had been made to keep pace with the world's happenings. Then came the newspaper, supplanting the chap-book, the almanac, and the political pamphlet.

In the new development half a dozen men were notable. Samuel Toppliff and Harry Blake were the first newsmongers. Toppliff established a "news-room" in Boston, where he sold market reports and shipping intelligence; and Blake was a journalistic Gaffer Hexam, who prowled about Boston harbor in his rowboat, intercepting incoming European packets, and peddling out as best he could any news that he secured. Both these men displayed zeal and intelligence, and both became famous in their day.

Later, in 1827, Mr. Arthur Tappan, the merchant-philanthropist and reformer,

founded the "Journal of Commerce" in New York to combat the growing influences of the theater, which he regarded as pernicious. But the playhouses proved too strong for him, and within a year he sold the paper to David Hale and Gerard Hallock, two young Boston journalists. They were familiar with the work of Toppliff and Blake, and promptly transplanted their methods to New York. They discarded the rowboat, and built a handsome sea-going yacht, which they named the *Journal of Commerce* and ran twenty or thirty miles beyond Sandy Hook to meet incoming vessels. There had previously been a small combination of New York papers to gather ship news; but the building of the *Journal of Commerce* incensed the other members, and they promptly expelled Hale and Hallock, who replied in a card, which was printed in their newspaper on October 9, 1828, as follows:

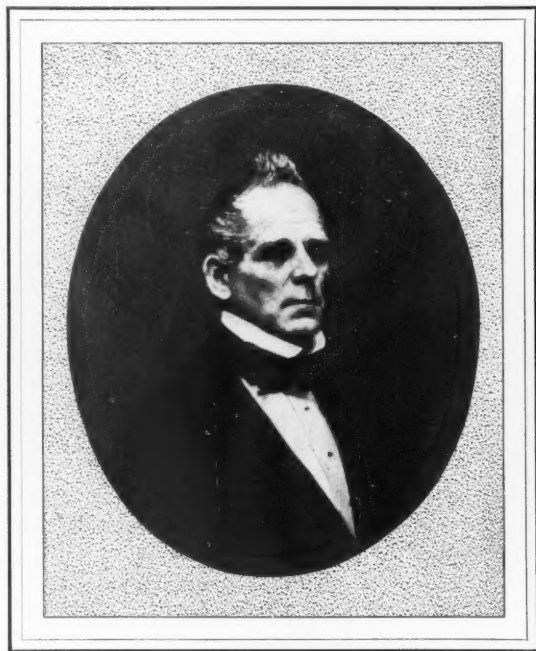
Yesterday our new boat, the *Journal of Commerce*, went below for the first time, fully manned and equipped for service. We understand that her rival, the *Thomas H. Smith*, is also in readiness for similar duty. An opportunity is now afforded for an honorable competition. The public will be benefited by such extra exertions to procure marine news, and we trust the only contention between the two boat establishments will be, which can outdo the other in vigilance, perseverance, and success. In one respect, and in one only, we expect to be outdone; and that is, in collecting news on the Sabbath. This we shall not do,

¹ See also THE CENTURY for April and May.—EDITOR.

and if our Monday papers are, as we trust they will not often be, deficient in giving the latest marine intelligence, we must appeal to the candor and moral principle of our subscribers for a justification.

Hale and Hallock also erected upon the Highlands, near Sandy Hook, a semaphore telegraph, to which their schooner signaled the news, and which in turn trans-

petitors. This system worked so successfully that the Federal government took it over; but Hale and Hallock extended their express to Washington, and thus maintained their supremacy. They frequently published official news from the capital before it had been received by the government officers in New York. In one instance a Norfolk paper, published two hundred and



From a photograph by Brady

GERARD HALLOCK

mitted it to Staten Island. Thence the news was carried to the publication office in New York city. In this way they were able to distance all competitors. They also introduced to American journalism the "extra edition." The scenes about the office of the "Journal of Commerce" in those days aroused great public interest, and before long the proprietors enjoyed a national reputation.

Not content with distancing their rivals in European news, they also established a pony express from Philadelphia, with eight relays of horses. By this means they were frequently able to publish Southern news twenty-four hours in advance of their com-

petitors. This system worked so successfully that the Federal government took it over; but Hale and Hallock extended their express to Washington, and thus maintained their supremacy. They frequently published official news from the capital before it had been received by the government officers in New York. In one instance a Norfolk paper, published two hundred and

thirty miles south of Washington, copied the Washington news from the New York "Journal of Commerce," which it received by sea before it had any direct advices. In time this enthusiasm waned, but with the advent of James Gordon Bennett and the New York "Herald" it revived, and the zeal then displayed has never been surpassed.

The battle royal which was carried on between General James Watson Webb of the New York "Courier and Enquirer," on the one hand, and Bennett of the "Herald," and Hale and Hallock of the "Journal of Commerce," on the other, is historic.

When the war with Mexico broke out,

Mr. Bennett was able, through his system of pony expresses, to publish accounts of battles even before the government de-

every one. The Cunard liners ran between Liverpool and Boston, and Bennett, with characteristic energy, instituted a scheme



"THEY . . . BUILT A HANDSOME SEA-GOING YACHT . . . AND RAN TWENTY OR THIRTY MILES BEYOND SANDY HOOK TO MEET INCOMING VESSELS"

spatches were received. He also had a carrier-pigeon service between New York and Albany for the annual messages of the governor, which he printed ahead of

for hurrying the news by pony express from Boston to New York.

Topliff and Blake had been succeeded by D. H. Craig, who established himself as



Drawn by George Varian. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis.
 "HIS PIGEONS . . . WERE SENT OFF FROM A
 WINDOW IN HIS STATE-ROOM"

an independent news-collector and -vender at Boston, and displayed extraordinary alertness. As the Cunard boats approached the harbor, Craig met them and received on his schooner a budget of news from the incoming vessel. Then by carrier-pigeons he communicated a synopsis of the news to his Boston office, frequently releasing the birds forty or fifty miles from port.

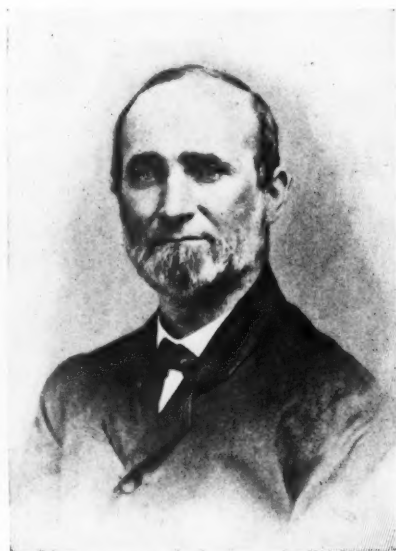
Meanwhile Professor Morse was struggling with his invention of the magnetic telegraph. In 1838 he completed his machinery and took it to Washington on the invitation of President Van Buren; but it was not until 1843 that Congress appropriated \$30,000 to build an experimental line. It took a year to construct this between Washington and Baltimore, and it was not until the latter part of 1844 that it proved of any service for the transmission of news.

With the advent of the telegraph, Craig determined to make use of this novel agency in his business, but encountered

the hostility of those having a monopoly of Morse's patents, who desired to control the news business themselves. There was a sharp contest. The New York papers joined forces with the telegraph people, and in 1848 organized the Associated Press, with Mr. Hallock as president and Dr. Alexander Jones as manager.

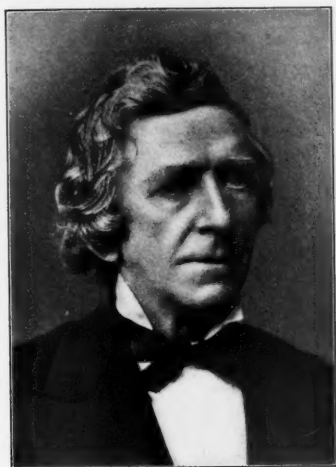
Its membership was limited to the proprietors of the six or seven New York dailies, and its purpose was to gather news for them only. Later, other newspapers in the interior arranged for exchanging news with it, and thus the enterprise developed into one of great importance.

A hundred interesting stories are told of the experiences of Manager Jones. Because of the excessive cost of transmitting messages by the imperfect telegraph lines of that day, he devised a cipher, one word representing a sentence. Thus the word "dead" meant, in the congressional reports, "After some days' absence from indisposition, reappeared in his seat." When they desired to convey this information respecting Senator Davis of Massachusetts, they wired, "John Davis dead." But the word "dead" was not recognized as a cipher by the receiving operator, and all the papers of New York and Boston



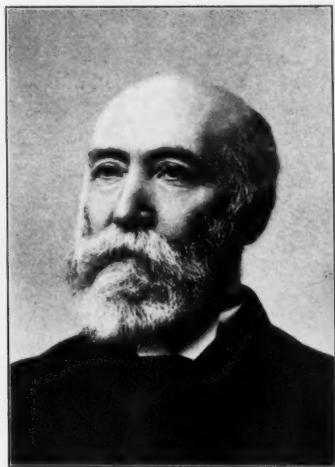
From a photograph by Bogardus. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

D. H. CRAIG



From a photograph by Fassett

L. A. GOBRIGHT, FORMERLY MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AT WASHINGTON



From a photograph by Sarony

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, FORMERLY GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

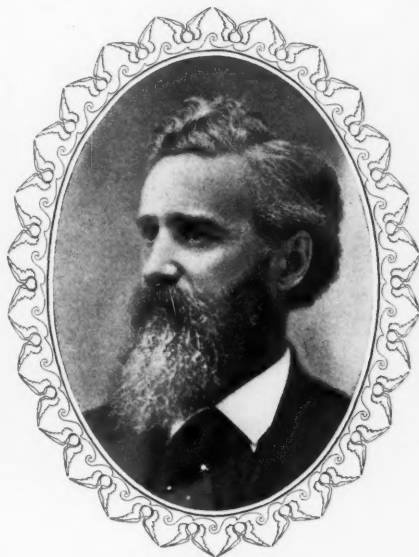
proceeded to print post-mortem eulogies, much to Davis's amusement.

When the Whig convention of 1848 assembled at Philadelphia, Jones planned to score a great "beat." The wires did not cross the river at Jersey City, and therefore he arranged for a flag signal across the North River. If General Taylor should prove to be successful, a white flag was to be waved. Unfortunately, another company was also signaling by white flags on another subject, and so Jones was misled into announcing Taylor's nomination before it happened.

Dr. Jones was a better general manager than prophet. In the light of to-

day, the following declaration, which he published in 1852, is interesting:

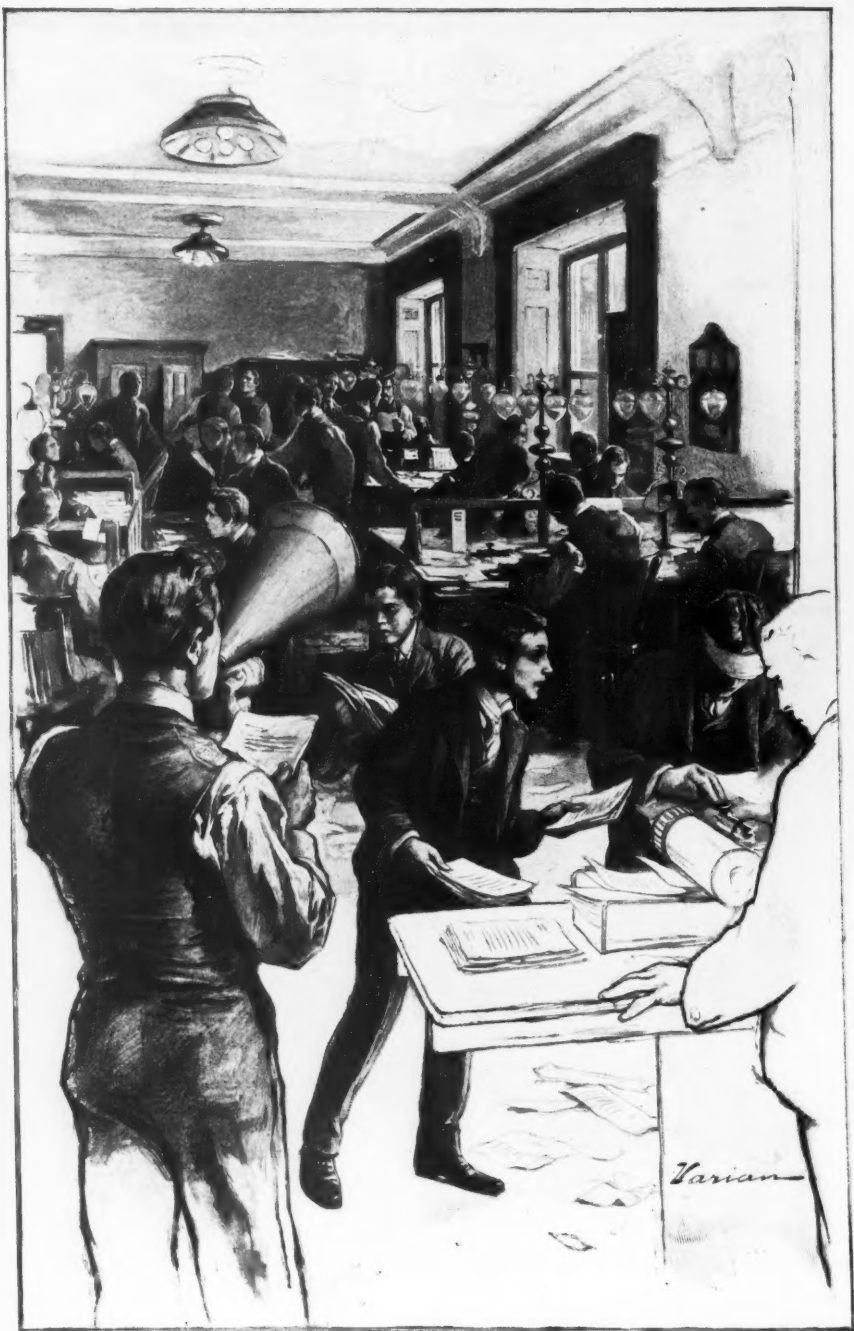
All idea of connecting Europe with America, by lines extending directly across the Atlantic, is utterly impracticable and absurd. It is found on land, when sending messages over a circuit of only four or five hundred miles, necessary to have relays of batteries and magnets to keep up or to renew the current and its action. How is this to be done in the ocean, for a distance of three thousand miles? But by the way of Behring's Strait the whole thing is practicable, and its ultimate accomplishment is only a question of time.



From a photograph by Taber

J. W. SIMONTON, FORMERLY GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Craig, against whom the efforts of the association were directed, did not, however, surrender. As the Liverpool



Drawn by George Varian. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

“THE RECEIVING OPERATOR SHOUTS THE NEWS THROUGH A MEGAPHONE”

boat touched at Halifax en route to Boston, to this point he turned his attention. He had a synopsis of European happenings carefully prepared in Liverpool and placed in the purser's hands; and, on the arrival of the vessel at Halifax, the purser sealed this budget in a tin can, which was thrown overboard and picked up by Craig's representative, who hurried it on to Boston and New York by pony express, completely outstripping all rivals. The New York and Boston newspapers then chartered a steamer to express news from Halifax to Boston, with the idea of telegraphing it from Boston to New York. But Craig was equal to the emergency. Putting a pair of his best carrier-pigeons in a basket, he traveled by the land route to Halifax in season to take passage on the press express boat for Boston; and when the steamer approached the shores of Massachusetts his pigeons, heavily freighted with the European news, were sent off from a window in his state-room. This was so adroitly done that, long before the express boat landed, Craig's pigeons had reached the city and the news they brought had been published. His opponents then gave up the fight, and elected Craig their general manager.

For the ensuing forty years they had no rival worthy of note. Hallock retired in 1861 and Craig in 1866. David M. Stone succeeded as president and James W. Simonton as general manager. In 1882 there came a change.

The Associated Press had grown to be all-powerful in its field, and an offensive and defensive alliance had been formed with the great Reuter News Agency, which had meanwhile grown up in Europe; but the association was owned by seven New York papers, which gathered such news as they desired and sold it to the newspapers of the inland cities. Important subsidiary associations, such as the New England Associated Press and the Western Associated Press, had been organized. They bought the news of the New York association and made payment in money, as well as a contribution of the news of their own localities; but they had no voice in the management. The Western association finally revolted. There was a short-lived contest that ended in a compromise. The West was admitted to a partnership in the direction of the business. Two

Western men, Richard Smith of Cincinnati and W. N. Haldeman of Louisville, joined Whitelaw Reid and James Gordon Bennett in an executive committee; Charles A. Dana was added as a fifth member and chairman; and William Henry Smith, who had served the Western association as manager, was appointed general manager. The compact ran for a term of ten years.

All this while the association had confined its energies to the gathering and distribution of what is known among newspaper men as "routine news"—shipping, markets, sporting, congressional reports, and the "bare bones" of a day's happenings. The owners of the great metropolitan dailies who controlled it preferred to hold the management in leash so that they might display enterprise with their special reports of the really interesting events. The smaller papers, which were wholly dependent upon the association for general news, could not afford extensive special telegrams, and therefore desired the organization to make comprehensive reports of everything.

During Mr. Smith's administration substantial improvements were effected. Arrangements were made with the telegraph companies for leased wires, which were operated by the association itself. There was also not a little display of real enterprise. Unfortunately, however, many of the employees were chosen because of their familiarity with the technical side of the telegraph business, and were often incapable of writing the news in interesting fashion. In addition, the organization was loosely planned, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, was not planned at all. It had grown up through constant compromises by more or less conflicting interests, and the special concessions which were constantly being made led to a very considerable degree of friction. Many of the papers in the association enjoyed an exclusive right to the service, and it was almost a cardinal principle that no new paper could be admitted to its privileges without the consent of all Associated Press papers in the city of publication. As the country grew, such a plan made a rival organization inevitable. There was a close alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company, by the terms of which the association was given special

advantages, and it in turn refused to patronize any rival telegraph company.

From time to time enterprising men founded new papers which, under the rules, could not gain admission to the Associated Press. Rival telegraph companies also appeared in the field and established rival news services. Owing to the great strength of the Associated Press, these rival concerns struggled against heavy odds, but constantly grew in importance, until finally there were enough papers which had been unable to secure admittance to the association and enough telegraph companies contesting the field with the Western Union Company to organize a formidable competitor—the United Press. Behind it the two most important papers were the Boston "Daily Globe" and the Chicago "Daily Herald," both of which were enterprising and financially strong. In London, also, there was established a rival to Reuter, called the Central News Agency, not very formidable, to be sure, yet sufficiently enterprising to furnish a fair summary of the world's news. It had a distinct advantage in the fact that the five hours' difference in time between London and New York enabled it to glean from the London morning papers the most important happenings in time to transmit them to America for publication in contemporaneous issues.

It was one of the rules of the Associated Press—both of the parent organization and of all the tributary associations—that a member should not traffic with any rival association; but the rules were so loosely drawn and so ineffectively enforced that the United Press was able to sell its report to a large number of papers. In many cases members of the Associated Press bought the United Press report, paying a considerable weekly sum for it, simply in order to prevent its use by a rival newspaper. All of this gave the United Press a considerable revenue and an important standing. Finally it menaced the supremacy of the older organization.

Then an unfortunate compromise was effected. Those in the management of the Associated Press privately purchased a controlling interest in the stock of the United Press, and made a secret agreement that the two associations should work in harmony. The existence of this private arrangement was disclosed in 1892, as the

ten-year alliance between the New York Associated Press and the Western Associated Press was about to terminate. It created great commotion. The Western Associated Press refused to go on under such an agreement. Finally the New York Associated Press was absorbed by the United Press, and the Western Associated Press set out to operate independently. At that moment I was invited to become general manager of the Western association. I had been a member of the board of directors and of the executive committee of that organization during the years that I had edited the Chicago "Daily News," and I was reasonably familiar with the business.

A struggle for supremacy between the two agencies opened at once. The United Press had the support of all the newspapers east of the Alleghany Mountains, and the Western Associated Press had only a majority of those in the West, while the papers of the South at first endeavored to maintain friendly relations with both, but later fell into the arms of the United Press. In point of membership, as well as in financial strength, the Western organization seemed to be no match for its Eastern rival, but it had one important advantage. In its plan of organization it was a democracy, and its management was subject to the control of its entire membership. The United Press, on the other hand, was a close corporation, in the hands of a few men, and the large majority of the papers receiving its report were merely clients having no vote in the management.

The contest lasted for four years, and was waged with great bitterness. Early in its progress I went to Europe and arranged an alliance with Reuter. This was a blow from which the United Press never recovered. Mr. Victor F. Lawson, my former partner in the ownership of the Chicago "Daily News," was elected president and devoted himself with great persistency and disinterestedness to the upbuilding of the organization. He and I set out for New York, where we began a prolonged missionary effort. It happened that Mr. Horace White of the New York "Evening Post," Mr. Joseph Pulitzer of the New York "World," and Mr. John Cockerill of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," were all Western men who had been long-time friends of mine, and

it was not difficult to convince them of the wisdom of our plan of organization.

When I called upon Mr. White, I found him busily writing an editorial. Scarcely pausing in his work, he said: "I am with you. I do not believe in an association which is controlled by three or four men. The 'Evening Post' will join your company. But I am under pledge to make no move in the matter without consulting my friends of the New York 'Staats-Zeitung' and the Brooklyn 'Eagle.'" Very soon the "Evening Post," the "Staats-Zeitung," the "World," the "Morning Advertiser," and the "Commercial Advertiser" of New York, as well as the Brooklyn "Eagle," abandoned the United Press and joined the Western organization. A special meeting was called in Chicago, and the Associated Press was reorganized as a national institution. The fact that it retained the name—The Associated Press—which for over forty years had been a household word in the United States was of great value, editors, as a rule, recognizing the desirability of advertising (as they had done for many years) their connection with the Associated Press rather than their alliance with the United Press. The title "The Associated Press" was a most valuable trade-mark.

In time the Philadelphia papers, certain New England papers, and a number of journals in central New York, also abandoned the United Press and joined the Associated Press. The contest resulted in placing a heavy burden of expense upon both organizations. The normal revenues of neither were sufficient to maintain its service at the standard of excellence required by the competition. The members of the Associated Press promptly assembled and subscribed to a large guaranty fund to provide for the deficits, while the four or five New York papers behind the United Press were compelled to contribute in like manner in order to hold their clients to any degree of allegiance. Month by month and year by year the converts to the Associated Press grew in number and the burden of expense upon the New York papers became heavier. At length the Boston "Herald" joined the Associated Press, and the collapse of the United Press followed. On April 8, 1897, Mr. Dana, who was then its president, made, in its behalf, a voluntary assignment, and on that day

two or three hundred of its members were admitted to the Associated Press.

A small number of papers still found it impossible to join, and were compelled to form another association, which has now grown into the Publishers' Press organization, serving a large number of papers, chiefly afternoon issues, with a creditable report. Two years later there was a clash with a member of the Associated Press in Chicago, litigation ensued, and the Supreme Court of Illinois rendered a decision adverse to the association. In order to safeguard their interests, and because experience had shown defects in the plan of organization, a number of the leading members formed a new association, and incorporated it under the law of the State of New York. Substantially all of the members withdrew from the existing organization and joined the new corporation. There was no legal connection between the two, although the one which ceased to exist and the one which came into existence at the same moment were both called the Associated Press and the membership was virtually identical.

It is this New York corporation which for the last five years has been known as the Associated Press. As its name indicates, it is an organization of newspapers for the purpose of gathering news on joint account. It is purely mutual in its character, and in this respect is unique. All of the other news-supplying agencies of the world are proprietary concerns. It issues no stock, makes no profit, and declares no dividends. It does not sell news to any one. It is a clearing-house for the interchange of news among its members only. Its membership consists of seven hundred daily newspapers published in the United States, each of which contributes to the common budget all news of national interest originating in its vicinity, pays a weekly assessment representing its share of the general expense of conducting the business, and has its vote in the election of the management. The annual budget is divided thus: salaries—executive, editors, correspondents, operators, messengers, etc., \$1,031,000; leased wires and telegraph tolls on outgoing matter, \$704,000; tolls on incoming matter, specials, etc., \$152,000; foreign cables, \$182,000; contracts with foreign agencies, \$15,000; general expenses, including rents, telephones, type-writers, legal expenses, etc., \$174,000; total, \$2,258,000.

To meet this, each member is assessed a sum which is paid weekly in advance. In making up these assessments, an equitable system is followed, which provides that the heaviest tax shall fall upon the larger papers.

The association is several times greater in magnitude and in the importance of its work than any other institution for distributing news. It serves, for instance, all but six of the morning daily newspapers of the country which take telegraphic service. It furnishes more than one half of all the news the papers print, and its despatches appear in journals having an aggregate issue of over fifteen and one half million copies a day. If the recognized formula of three readers for each copy be accepted, it is evident that its telegrams are read by more than one half the people of the nation. How wide is the influence exerted by this service in a land where readers demand the facts only and form their own judgment, no one may estimate. The association certainly plays a most important part in our national life. Yet, if one may judge from inquiries that come to the general office, it is little understood either by editors or readers.

Annually the members gather in general convention in New York and elect a board of directors of fifteen members. By common consent, the members of this board are chosen from different parts of the country, so that each important division is represented. They are trained newspaper men, who bring to the discharge of their duties an intimate knowledge of the business and a high sense of responsibility. The board of directors in turn elect a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary and general manager, an assistant secretary and assistant general manager, and a treasurer, and designate from their own number five members to serve as an executive committee.¹

The world at large is divided, for the purpose of news-gathering, among four

great agencies. The Reuter Telegram Company, Ltd., of London, gathers and distributes news in Great Britain and all her colonies, China, Japan, and Egypt. The Continental Telegraphen Compagnie of Berlin, popularly known as the Wolff Agency, performs a like office in the Teutonic, Slav, and Scandinavian countries; and the Agence Havas of Paris operates in the Latin nations. The field of the Associated Press includes the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and Central America, as well as the islands of the Caribbean Sea. Each of these agencies has a representative in the offices of the others. Thus the Associated Press bureau in London adjoins the Reuter offices. The telegrams to the Reuter company are written on manifold sheets by the telegraph and cable companies, and copies are served simultaneously to the Associated Press bureau, the Wolff representative, the Havas men, and the Reuter people. A like arrangement obtains in Paris, Berlin, and New York, so that in each of these cities the whole panorama of the day's happenings passes under the eyes of representatives of each of the four agencies.

But the scheme is much more elaborate than even this arrangement would indicate. Operating as tributary to the great agencies are a host of minor agencies—virtually one such smaller agency for each of the nations of importance. Thus in Italy the Stefani Agency, with headquarters in Rome, gathers and distributes the news of Italy. It is the official agency, and to it the authorities give exclusively all governmental information. It is controlled by Italians, but a large minority of its shares are owned by the Agence Havas of Paris, and it operates in close alliance with the latter organization.

Thus, if a fire should break out in Milan, the "Secolo," the leading newspaper of that city, would instantly telegraph a report of it to the Stefani Agency at Rome.

¹The present roster of officers is as follows: Frank B. Noyes, Chicago "Record-Herald," President; Charles H. Taylor, Boston "Globe," First Vice-President; H. H. Cabaniss, Augusta (Ga.) "Chronicle," Second Vice-President; Melville E. Stone, Secretary and General Manager; Charles S. Diehl, Assistant Secretary and Assistant General Manager; and Valentine P. Snyder, Treasurer. The directors are: Whitelaw Reid, New York "Tribune"; Clark Howell, Atlanta "Constitution"; W. L. McLean, Philadelphia "Bulletin"; Albert J. Barr, Pittsburg "Post";

George Thompson, St. Paul "Dispatch"; Victor F. Lawson, Chicago "Daily News"; Charles W. Knapp, St. Louis "Republic"; Harvey W. Scott, Portland "Oregonian"; Frank B. Noyes, Chicago "Record-Herald"; Thomas G. Rapier, New Orleans "Picayune"; Herman Ridder, New York "Staats-Zeitung"; M. H. de Young, San Francisco "Chronicle"; Charles H. Grasty, Baltimore "Evening News"; A. P. Langtry, Springfield (Mass.) "Union"; W. R. Nelson, Kansas City "Star"; and the Executive Committee consists of Messrs. Noyes, Knapp, Lawson, Reid, and Grasty.

Thence it would be telegraphed to all of the other Italian papers, and copies of the "Secolo's" message would also be handed to the representatives, in the Stefani headquarters, of the Reuter, Wolff, Havas, and the Associated Press agencies.

In like fashion, if the fire should happen in Chicago, the Associated Press would receive its report, transmit it to the American papers, and furnish copies to the representatives of the foreign agencies stationed in the New York office of the Associated Press.

Of the minor agencies the most important are the Fabri Agency of Madrid, the Norsk Agency of Christiania, the Swiss Agency of Bern, the Svensky Agency of Stockholm, the Correspondenz Bureau of Vienna, the Commercial Agency of St. Petersburg, and the Agence Balcanique of Sofia.

But the Associated Press is not content to depend wholly upon these official agencies. It maintains its own bureaus in all the important capitals, and reports the more prominent events by its own men, who are Americans and familiar with American newspaper methods. These foreign representatives are drawn from the ablest men in the service, and the offices they fill are obviously of great responsibility. They must be qualified by long training in the journalistic profession, by familiarity with a number of languages, and by a presence and bearing which will enable them to mingle with men of the highest station in the countries to which they are accredited.

Such are the means used for gathering foreign news. For the exchange of domestic news the methods are not very different. Each of the seven hundred newspapers whose proprietors are members of the association is obliged to give the representative of the Associated Press free access to its news as soon as received. Many times a day the Associated Press man calls at every newspaper office in the large cities and is given the latest local news. If it is sufficiently important, he instantly puts it upon the leased wires, and in a few seconds it is in the hands of hundreds of telegraph editors throughout the country.

For the purpose of administration the country is divided into four grand divisions, each controlled by a superintendent acting under the direction of the general manager. The association leases thirty-five thousand miles of telegraph wire, and ex-

pends over seven thousand dollars a day in its work. These leased wires, which are worked by its own operators, stretch from Halifax, by way of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and Salt Lake, to San Francisco, San Diego, and Seattle; they radiate from New York through Albany, Syracuse, and Rochester to Buffalo; from Washington through the leading Southern cities to Atlanta; from Chicago south, by way of Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Louisville, to Nashville, Atlanta, and New Orleans, as well as to Memphis, San Antonio, and the city of Mexico; and from Chicago north, by way of Milwaukee, to St. Paul and Duluth. They also extend from Philadelphia through the interior of Pennsylvania, and touch, by an extension from Kansas City, the interior cities of Nebraska and Iowa on the north, and Kansas and Oklahoma on the south. Thus every city of consequence is reached by the wire system of the Associated Press.

Three of these leased wires are operated between New York and Chicago at night and two by day. The volume of Associated Press report thus served daily to a morning newspaper in Philadelphia or Baltimore, through which cities the three night wires are extended, exceeds sixty thousand words, or forty ordinary columns. The telegraph operators are men of exceptional skill, and receive higher salaries than are paid by the telegraph or railway companies. To expedite their work, they use automatic sending-machines, which greatly exceed hand transmission in speed, and employ a system of abbreviations which can be sent with surprising rapidity. The receiving operators take the letters by sound and write them upon a type-writer, and since no one is able to manipulate a Morse key as swiftly as he can operate a type-writer, there is a constant effort to hasten the sending in order to keep pace with the ability of the receiver. The following example will illustrate the system of abbreviation. A message is sent thus:

**t scotus tdy dcdd 5 pw f
potus dz n xtd to t pips, ogt
all pst cgsl xgn q sj is uxl.**

And it is rendered thus by the receiving operator:

The Supreme Court of the United States to-day decided that the power of the President of the United States does not extend to the Philippines, on the ground that all past congressional legislation on the subject is unconstitutional.

In the larger cities, where many copies of the messages are required, a sheet which has been immersed in wax is used in the type-writer. When written upon, it forms a stencil, which is placed upon a rotary cyclograph operated by an electric motor, and as many as three hundred copies of the message may be reproduced in a minute. One of these is thrust into an envelop bearing the printed address of a newspaper and shot through a pneumatic tube to the desk of the waiting telegraph editor in the newspaper office. Even this almost instantaneous method of delivery is too slow, however, for news of a sensational character. A bulletin wire connects the Associated Press office with every evening newspaper in New York, and the bulletins are flashed over it by operators of the highest skill in emergencies. When the result of a great race arrives, the receiving operator shouts the news through a megaphone, and every sending operator in the room flashes it over his circuit.

A storm is a serious thing, and there is

hardly a day in the year which is free from a storm somewhere in the vast territory covered by these leased wires. The expedients then resorted to are often interesting. During the great blizzard of 1888, in which Senator Roscoe Conkling lost his life, all communication was cut off between New York and Boston, and messages were sent from New York by cable to London, thence back to Canso on the Nova Scotian coast, and from Canso to Boston. In 1902 every wire between Boston and Philadelphia went down, and then special messengers were sent by train with the Associated Press telegrams. Last winter the wires between New York and Utica were swept away along the Hudson River. Then messages were transmitted by way of Baltimore to Chicago, and back to Utica by way of Buffalo.

Thus, with its alliances with the great foreign agencies covering every point of the habitable globe, with its own American representatives in every important foreign city, with special commissioners to report events of great moment, with the correspondents and reporters of virtually all of the newspapers of the world laid under contribution, and with official recognition in a number of countries, the Associated Press is able to comb the earth for every happening of interest, and to present it to the newspaper reader with almost incredible speed.



THE MOON OF ROSES

BY ANNE P. L. FIELD

WONDROUS moon of roses—
Moon of roses red—
Watch o'er my lady
Till night has fled.

Tender moon of roses—
Moon of roses white—
Gleam on her purely
With thy pale light.

Lovely moon of roses—
Moon of roses red—
Guide her through dreamland,
Guard thou her bed.

Blessed moon of roses—
Moon of roses white—
Whisper, "I love her,"
All through the night.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JUBAL EARLY

BY ONE WHO FOLLOWED HIM



QUEER fish was "Old Jube," but I am sure he had a warm and gentle heart, and his vagaries, in the main, were harmless. Strange capers did he cut sometimes before high heaven; but he was no humbug.

"Dr. Syntax" was not a more picturesque figure on horseback when he went in search of the beautiful than was General Early at the head of his little Confederate army in the campaign of 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley. His face, with the full whiskers he always wore, looked like a very malignant and very hairy spider. In form he was awkward and ungainly, round-shouldered, almost humpbacked, with long arms and legs, which his stirrups, so short as to bring his knees and his nose close together, made very noticeable. This description applies to him only when mounted, for I never saw him off his horse but once.

He was always very shabbily dressed in a dingy old gray suit, with the stars on the collar so tarnished as to be barely visible. On his head he wore the queerest imaginable old gray felt hat, almost like one of the hats the clown wears in a circus, with a single feather, like the tail-feather of a rooster, stuck in it. The horse he rode was as ungainly and nearly as unkempt as he, and his ordinary gait was a lumbering trot which lifted the rider till his long legs were straightened out and then dropped him into the saddle with a tremendous thump. The general usually held the bridle-reins in his right hand and sawed the air with his left, twisting the fingers of it into all manner of strange shapes as he rode. Passing along the lines in this style, with his knees and elbows flapping and his rusty feather fluttering and threatening to fall out as he bobbed up and down, he looked more like an ani-

mated scarecrow than the commanding general of an army.

Perhaps the very peculiarities of the man made him more of a favorite among the soldiers, for such he certainly was up to the Cedar Creek disaster. His report of that battle was unjust to his soldiers and unworthy of him.

But before this we had a great fondness for him, though we had a very bad way of showing it. Whenever he came along the line there was a laugh and then a cheer, both of which things were very disagreeable to him, and he would trot along, working his fingers in the air and looking as preternaturally solemn as a country coroner going to his first inquest. After he had passed, some wag would shout after him one or another of the old army gags of those days. He would wheel his horse to see who had insulted him, but nobody knew, and he had no means of finding out.

On one occasion I knew him to consign a whole regiment to perdition. We had been lying around in camp for a couple of days between Winchester and Bunker Hill on the Martinsburg pike, when suddenly came orders to move, and in a few minutes we were up and off. The column took a due east course across the country toward Berryville. We followed no road, but went straight across fields and fences, through woods and creeks, wherever we came to them. It was one of Old Jube's mysterious marches toward the enemy's rear, which nobody but himself could ever understand. However, they generally caused the Federals to break camp and fall back.

In this case the plan did not work well. Our own rear was unguarded; the Valley pike was open from the Potomac to Winchester, except that two brigades of ineffi-

cient cavalry made a show of guarding it. Custer, who was constantly hanging on our flank, saw his opportunity and came down on them "like a wolf on the fold." They stampeded, of course, and Custer burned their wagon-train and took as many of them prisoners as he could catch.

The news reached us as we were passing through a pretty thick forest a mile or two north of Berryville and between that place and Charlestown. Here was a pretty pickle. We had about bagged the enemy, but the enemy now seemed about to bag us. The column halted, and the news was passed from man to man. Every one understood the gravity of the situation. We knew that Early would be piping-hot, for he hated to lose a wagon worse than anything else under heaven. Pretty soon he came tearing through the woods at a gallop, and leaped his horse over a low fence near our command. We knew then that the case must be a desperate one, for none of us had ever known him to ride that gait before.

He stopped within about twenty feet of where I stood. General Breckenridge was coming from the opposite direction, and here they met. Their escorts reined up, while the two generals drew a little to one side to consult. Now it happened that in Breckenridge's body-guard was an old fellow who very much resembled Early. Whether by accident or design, he had gotten himself up in the same sort of costume, even to the old gray hat and feather. Some of the men saw the resemblance and shouted, "Look at Jube's brother!"

This opened the ball, and, forgetful of danger, a hundred voices took up the cry, and "Jube's brother!" "Jube's brother!" was echoed on every side. Old Early heard the noise, and, looking up, saw his double, who half sheepishly joined in the general laughter. They were as much alike as the two captains in "Olivette," and Jubal could not fail to see it. He continued his consultation with Breckenridge, however, until some rascal, bolder than the rest, cried out: "Jube, why don't you go and kiss your brother?"

This was too much. Early grew livid with rage, and his eyes danced with anger as he rode quickly over to the offending command, the Twelfth Georgia Battalion, and berated them for every dereliction he could

think of, accusing them of all the crimes in the calendar. To wind up, he swore that he would make a fight for their special benefit and put them in the forefront of it, where he hoped every one of them would get killed and burn in hell through all eternity.

Old Jubal kept his word. The next day the Twelfth Georgia Battalion was placed in skirmish-line across the pike to support the two stampeded cavalry brigades, and the remainder of the army took another trip toward Berryville. About 3 P. M. the enemy's cavalry made a dash, and again the two valiant brigades of horsemen came tearing back to the rear. The little infantry band could not hope to escape by running. They had to fight. So, jumping behind trees and fences to avoid being trampled by the stampeded braves, they let them pass through and then opened fire on the advancing enemy. This part of the entertainment was not down on the bills, and the Federals, finding an infantry line of skirmishers opposed to them, naturally concluded that the main army must be behind them, and began to fall back. Seeing this, the battalion charged and drove them back in some disorder. Fighting in woods, every man on his own hook and behind his own tree, they protracted the contest until near night, when some of Ramseur's North Carolina troops came to their assistance and routed the enemy completely, driving them back beyond Bunker Hill.

I had an encounter with Old Jube one night that at least served to relieve my ill temper. It was a frightfully stormy night, and, after standing on picket duty for an unaccountably long time, I learned that the army had departed without warning. As I trudged after it, wet, forlorn, and very angry, I ran into a stone wall in the dark. Before I could fairly pick myself up and feel of my new bruises, I was accosted by a lonely horseman who came plodding along through the mud, his nag's hoofs splashing it over me as he rode by. He wanted to know who I was and what I was doing there, and in the same breath cursed me for a straggler and fired at me a volley of abuse. With the first word I knew it was Old Jube. That shrill voice and that style of interrogative scolding could not be counterfeited. But I knew just as well that I had the call on the old man. I could not see the stars on his coat

or distinguish his features, and I was not bound to know his voice or to recognize him as an officer when outside his own lines and unattended.

So I gave the lock of my gun a significant click and called a halt on him. He knew the sound and slowed up his tongue a little until I could ask him who he was. He replied that he was General Early. He could easily tell from my speech that I was not a Federal. I told him he lied; that I believed he was a Yankee spy; and that I intended to take him into camp. Then the old fellow started his swearing again, and as I had a good deal of grist on hand, I started an opposition that fairly took his breath away. I asked him where General Gordon's command was. This started him again to cursing me as a straggler, and he refused to tell me. I told him that satisfied me that he was not General Early, but a spy, and that he had to go with me to camp. He saw he was in a bad box, and screeched at me to go on through Winchester and I would find Gordon camped out on the Front Royal pike about four miles from town. With this he hurled a final shot or two at me, and, putting spurs to his horse, went flapping and flopping off into the deeper darkness like an ill-omened old raven with an impediment in his croak. What upon earth he was doing out there by himself I could never understand.

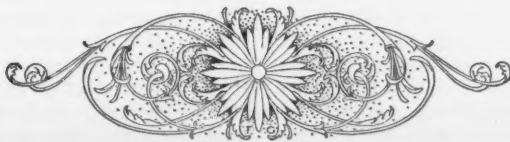
The next morning we marched in great style through Winchester and back to our old camp. The sun shone brightly, and the signal-corps on Maryland Heights could see us through their telescopes. In a few days the Baltimore papers reached us with the announcement that Early had been heavily reinforced by way of Front Royal. But such was Jubal Early's way. This was not the only time we made a long night march to the rear and came back the next day, with flags flying and drums beating, as reinforcements to ourselves. With just such tricks our little army of about eight thousand men held the Valley of Virginia all the summer of 1864, and threshed out

the wonderful crop of wheat in it and took tithes on it for the Confederate government.

Early's camp equipage consisted of an ambulance, and those who claimed to know said all the baggage he carried in it was a barrel of brandy and a colored cook. Sometimes the movements of the army seemed to be dictated by a desire to refill that barrel or to gratify the wishes of that cook. The raid to Martinsburg on the previous day led to the disastrous defeat at Winchester on the 19th of September, 1864. Early's interference with General Gordon, who had already won a victory, caused the disgraceful defeat at Cedar Creek a month later. It was not "Sheridan's Ride," but Early's jealousy which enabled the Federals to regain all they had lost and more.

During all that terrible summer of 1864, after Lynchburg was saved, Jubal Early with his handful of men kept Grant's army weakened by the detachment of more than three times their number. He marched his ragged regiments within sight of the White House and camped all night within cannon-shot of the city of Washington; then brought them back across the Potomac and over the Blue Ridge into the Valley. In his second raid into Maryland he captured and brought out hundreds of fat beeves, and his wagon-train, loaded with flour and bacon, seemed to me at least six miles long as it wound over the hills about Williamsport. He was in command at Monocacy, and he fought scores of small engagements and skirmishes wherein he inflicted double the damage he received. He manœvered over the whole Valley and kept the granary of the Confederacy from the spoilers' hands, while his little army was self-supporting.

But he was not a Jackson or a Lee, nor was he, in my judgment, the equal of John B. Gordon, who succeeded him. His queer ways do not lose their freshness with the passage of time, and to those who followed him he always will be "Old Jube."



TOPICS OF THE TIME

REMARKS ON "TAINTED MONEY"—
AND A TIMELY SUGGESTION AS
TO DISHONORARY DEGREES

IN the discussion of a question of ethical detail, of moral expediency, where the Rev. Dr. Gladden is on one side and the Rev. Dr. Abbott on the other, what position can a non-professional take as to the receipt of "tainted money"? He may ask, perhaps, whether there is such a thing as tainted money. Is any money tainted, except fraudulent money—money not good for its face value? Is not honest money always innocent, and honest, and morally clean; and is it not the man, the miserable, conscienceless human being, who is tainted, if anything is tainted; the man—any man—whose hands are soiled in getting money by unscrupulous, cruel, unsocial, and unchristian practices?

Meantime the debate is a wholesome one, and a happy sign of the times. Whatever the expediency of its occasion, whatever the facts as to the individual case that started the debate, let us hope that the very discussion marks an advance in the ethical quality of public opinion. One sometimes grows cynical about such matters, seeing the ungodly complacently doing the Lord's work, and buying the apparent acquiescence of the good—sometimes the apparent honor and regard of the good—by the simple means of appropriating some of their excess of wealth to education, philanthropy, or religion. One sometimes, indeed, looking back historically over the pious foundations of impious men, and observing also how ill-gotten wealth in our own day is spent in the building up of admirable institutions,—one sometimes asks one's self, Is this the order of nature? is the tendency irresistible? are the contributions of evil men to be the means of bringing about the cessation of evil? is it, therefore, idle to cavil and deplore? Such, we say, is the cynical tendency of philosophizing over the spectacle of tainted men bestowing ostenta-

tiously their moneyed gifts for virtuous causes.

Then comes such an outcry as this concerning "tainted" dollars; then do we see consciences sorely wounded; then do we realize that many men still have honorable scruples; then do we see standards of business honor set up and eloquently proclaimed. In vain may any one who is accused endeavor to mitigate the severity of censure by pleading custom. "That very custom," ethical protestants may retort, "which you extenuate as usual, proper, and, in the circumstances, necessary, we, by our protest, wish to define as dishonorable, inadmissible, and disastrous to public morals. We give notice that successes obtained precisely by these customary methods we regard as most unfortunate examples; besides, we hold that the greater the success the greater the evil; we maintain that it is against the true interests of education, morality, and religion that your tainted name should be mixed with the names that stand among us for virtue and for honorable service."

Thus it is that the debate is a pleasing sign of the times and likely to be wholesome in its effects, irrespective of decisions as to the taint or as to the acceptance of this gift or that, now or at any other time, and irrespective of the practicability of examination into the character of all givers to good objects. That there are times and occasions when discrimination as to the source of gifts has to be made, none can deny. The Louisiana Lottery used to pay annually, as the price of peace, a forty-thousand-dollar subscription to the Charity Hospital; but when the lottery offered to raise its bribe to an annual payment to the State of a million and a quarter of dollars, an aroused public opinion forbade the bargain, and the refusal was a part of the fight which drove the accursed institution from the State and from the United States. If the debate does no other good, it will presumably keep those who appeal for funds for educational or otherwise benev-

olent institutions from even seeming to toady to men in the business or political world who are public malefactors, and from assisting them in their belated and unrepentant efforts to win social recognition from the decent and untainted.

In the case of an educational institution which solicits and accepts contributions from persons in the political or business world against whom malpractices have been publicly proved, and whose evil deeds and designs are notorious, would it not prevent moral confusion if some such plan as the following were adopted? At the annual commencement, when announcements are made of gifts received and honors conferred, let the authorities declare their gifts and their gratitude in due form: "This institution has received from A. B. during the past year the munificent gift of so many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The institution confers upon C. D. and E. F. the honorary degree of L.L.D. for distinguished public services, as separately set forth; and upon A. B., and others named, we confer our highest dishonorary degree, in order to distinguish them for all time on account of unsocial practices, and as bad citizens, bad examples, and a warning to all men."

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

IN the last eight months *THE CENTURY* has printed several articles of uncommon interest to farmers, and appealing at the same time to all readers who have a natural curiosity with regard to progress in agriculture, that occupation which is both the base and the keystone to the arch which supports human society.

No single paper *THE CENTURY* has ever printed has called forth so much inquiry from those directly engaged in tilling the soil as the article by Mr. Grosvenor, in the number for October, 1904, describing a method of "Inoculating the Ground" which has been developed by the United States Agricultural Department. It was found that nitro-culture bacteria (germs which are easily propagated), when applied with the seed to poor or exhausted land, would immensely increase the growth and yield of beans, peas, alfalfa, clover, and all other leguminous plants which draw their sustenance from the air. Grains like wheat and oats, which draw their food from the soil, do not profit directly from the

application of these nitrogenous germs; but they may be made to do so, indirectly, by first preparing the ground through crops of alfalfa or clover. Thus by "inoculating the ground" exhausted land can the more quickly be brought back to a condition favorable for the growing of grains.

Since the appearance of the article the Department of Agriculture has been beset with applications for information, and for the little cakes of germs which the department distributes for experiment; and private enterprise has undertaken to propagate the germs for sale. The importance of this discovery to the country cannot be overestimated. Of the six million farms in the United States at least one half the acreage is in a state of partial exhaustion, due to improvident methods of cultivation. Recuperation through the use of the nitro-culture bacteria applied to leguminous crops is not only simple and cheap, but works such an obvious improvement in one season as to impress the most slipshod farmer with the value of enriching his land by crop rotation.

The little germs are the ideal slaves for a lazy man, if only he has the energy to be timely in his function of overseer. Our six million farms produce, yearly, crops and animals valued at about twenty-one billions of dollars. When the little germs have been generally put to use, the products should be increased, on a low estimate, ten per cent. for the same amount of labor, with a yearly increase in value of two billions of dollars. This discovery may prove of the greatest value to the older communities by giving, with a brief period of tillage, a new lease of life to the worn-out or "abandoned" farm.

In the March and April numbers of the magazine appeared two articles by Mr. Harwood describing "A Wonder-Worker of Science"—Luther Burbank of California—who is carrying on a surprising work in creating new forms of plant life and improving familiar forms. His work points the way to a greater variety of luscious fruits, —and perhaps to cheaper ones, owing to larger yields for the same care,—and to the enjoyment by everybody of new and more gorgeous forms of floral beauty. Such progress in the culture of fruits and flowers should interest every husbandman, despite the fact that in a business way it appeals only to a rather limited class.

In the opening article of this number of the magazine Mr. Grosvenor describes the activities of the United States Weather Bureau, with special reference to its services to the farmers. In addition to the warnings of rain and cold, which result in a yearly saving of several millions of dollars, the farmers are themselves taught to be weather-wise by the indefatigable and practical advice of "Our Heralds of Storm and Flood."

In a short time THE CENTURY will offer to the farmers an account of the labors of the Department of Agriculture in fighting infectious disease among the herds of the country, and in experimenting toward the selection of the best breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and poultry. This article, like the others mentioned above, will be profusely illustrated, and will be followed, at brief intervals, by papers of special interest to "the farming community," that most important body of the population, which has been in late years reinforced by men of large business instincts who have taken up agriculture on a grand scale, and by multitudes of well-to-do professional men and merchants who have adopted farming as a feature of their summer life, not so much for profit as for a means of deriving health and pleasure from serious contact with the practical side of country life.

A NEW REASON FOR "GOING WEST"

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

FROM the 1st of June until the end of September, the "Lewis and Clark Centennial and Oriental Fair" will enter-

tain the people of the Pacific slope and thousands of tourists from the Middle and Atlantic States with an exposition which has been called into being by a vast amount of energy and public spirit. It will commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition,¹ which blazed the northern route to the Pacific, in execution of plans formed by President Jefferson, and hastened the settlement of that beautiful and productive region. The celebration of an event of such national importance properly has the support of the general government, and has been liberally carried out by local enterprise.

Fine exhibition buildings have been erected in a park of four hundred acres overlooking the Willamette River, only twenty minutes' ride by electric car from the center of the city of Portland. Another attractive natural feature of the site is Guild's Lake, in the center of which, on a peninsula, stands the United States government building. As Portland is a city of one hundred and thirty thousand people, there will be no lack of facilities for the entertainment of visitors.

A special feature has been made of the growing relations of the Pacific slope with Asia, as indicated by that part of the title of the exposition which describes it as being also an "Oriental Fair." Twenty conventions of a national character will assemble at Portland during the summer. The occasion would seem to offer to the inhabitants of the East a special reason for devoting the vacation season to a Western trip.

OPEN LETTERS

Sherman's Estimate of Grant's Character

THE following letter from General Sherman, written while he was General of the Army, and addressed to his friend Mrs. Edwin F. Hall, then living in San Francisco, has interest as revealing the frank opinions of the writer concerning General Grant and other comrades of the Civil War:

¹ See "New Material concerning the Lewis and Clark Expedition," in THE CENTURY for October, 1904.

*Headquarters, Army of the United States,
Washington, D. C.,
November 18, 1879.*

DEAR MRS. HALL: Everything which comes from your golden land seems to have an azure fringe, and your letter of—no date, received a day or two since, seemed to fill a void which nothing else could have done. General Mc-

Dowell dropped into my office within a few moments of its receipt, and was made vain by your praise of his *festa* at the time of General Grant's arrival. I remember his house and the grounds at Black Point, and can imagine all else so graphically portrayed by you.

I don't believe Grant's head has been turned or confused one iota by the extraordinary displays in his honor at San Francisco or elsewhere. He is a strange character. Nothing like it is portrayed by Plutarch or the many who have striven to portray the great men of ancient or modern times. I knew him as a cadet at West Point, as a lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, as a citizen of St. Louis, and as a growing general all through a bloody Civil War. Yet to me he is a mystery—and I believe he is a mystery to himself. I am just back from Chicago, where he had a reception equal in numbers and display to that at San Francisco. I was President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee,—the first he commanded,—with which he achieved the great victories of Forts Henry and Donelson, of Shiloh, and of Vicksburg. As such I presided at two great assemblages of people—at the theater and at the banquet-hall; in both cases I sat by him and directed all the proceedings. He was as simple, as awkward, as when he was a cadet; but all he did and all he said had good sense and modesty as the basis. No man in America has held higher office, or been more instrumental in guiding great events; and without elaborating I'll give you what I construe to be the philosophy of his life. A simple faith that our country must go on, and by keeping up with the events of the day he will be always right—for "Whatever is, is right." He don't lead in one sense, and don't attempt to change natural results. Thus the world accounts him the typical man, and therefore adores him. Our people want success, progress, and unity, and in these Grant has been, is, and will be accepted as the type.

But if I go on writing of Grant I may cut myself out of your good graces. I would rather have the devoted attention and respect of a few than of the *hoi polloi* of the Greeks, and will therefore explain how it happens that I did not come to California this year.

Last winter the President, Mr. Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, a most beautiful and accomplished lady, my younger daughter Rachel, and a few others had arranged, as soon as Congress adjourned,—viz., March 4 last,—we would make the California trip.

But Congress never does as it should, and adjourned without the appropriations necessary to carry on the government. Therefore the President had to call the extra session, and therefore the visit was impossible. Ever since there has been turmoil, confusion; and here we have been ever since, with occa-

sional intermissions. That visit is lost—for President Hayes, in his time, will not have another chance. If I come, it must be alone or with some of my staff. You may be sure that I will soon make a necessity for an inspection in California to give excuse for another visit; only the next time I want to be more free, so as to follow my own personal inclinations, which lead to quiet, social enjoyment rather than noise, crowds, and confusion. I still have many old friends in California, some of whom even you do not know or appreciate, but nevertheless friends who become more precious as numbers diminish. Indeed, I often feel embarrassed because many claim my time because we served in the Mexican War; others, in the South; others, in Kansas and Missouri; and very many because we were comrades in the Civil War.

Here at this moment crowds are assembled to unveil the equestrian statue of General George H. Thomas, another of the heroes of the Civil War, who died in California in 1870, and who now lies buried at Troy, New York. He, too, was my classmate at West Point from 1836 to 1840; served with me in the Second Regiment for ten years; and, last, was my most trusted commander in the great campaign of Atlanta. His equestrian statue is now erected in the square of Washington where Fourteenth street is intersected by Massachusetts Avenue.

To-morrow, with becoming exercises, this statue will be unveiled and presented to the nation. A great oration will be pronounced, and the statue accepted by the President of the United States, to be followed in the evening by other speeches and ceremonies.

I will be present at all, but will bear a modest part, because most of the audience will think that my turn comes next, and many that I, too, ought to have died long since to make room for ambitious subordinates. But somehow I linger on—it may be, "superfluous on the stage"; but I reason that I have taken a reasonable share of chances to be killed by bullets and Indians, and it is not my fault that I have survived Thomas, and McPherson, and others of my war comrades. When my time does come I suppose that the world will have forgotten the days of 1864-65, and forget the gratitude then felt and expressed for the men who fought and won the battle for our national Union and liberty. Don't forget it yourself, but be thankful that your children thereby escaped the horrors of battle, the terrible conflicts of passion and feeling, which had to be in 1861-65 or at some subsequent time. Now all is peace and glory; America now stands at the head of civilized nations; and many must exist who know the truth and bear in honor and affectionate remembrance the men who fought that glorious

peace might be possible. With love to Mr. —, and to all friends, I am with real respect,

Yours,
W. T. Sherman.

The Century's American Artists Series

GEORGE HITCHCOCK
(See page 237)

IT has remained for an American, Mr. George Hitchcock, to become one of the most colorful and characteristic painters of Holland. Over a score of years ago Mr. Hitchcock settled in Egmond, near Amsterdam, and he has since devoted his energies almost exclusively to recording the springtime brightness of tulips and hyacinths. Few artists have shown such singleness of purpose, and few have achieved a more conspicuous measure of success. Mr. Hitchcock prefers Holland mainly in one mood, but that mood is her most typical and most delightful. Holland flooded in sunlight and covered with a multicolored floral carpet is the Holland Mr. Hitchcock puts upon canvas in all its brilliant, vernal radiance. A figure-painter quite as unmistakably as a landscape-painter, Mr. Hitchcock combines both elements on even terms. He has thus painted a succession of canvases showing the quaint though somewhat phlegmatic charm of numerous Dutch maidens at work or resting, standing pensively or strolling leisurely amid variegated clusters of bloom. Among the most engaging of these compositions are "The Mob Cap," "Hyacinths," and the picture—re-

produced on page 237—known as "Easter Sunday" or "In Brabant," which shows a maiden in figured cape and muslin cap wreathed with blossoms, through which peeps her blonde hair. Underfoot are masses of purple crocuses blending into the brown hedge in the distance, and on the air is the delicate, evasive caress of early spring.

Mr. Hitchcock, who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1850, comes of a long line of judges and advocates, and was graduated from Brown University in 1872 and from the Harvard Law School in 1874. Admitted to the bar both in Providence and in New York, he remained in the law until twenty-nine, when he definitely gave over jurisprudence for the palette. He studied in Paris with Boulanger and Lefebvre, at Düsseldorf, and with Mesdag at The Hague. An academic painter in Paris and a marine-painter under Mesdag, Mr. Hitchcock did not really discover himself until he found the tulip-fields of Egmond.

Following on the success of his "Culture des Tulipes" at the Salon of 1887, Mr. Hitchcock exhibited regularly in the principal European capitals. He was *hors concours* in Paris by 1889, and subsequently won medals in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, and has also exhibited at the Society of American Artists in New York and the Chicago Exposition. He is a member of the Munich Secession, and is the only American member of the Vienna Academy, as well as an officer of the Order of Franz Josef.

Christian Brinton.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

English as She Is Set Up

THE following is what was left of a contribution by an English writer to the late periodical of all languages, "L'Œuvre," after the Parisian compositor had done his best.

MIRAGE!

OVER there to the right, beyond the waters of the bay, beyond the purple hills, beyond the line of Snoro-Covered peaks coich Stand Ochind, the Sun will set in about an hour. Already the blue of the Sky has become tinged with rose, imparting the same delicate tint to the horrors of the idaves toich come and break almost noiselessly at my feet, Kiss-

ing the red sand as only the enchanted idaves of the Mediterranean can hies and carers.

A fed hundred yards from the shore the isater appears like a wonderful mosaic made of opalo and amethysto, rabies and mdher-of-pearl, cemented together by gold of every imaginable shade of red and yelladi; nord Skimmerius tike au Autumu corufilld: nord motionleso as the sand sochich Stretches far ad eye cau see: nord broken by the touch of the coing of agreat idliste gull which rises a feu feet and then coheelo arday to the South with a melancholy cry.

Dam not alone upon the shore: Coming tordards me is a young man, a poet; near lium, au old grey-bearded iman and a child,

both of idhom are lorking care fully doron
amongst the sand Seckuy perhapo fur Shello.
The poet has hio eyes fixed sea-wards tord-
ards the horizon may be he is watchiny the
glitter any idave-cresto, the soaring birds, the
feathur-like cland. . . . Idhen willing a fero
yards from idhere 3 aus Staudius ne sudden-ly
stopo and excitedly callo the attention of the
old man to something uhict he sees, far away
to the 3 outh: "Idonderfut! Isonderful!"
Ne cries. "A laud that has risen from the
sea! Look! Look!" de all lodkehu the di-
rection the indicated and there, Lure endefflu,
was to be scen the most lovely land that ever
poet idasking of in trio dream: a land of lilaes
and of roses; of lilaes and of roses; of rain-
bows glitterius on the spray of fountaino fal-
line on Sando of gold; of surect maidens, in
pale draperies, Slumbering on idhite marble
seato ou terraces that overlodhed the sea; and
all bencath a sky of vaparous blue.

But it was not that idlict cored be seen id-
linct 3o enraptured, but rather idhat one felt
must be found in that magic island; some-
thing 5o certain yet 5o redefined. There
mere floroers; therefore there must be bees
with murmurius coings; there vere floroero:
there were gardens: Merefora birds singins
amongt the Almond-Elosasoms in tu twiliglit.
And, above all, that parfact peace the poss-
ession polhict would more that repay aux pos-
sible hardshises undergone to attain it.

So the poet Said: "Let us go. The Godo
are not dead! Over there in the island they
still live; troubling themselves no longer with
the affairs of mortalo they are happy in that
exile tordlinct they have been banistred by
the too-prosaic ideas of the nerdera. Let us
go: perhaps they ivill admit us to share their
exile."

And the old man Said: "Let us go: there
is gold in the island! red and yellord gold.
Many a time nave 3 seen the island appear:
many a timo have 3 gone ont towards it, but
alas! never Couldt get to it befora il disap-
peared. Let us goat once or it will too late."

"Let us go" Said the Child", if there are
fluvoro. . . .

Lo they todk a boat that idas lying on the
beach and went towards the island. O sand
them go. The young man rowed, the old man
held the tilles; the child sat in the prord,
catchinx worth both hauds at the foam. On
and on they went, but before they nad been
gone five or six minutes 3 sand the island
vanish, fadins firat and becominx confourde
ed urith the mist Miat joined sea and sley.
But still they rowed omdards. I called to
them but they could not hear me. So Sit-
aided in the twilight till they Should return.

The sun went doron behind the purple
hills, and flamins Clouds hung like tapistries

in the idast. But not nutil the sapphire sky
idas filled urith many stars did? hear the
plash of the peturnins oars.

"Too late! Too late!" Said the old man.
"Ude must roro faster next time. All had
disappeared."

"All had disappeared" echoed the child.
"There rucre not even any flouvers. . . ."

And the poet wept.

The Grandson of the Veteran

I 've got the finest grandpapa
That ever lived, I b'lieve;
He used to be a soldier boy—
He 's got one empty sleeve.

He tells the grandest tales to me,
Of battles that he fought;
Of how he marched, and how he charged,
And how that he got shot.

My papa was a soldier, too;
No battles was he in,
And when I ask him, "Why?" he laughs,
And guesses he "was tin."

I 've tried to understand their talk,
And b'lieve I have it right:
My grandpa licked so many, there
Were none for pa to fight.

Arthur E. Parke.

Jean Pasco's Trading

JEAN PASCO walked to Furnier's store,
Jean drove a horse back to his door;
The neighbors said: "Look, he feels big!
He 's traded the cow for a horse and rig!"

"Margot," cried Jean, "it 's summer now;
We 'll go on the road and need no cow!
This horse, you say, is too old to pull?
Not so; he can pull a wagonful—
Us two and the boys and more besides.
Oh, the road is good for one that rides!

"We 'll take a huckleberry load
And peddle to people along the road;
There 's money to make and things to see,
Silk for you and clothes for me!
Margot, you 'll say I 'm a clever one
The day our traveling has begun."

Before Jean Pasco spoke a word more,
Margot jumped in and drove to the store.
"Here is your horse!" she cried, "and now,
Jean Pasco, quick, bring home the cow!
Did you think to trade for clothes and silk
The cow that gives the children milk?
Next time you 'll know there is no trade
Till Margot Pasco says it 's made."

Francis Sterne Palmer.

Dat 'Skeeter

(A NARRATIVE BY BRUDDER GRIPPER, WITH CHORUS)

I 's 'quainted wid a 'skeeter—oh, he hab a hard heart!
 (Listen, now, Brudder Grip, listen, now!)
 He do sting me in the forehead an' ebery tender part.
 (Gracious Dow, Brudder Grip, gracious Dow!)
 W'en I rise up in de mo'nin', w'en I lay me down fer sleep,
 (Oh, cry, Brudder Grip, oh, cry!)
 Dat 'skeeter he beside me, an' a studdy watch he 'll keep—
 (Till yer die, Brudder Grip, till yer die!)
 He foller me ter meetin', where de preacher talkin' tall,
 (Dat 's so, Brudder Grip, dat 's so!)
 An' w'en I rise ter cogitate an' 'terrogate dem all,
 (Don't we know, Brudder Grip, don't we know?)
 Dat 'skeeter he sneak close ter me, he crawl up by my side,
 (He do, Brudder Grip, he do!)
 An' de mo' dat I does appetite de wuss do he deride.
 (Dat 's true, Brudder Grip, dat 's true!)
 Well, one night w'en de moon been high,
 an' watermelons fine,
 (You bet, Brudder Grip, you bet!)
 I sneak down ter de Big House, jest fer look at maussa's vine.
 (Don't fret, Brudder Grip, don't fret!)

I jest been wished fer test dem, so I 'blige ter eat a few—

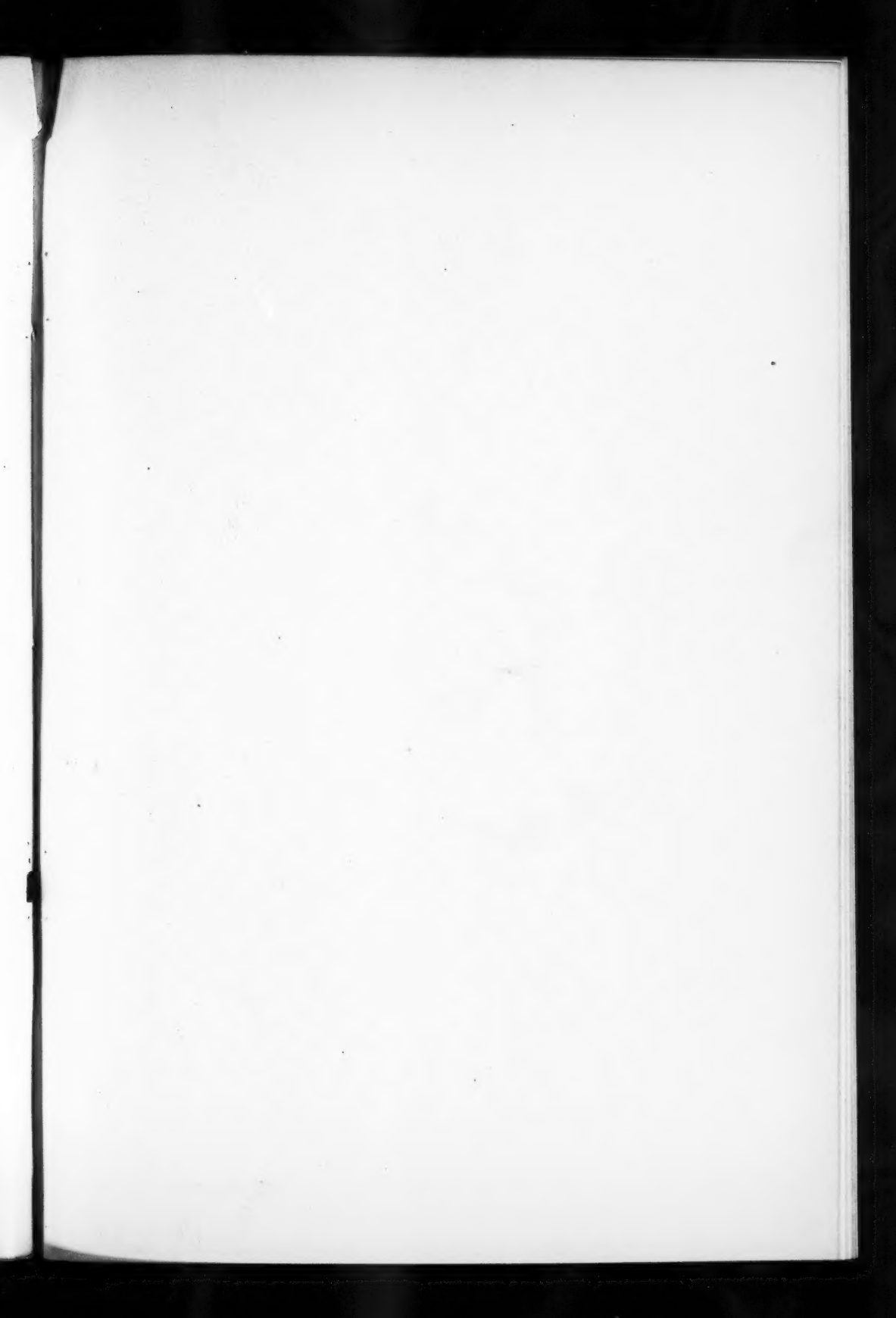
(We know, Brudder Grip, we know!)
 Old maussa hab so many he can't grudge me one or two;
 (Dat 's so, Brudder Grip, dat 's so!)
 But when I kinder runnin' home, 'c'ase maussa might be by,
 (Understan', Brudder Grip, understan'!),
 Dat 'skeeter come behind me, an' I light out wid a cry.
 (Oh, land, Brudder Grip, oh, land!)
 De for'man he been ketched me, an' he licked me black an' blue.
 (What a row, Brudder Grip, what a row!)
 Lor'! W'en I grabbed dat 'skeeter I killed him troo an' troo.
 (I swow, Brudder Grip, I swow!)
 But dere ain't no use in killin'—dat 'skeeter 's livin' now!
 (Take keer, Brudder Grip, take keer!)
 An' w'en I die, an' Peter plant dat crown upon my brow—
 (He 'll be dere, Brudder Grip, he 'll be dere!)
 Yas! He 'll settle down beside me upon dat pu' white t'rone,
 An' w'en I ride dat chariot, I ain't gwine ter be alone:
 Dat 'skeeter 'll sting in Paradise as sho as you is bo'n.
 ('T ain't fair, Brudder Grip, 't ain't fair!)

Margaret Rutherford Willett.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

"HOW TO TELL THE ANIMALS FROM THE WILD FLOWERS": A DANDY LION





Color drawing by Stanley M. Arthurs

THE MEETING OF THE WAYS